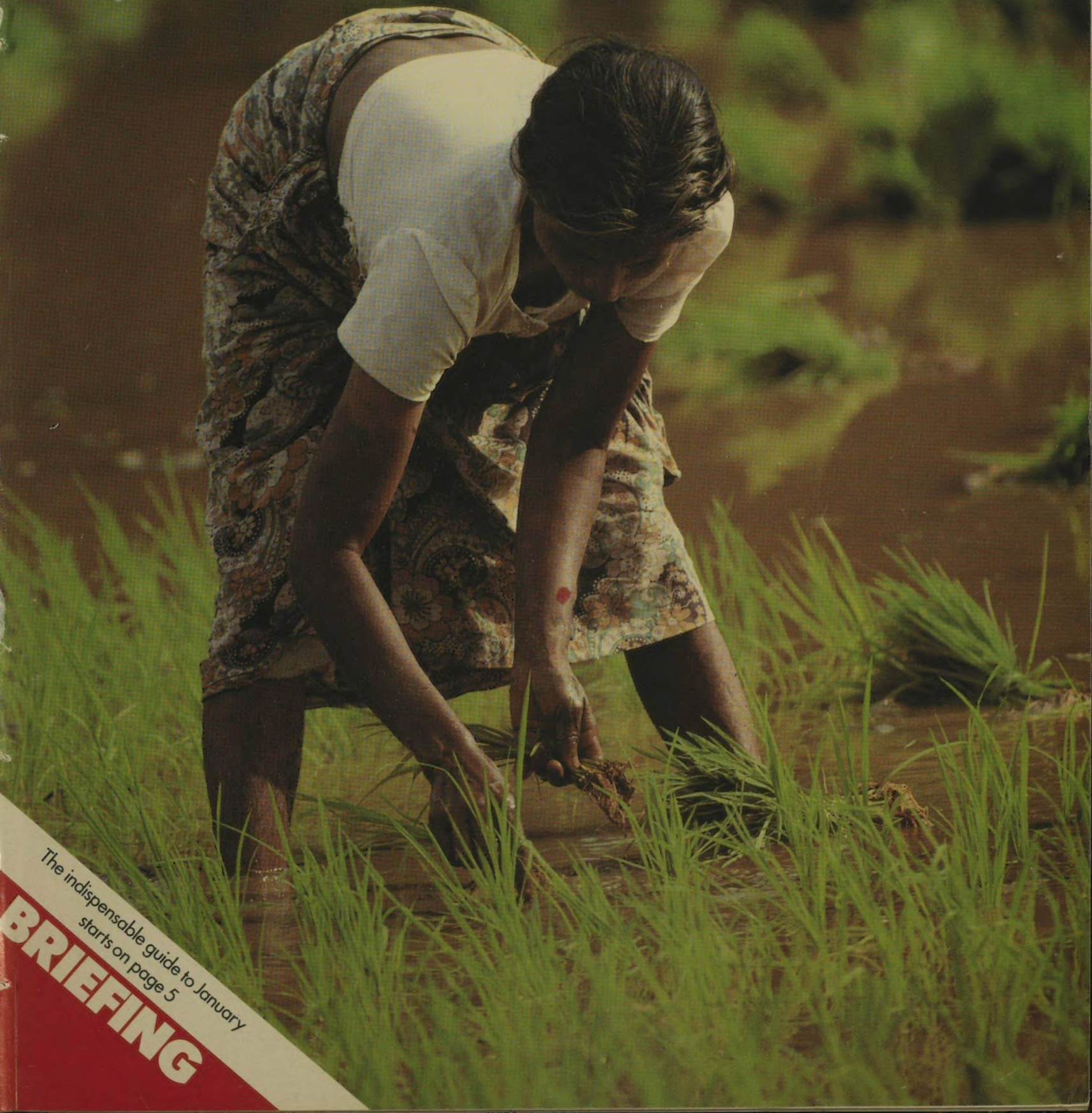


JANUARY 1982 95p

The Illustrated **LONDON NEWS** **HOLIDAY 1982**

Travelling East



The indispensable guide to January
starts on page 5
BRIEFING



Internationally acknowledged
to be the finest cigarette in the world



London · Paris · New York

THE MOST DISTINGUISHED TOBACCO HOUSE IN THE WORLD

MIDDLE TAR As defined in H.M. Government Tables.
DANGER: H.M. Government Health Departments' WARNING:
THINK FIRST - MOST DOCTORS DON'T SMOKE

The Illustrated LONDON NEWS

Number 7002 Volume 270 January 1982

THE ILLUSTRATED
LONDON NEWS

BRIEFING

Our comprehensive guide to events in and around London begins on page 5 with highlights and contents and continues on the following page with a calendar for the month. Thereafter detailed listings appear under subject headings between pages 8 and 11 and pages 69 and 82.

The Illustrated LONDON NEWS

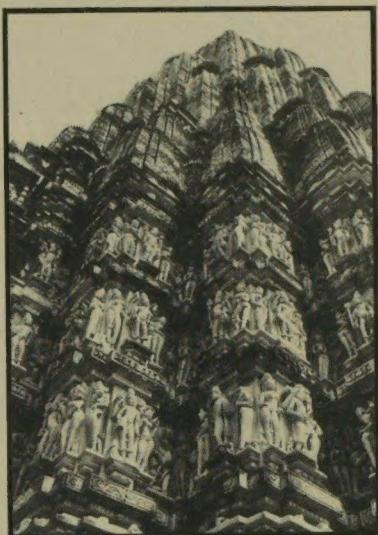
Editor and Publisher
James Bishop
Production Editor
Margaret Davies
Deputy Production Editor
Philippa Rickard
Features Editor
Ursula Robertshaw
Art Editor
Peter Laws
Art Assistant
Jo Plent
Sub Editor
Charlotte Syms
Archaeology Editor
Ann Birchall
Travel Editor
David Tennant
Circulation Manager
Richard Pitkin
Production Manager
John Webster
Advertisement Manager
Robin Levey
Display Manager
Sam Everton

© 1982 The Illustrated London News & Sketch Ltd. World copyright of all editorial matter, both illustrations and text, is strictly reserved. Colour transparencies and other material submitted to *The Illustrated London News* are sent at their owners' risk and, while every care is taken, neither *The Illustrated London News* nor its agents accept any liability for loss or damage.

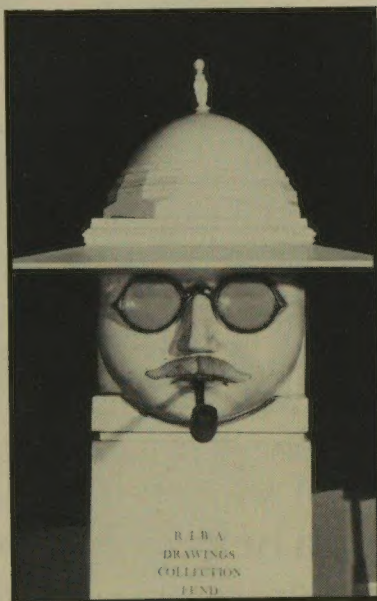
Subscription rates: 12 issues plus Christmas number.
UK and Eire, second class mail £14.
Overseas, air-speeded delivery £17.
ISSN number: 0019-2422

Frequency: monthly plus Christmas number. You can make sure of receiving your copy of *The Illustrated London News* each month by placing a firm order with your newsagent or by taking out a personal subscription. Please send orders for subscriptions to:
Subscription Department, 23-29 Emerald Street,
London WC1N 3QJ. Telephone 01-404 5531.

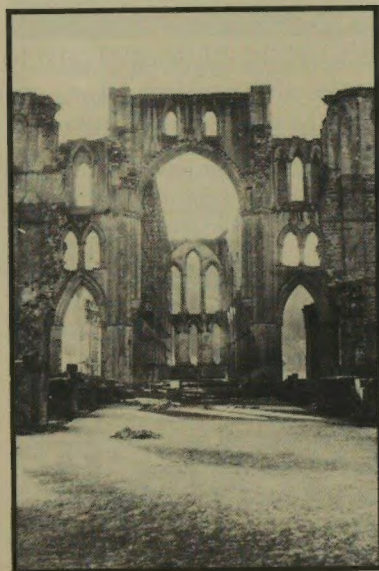
UK news trade agents: S. M. Distribution Ltd, 16/18 Trinity Gardens, London SW9 8DX.
USA agents: British Publications Inc, 11-03 46th Avenue, Long Island City, NY 11101, USA; and Expeditors of the Printed Word Ltd, 527 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022, USA. Second class postage paid in New York, NY.



India—Eastern holiday destination.



Lutyens, subject of renewed interest.



Rievaulx Abbey, Yorkshire.

Travelling East

39

Our team of writers have travelled the East from the Cook Islands to India in search of holiday destinations with a difference for 1982. Cover photograph by Tim Graham.

A man to watch

23

Julian Critchley assesses the career of Chris Patten, the "most interesting" man in the Conservative Party.

Yugoslavia after Tito

24

Norman Moss finds that two years after President Tito's death he still exerts a powerful influence over Yugoslavia.

Lutyens revived

26

Two exhibitions and several books are currently featuring the work of Sir Edwin Lutyens, architect of many memorable buildings.

London's bridges by Edna Lumb 1: Westminster Bridge

27

The first in a series of specially commissioned watercolours of some of the capital's most attractive bridges.

The counties: Yorkshire

31

Anthony Burton continues our series on British counties with his personal view of Yorkshire.

Sharing air space

58

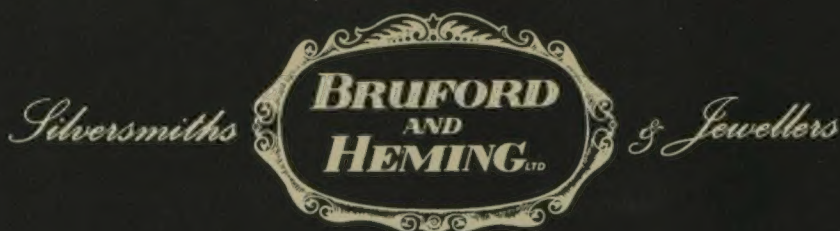
Hugh Baillie reports from RAF Kinloss on bird control units and the part they play in keeping both birds and aircraft safe in crowded air space.

Comment	13
For the record	14
Window on the world	15
Westminster: Roy Hattersley on an interesting year ahead	20
Washington: Sam Smith on pressure for peace	20
Our notebook by Sir Arthur Bryant	21
100 years ago	21
From our reporters	22
Letters to the Editor	24
Archaeology: The giant tank of Shringaverapura by B. B. Lal and K. N. Dikshit	59
Motoring: Stuart Marshall on designing for comfort with economy	60
For collectors: Ursula Robertshaw on craftsmen's choice	61
Books: Reviews by Robert Blake, Sally Emerson and James Bishop	62
Money: John Gaselee on paying for pensions	64
The sky at night: End of an era by Patrick Moore	65
Gardening: For dried displays by Nancy-Mary Goodall	65
Chess: Child's play by John Nunn	66
Bridge: Jack Marx on banana-skin hands	67

4 Bloomsbury Square, London WC1A 2RL. Telephone 01-404 4300

SUBJECT TO AVAILABILITY

Tall Capstan
& Squat Capstan
also available*
in silver plate
£30 each



Our brochure
including other
interesting
items will
be sent
on request

Our superb range of peppergrinders in hall marked silver!

UNRIVALLED FOR CHOICE AND VALUE



Each with a matching sea-salt grinder
available at the same price.

Cost includes postage and
packing.

£100
Height 6"

£100
Height 4"

£80
Height 4 1/4"

£60
Height 3"

£45
Height 4 1/4"

Tall Capstan

Squat Capstan

4" Slim Silver

3 5/8" Slim Silver

Rosewood and silver

28 CONDUIT STREET OFF BOND STREET LONDON W1R 9TA TEL: 01-629 4289 01-499 7644

Give and let live

Cancer has not yet been conquered, so it is more vital than ever for our research to be continued. Help the urgent work of the Imperial Cancer Research Fund, and you **fight back against cancer.**

One of the ways you can help us NOW

I am sending the sum of £..... as a donation to the scientific work of the Imperial Cancer Research Fund. I *do/do not* require a receipt (please delete appropriately).

* As you are sure to know, a donation made by means of a Covenant allows us to reclaim tax paid, thus increasing our resources at no additional cost to the donor.

We have up-to-date details of how to make a Covenant arrangement -
if you would like them sent, please put a tick in this box. ☐

Mr/Mrs/Miss _____

Address _____

IMPERIAL CANCER RESEARCH FUND

The Appeals Secretary, Room 23 Imperial Cancer Research Fund,
P.O. Box 123, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, WC2A 3PX



BRIEFING

JANUARY

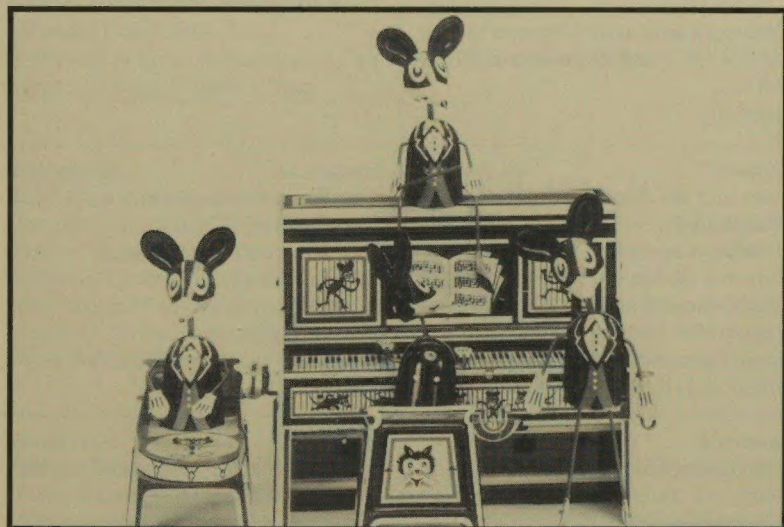


Snooker at Wembley: January 26.

The month opens with a public holiday and ends with celebrations for the Chinese New Year. In between there are the traditional January sales and the Boat Show. Theatre offers an international mime festival, an RSC production of *La Ronde* and Penelope Keith in *Hobson's Choice*. Stockhausen makes his first London appearance for five years at the National. Placido Domingo sings, Julian Bream plays and John Schlesinger talks. The Opera Factory makes its debut and Carel Weight opens at the Royal Academy. In sport, the Australian rugby tour ends at Twickenham against England.



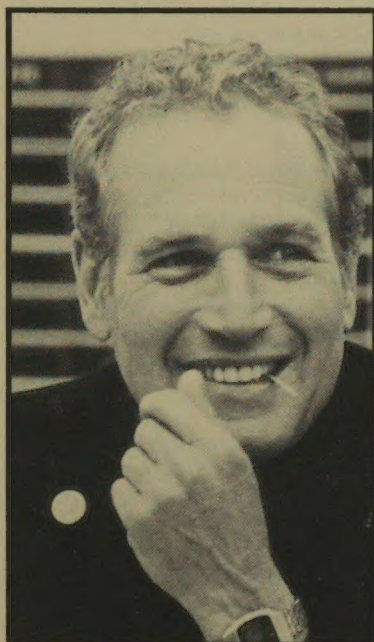
Chinese New Year: January 31.



Clockwork mice exhibit in America at Play: January 2.



A 1723 silver tobacco box for sale at Phillips: January 22.



Paul Newman's new film: January 21.

CONTENTS

Calendar, a day-by-day selection of events	6
Theatre by J. C. Trewin	8
Cinema by Michael Billington	10
London Miscellany, with special sections on lectures and for children, by Miranda Madge	69
Television by Elkan Allan	70
Sport by Frank Keating	71
Music by Margaret Davies	72
... and Derek Jewell	73
Ballet by Ursula Robertshaw	74
Opera by Margaret Davies	74
Art by Edward Lucie-Smith	75
Museums by Kenneth Hudson	77
Salerooms by Ursula Robertshaw	78
Selective Shopping by Mirabel Cecil	79
Restaurants by John Morgan	80
Wine by Peta Fordham	81
Out of Town by Angela Bird	82

Briefing researched by Angela Bird and Miranda Madge

Edited by Alex Finer



Penelope Keith on stage: January 25.

CALENDAR



Follies Berserk opens the London Mime Festival: January 11.

Information correct at time of going to press. See listings for telephone numbers and further details. Add 01- in front of seven-digit numbers if calling from outside London. Credit card booking facilities are indicated by the symbol CC.

MONDAY

January 4

Children's workshop at the London Transport Museum until Jan 8 (p69)
20th-century music series begins at Purcell Room (p72)
Opera Factory opens with *Punch & Judy* at the Drill Hall (p74)
Airline series starts on ITV (p70)

January 11

Plough Monday service (p82)
London International Mime Festival opens (p8)
La Ronde opens at the Aldwych (p8)
Apply for Wimbledon tickets before Jan 31 (p71)

TUESDAY

January 5

World Doubles Tennis Championships at Birmingham (p71)
Modesty Blaise film shown at the Tate (p69)
Grange Hill returns to BBC1 (p70)
Concert on the South Bank in celebration of Princess Alice's 80th birthday (p72)

January 12

Sale of Staffordshire figures at Christie's South Kensington (p78)
Master class on jewelry polishing at Goldsmith's Hall (p69)
Start of lecture series *Ways of Looking* at Photography at the Photographers' Gallery (p69)
Last night of *Caritas* at the Cottesloe (p9)

WEDNESDAY

January 6

Haxey Hood Game in Lincolnshire (p82)
John Schlesinger talks at the National Theatre (p69)
Obratsova sings at the Wigmore (p73)
Start of *The Treasure Seekers* on BBC1 (p70)
Epiphany

January 13

Lecture on late 1950s sculpture at the Whitechapel (p69)
Aida at ENO (p74)
The Bell begins on BBC1 (p70)

THURSDAY

January 7

Sales start at Lillywhite's & Harvey Nichols (p79)
Boat Show opens at Earl's Court (p69)
Turner & the Sea opens at the Tate, Art & the Sea opens at the ICA (p75)
County Hall starts on BBC2 (p70)
Light Years Away, *Manganinnie & So Fine* open in the West End (p10)

January 14

West London Antiques Fair in Kensington (p78)
Polly Hope exhibition opens at Warwick Arts Trust (p76)
Stockhausen talks at the National Theatre (p69)
Church Army service, St Paul's Cathedral, 2.30pm

FRIDAY

January 1

LSO give a Strauss concert at the Albert Hall (p72)
The Talking Whale on ITV (p70)
The Royal Academy, Queen's & Serpentine Galleries are open (p75)
Moss Bros, Barker's & Liberty's are open for sales (p79)
New Year's Day

January 8

First day of Harrods sale (p79)
Makers 82 crafts exhibition opens (p76)
Edward Bond reads at the National Theatre (p69)
Bizarre revue on ITV (p70)
Last night of *All's Well That Ends Well* at Stratford (p8)

January 15

Jock McFadyen opens his studio at the National Gallery (p69)
Model Engineer exhibition continues at Wembley (p69)
Talk on the Music of Eight Decades on the South Bank (p69)

SATURDAY

January 2

England play Australia at Twickenham (p71)
Punch & Judy at Bethnal Green (p69) and America at Play exhibition continues (p77)
Rupert Bear Show opens (p9)
Last performance of *The Swan Down Gloves* at the Aldwych (p9)

January 9

First day of Gucci sale (p79)
Carel Weight exhibition opens at the Royal Academy (p75)
Last day of Table Tennis Championships at Crawley (p71)
Young Welsh Singer of the Year at St John's (p72)
Full moon

January 16

Gymnastics at the Albert Hall (p71)
Last day of World Professional Darts Championships in Stoke (p71)
Songmakers' Almanac at Wigmore Hall (p73)
Last performances of Alan Howard's *Richard III* at the Aldwych & *Hansel & Gretel* at the Warehouse (p9)

SUNDAY

January 3

Ice Breaker charity swim in Yorkshire (p82)
Last day of Philips basketball at Crystal Palace (p71)
James Blades entertains the family at the Purcell Room (p69)
So You Want to Stop Smoking on BBC1 (p70)

January 10

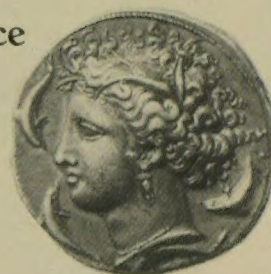
Last day of Thomas Carlyle exhibition at the National Portrait Gallery (p75)
Final day of World Doubles Tennis Championships at Birmingham (p71)
Congregational service preceded at 6.05pm by an organ recital, Westminster Abbey, 6.30pm
Wood & Walters on ITV; *The Computer Programme* on BBC1 (p70)

January 17

Humphrey Jennings retrospective in Oxford until Feb 28 (p76)
Brendel at the Festival Hall (p72)
Last day of the Boat Show (p69)
Evensong: Westminster Abbey, 3pm; St Paul's Cathedral, 3.15pm

<p>January 18 National Trust lecture on Oxford & Cambridge at the Purcell Room (p69) King's Singers at the Queen Elizabeth Hall (p72) Première of Maina Gielgud's new ballet at Watford (p74) Start of <i>Télémontage</i> on BBC2 (p70) Week of prayer for Christian unity at Westminster Abbey until January 25</p>	<p>January 25 Sale of Russian works of art at Sotheby's (p78) National Trust lecture on Persia at the Purcell Room (p69) Penelope Keith opens in <i>Hobson's Choice</i> at the Ashcroft (p8) Burns night New moon</p>
<p>January 19 Start of Curling Championship in Perth (p71) Start of British Museum season of films about Japan & the Edo arts (p69) Start of Five Years On lecture series at the Museum of London (p69) Sale of inexpensive wines at Christie's South Kensington (p81)</p>	<p>January 26 Sale of quilts at Christie's South Kensington (p78) Masters' snooker at Wembley (p71) John Packer lectures on fashion (p69) Last night of <i>The Winter's Tale</i> at Stratford (p9)</p>
<p>January 20 Sale of fine wines at Sotheby's (p81) Clive Bradley talks about publishing at the RSA (p69) Talk on Gerald du Maurier at the Art Workers' Guild (p69) University of London Presentation Day service, St Paul's Cathedral, 6pm</p>	<p>January 27 William Walton 80th birthday concert on the South Bank (p72) <i>Shriek</i> opens at the Churchill, <i>Summer</i> at the Cottesloe, <i>Trojans</i> at Riverside (p8) <i>Die Fledermaus</i> at ENO (p74)</p>
<p>January 21 Sale of fine wines at Christie's (p81) Tortelier plays at the Queen Elizabeth Hall (p72) <i>Dream of Gerontius</i> at the Festival Hall (p72) <i>Fort Apache, the Bronx</i> opens in the West End (p10)</p>	<p>January 28 Sale of claret at Christie's (p81) Tortelier talks at the Festival Hall (p69) World ski championships in Austria (p71) RPO under Dorati play Dvorak concert at the Festival Hall (p72) Ayckbourn's <i>Season's Greetings</i> opens at Greenwich (p8)</p>
<p>January 22 Sale of silver & plate at Phillips (p78) Julian Bream plays at Wigmore Hall (p73) <i>The Marriage of Figaro</i> at ENO (p74)</p>	<p>January 29 Souzay master class at Wigmore Hall (p73) Last day of British under-23 Squash Championships at Wembley (p71) <i>The Beggar's Opera</i> at the Drill Hall (p74)</p>
<p>January 23 Rugby: London Scottish play London Welsh (p71) Messiah at the Festival Hall (p72) National basketball final in Leicester (p71) Last night of <i>The School for Scandal</i> at Greenwich (p9)</p>	<p>January 30 Charles I Commemoration ceremony at Windsor (p82) Steinitz Bach concert at Queen Elizabeth Hall (p72) Last performances of <i>Pickle Family Circus</i>, <i>Sinbad the Sailor</i> & <i>Toad of Toad Hall</i> (p9)</p>
<p>January 24 <i>Tinderbox</i> for children at the Purcell Room (p69) Last day of 20th-century British sculpture at the Whitechapel (p76) Holy Communion: St Paul's Cathedral, Westminster Abbey, St Martin-in-the-Fields; 8am; St Clement Dane's, 8.30am.</p>	<p>January 31 Masters' basketball in Cambridge (p71) Last day of Sickert & Lutyens exhibitions at the Hayward (p75) RPO in Beethoven programme at the Festival Hall (p73) Chinese New Year (p69)</p>

Seaby offer the most comprehensive service and expert advice on coins and medals



If you have something you think may be of value, it is important that you see a reputable dealer or recognised expert in coins and medals. Sending it for auction is not always the best answer. Seaby have leading experts specialising in coins of particular places and periods, and departments covering every sector of coins, medals and decorations. They would be happy to help you.



Seaby publish books on coins (some of the most respected references are Seaby books) and their stock of new and antiquarian books is probably one of the largest in the country. Browsers are welcome.

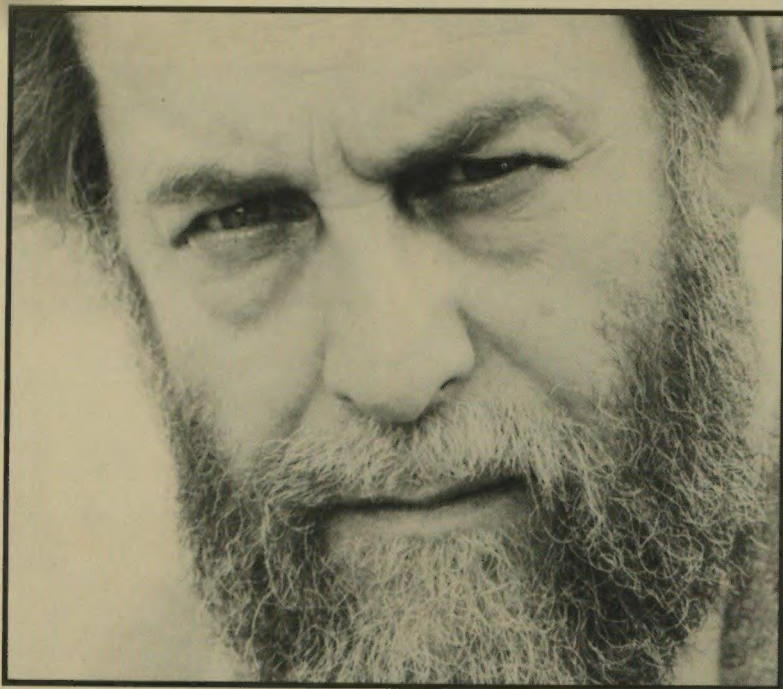
Seaby also publish a monthly bulletin – and keep in touch with collectors all over the world. If you'd like a copy of the bulletin or advice on a coin or medal in your collection, please write or call.



SEABY

COINS AND MEDALS

BA Seaby Limited Audley House 11 Margaret Street London WIN 8AT
Telephone: 01-580 3677 Telex: 261068

THEATRE
J C TREWINJohn Barton of the RSC: directs a new production of Arthur Schnitzler's *La Ronde*.

JANUARY'S HIGHLIGHT seems likely to be *La Ronde*. Its Viennese flourish is typical of the work of Arthur Schnitzler, who died in 1931. Copyright restrictions have now expired and two companies are taking advantage—the RSC, in a version at the Aldwych by John Barton and Sue Davies, and the Royal Exchange at Manchester in one by Charles Osborne. The RSC production will be directed by John Barton and the cast includes Judy Buxton, Tony Church, Susan Fleetwood and Richard Pasco.

□ The RSC contemplates an important anniversary. The company will open at the Barbican in the early summer with the two parts of *Henry IV* with which the present Stratford theatre—then called the Shakespeare Memorial—opened on April 23, 1932.

□ Leo McKern will return to the stage during February for the West End production, by Tom Conti, of Frank Gilroy's play, *The Housekeeper*.

□ Revivals of two more celebrated musicals are under way. *Guys and Dolls*, directed by Richard Eyre—his first production since becoming an associate director of the National—is to open at the Olivier on March 9, preceded by 11 reduced-price previews. *Lady in the Dark*, always associated with Gertrude Lawrence, is at the Nottingham Playhouse until January 2.

NEW REVIEWS

The symbol CC is used to indicate theatres which accept certain credit cards. A special telephone number is given where applicable. Details of each theatre are given only on the first occasion it appears in each section.

All My Sons

It was absorbing on the first night to sense the reaction to one of Arthur Miller's earliest plays. Written in 1947, this study of guilt & evasion, directed by Michael Blakemore, must have been fresh to many in the audience. At the close the applause was tumultuous. For all that, Miller has been accused—condescendingly—of writing a “well-made” play, a narrative that has been precisely constructed in three shapely acts with not a loose end, a method sadly unfashionable. All very well for Ibsen; today sloppiness rules. Not, I think, that the old-world manner will harm the success of a revival in which Miller's searching integrity never wavers & the acting excels. Colin Blakely is the guilty mid-Westerner who, with tragic results, sold defective aircraft parts during the war & allowed his partner to be gaoled; Garrick Hagon & Jill Baker are the younger son &

Peggy Ashcroft: at Stratford in *All's Well*.

potential daughter-in-law; & Rosemary Harris, in particular, as the wife caught up in her own fantasy, is back in London with a beautifully tuned & timed performance.

Wyndham's, Charing Cross Rd, WC2 (836 3028, CC 379 6565).

All's Well That Ends Well

It is getting increasingly difficult to find a Shakespearian revival in its own period. Still, Trevor Nunn's Edwardian *All's Well That Ends Well* is consistent; & if it does little to clear up the problem of Helena—gallant heroine or determined opportunist—the parts are played surely enough to do more for the wry comedy than sometimes happens. It is most fortunate in its older hands. Dame Peggy Ashcroft, as we had expected, is exact casting for the generous & affectionate Countess, & she never melts into the distance—as some actresses do—during her passages of silence. John Franklyn-Robbins preserves the King's early wistfulness & his constant dignity; & even better is Robert Eddison, giving his personal quality to every speech by the diplomatic Lafew.

Harriet Walter deals emotionally with Helena. As a pilgrim at Florence—but not bare-footed, for this is Edwardian—she does not scruple to use the “bed-trick” on Bertram, whose snobbishness & gaucherie Mike Gwilym cannot mitigate. There remains what used to be known as comic relief. The braggart Parolles has to grow into a bore, however splendidly Stephen Moore acts him. Geoffrey Hutchings bears the burden of the clown Lavache, here a hunchback, with whom no one, in my recollection, has ever done much. Though *All's Well* can both enchant & irritate, we can thank Mr Nunn for treating it, in his fashion, better than some of the lesser plays have been treated this year. Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwicks (0789 292271, CC AmEx 0789 297129). Until Jan 8.

84 Charing Cross Road

Helene Hanff, as an invariably warm-hearted and outgoing New York booklover, and Frank Doel, a London bookseller, would have had no idea that their letters to each other over 20 years, business letters that flowered into friendship, would have become, first, a book, and now the material of a play. But here is the play, gentle and good-humoured, directed expertly by James Roose-Evans, whose adaptation it is, and acted with the most endearing truth by Rosemary Leach and David Swift. Happily, Helene herself was at the premiere in person. Ambassadors, West St, WC2 (836 1171, CC).

The Oresteia

Sir Peter Hall's achievement in this five-hour production of the Aeschylean trilogy (458 BC) is as surprising as anything in National Theatre history, though it may worry those who object to the use of masks. I have not known Greek Choruses to be treated more excitingly in grouping and movement, even if the use of masks may occasionally muffle speech. The splendour of the three plays is undiminished. Despite a sometimes daunting use of modern idiom, Tony Harrison's version, with its compound phrases, is fluently rhythmical and, in general, spoken with understanding by its protean cast. Harrison Birtwistle's music is a bonus. Olivier, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, CC 928 5933).

FIRST NIGHTS

Jan 4. The Ascent of Wilberforce III

Described as “a high-altitude, rock-face musical extravaganza”, the play is about an



Dimitri: mime festival from January 11.

expedition up an unconquered Himalayan peak. Lyric Studio, King St, W6 (741 2311, CC). Until Jan 30.

Jan 11. La Ronde

New version of Schnitzler's play, with Judy Buxton, Tony Church, Janine Duvitski, Susan Fleetwood, Barbara Leigh-Hunt, John Nettles, Richard Pasco, Corrina Seddon, Michael Siberry & Malcolm Storry. Aldwych, Aldwych, WC2 (836 6404, CC 379 6233, Prestel 22023).

Jan 11. 6th London International Mime Festival

This year's performers include Jacques Lecoq from Paris, the Swiss clown Dimitri, Three Women & Chris Harris & Nola Rae from Britain. Various venues including Shaw Theatre, ICA, French Institute, The Place & The Cockpit. Details from Cockpit Theatre, Gateforth St, NW8 (402 5081). Until Feb 6.

Jan 25. Hobson's Choice

Harold Brighouse's comedy classic, with Penelope Keith in the leading role. Ashcroft, Croydon, Surrey (688 9291). Until Feb 6.

Jan 27. Shriek!

New thriller by Iain Blair, specially commissioned for the Churchill. Churchill, Bromley, Kent (460 6677, CC A, Bc).

Jan 27. Trojans

Rock musical by Farrukh Dhondy, based on the story of Helen of Troy. Performed by the Black Theatre Co-operative with Pauline Black. Riverside Studios, Crisp Rd, W6 (748 3354). Until Feb 14.

Jan 27. Summer

New play written & directed by Edward Bond, with Yvonne Bryceland. Cottesloe, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, CC 928 5933).

Jan 28. Season's Greetings

Comedy written & directed by Alan Ayck-bourn about a family Christmas reunion. Greenwich, Croom's Hill, SE10 (858 7755, CC).

ALSO PLAYING

Amadeus

Peter Shaffer's superbly managed study of envy, the Salieri-Mozart association, is revived in its National Theatre production with Frank Finlay & Richard O'Callaghan. Her Majesty's, Haymarket, SW1 (930 6606, CC 930 4025).

Anyone for Denis?

This is a topical & good-tempered farce about a Prime Minister & her husband. He is played by the author, John Wells, & Angela Thorne is, uncannily, the PM. Whitehall, Whitehall, SW1 (839 6975, CC 930 6693).

Arms & the Man

Shaw's anti-romantic comedy zestfully re-created by such players as Richard Briers & Peter Egan. Lyric, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (437 3686, CC).

As You Like It

Certainly as we like Arden, & seldom find it these

days. Terry Hands directs, & much of the credit belongs to Susan Fleetwood's radiant Rosalind. Aldwych, Aldwych, WC2 (836 6404, cc 379 6233, Prestel 22023). Until Feb 2.

The Beastly Beatitudes of Balthazar B

J. P. Donleavy's narrative of an extrovert & an introvert is a modern exercise in elegant neo-Restoration bawdiness. Joyfully acted by Simon Callow & Patrick Ryecart. Duke of York's, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (836 5122, cc 836 9837).

The Business of Murder

Richard Harris has written a taut thriller that does its duty & has an extremely acute performance by Francis Matthews. Duchess, Catherine St, WC2 (836 8243, cc).

Can't Pay? Won't Pay!

Dario Fo's swift & happy romp about the aftermath of a women's raid on a Milan supermarket. No play in London can be acted faster. Criterion, Piccadilly Circus, W1 (930 3216, cc 379 6565).

Cards on the Table

New Agatha Christie play from her book of the same name, directed by Peter Dews. With Gordon Jackson, Derek Waring & Pauline Jameson. Vaudeville, Strand, WC2 (836 9988, cc).

Caritas

Arnold Wesker's uncomfortable play about the immurement of a medieval anchoress in religious ecstasy. Patti Love fights hard. Cottesloe, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc 928 5933). Until Jan 12.

Caught in the Act

Trevor Cowper's farce involves a great deal of scurrying through bedroom-cum-sitting-room-cum-office & corridor, but is usually off the boil. Garrick, Charing Cross Rd, WC2 (836 4601, cc).

Children of a Lesser God

Uncannily compelling performances by Elizabeth Quinn & Trevor Eve in Mark Medoff's American play about the hidden world of deafness. (British sign translation Jan 7 matinee.) Albery, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (836 3878, cc 379 6565).

Educating Rita

Willy Russell's rather over-valued comedy for two people continues a long run. Piccadilly, Denman St, W1 (437 4506, cc 379 6565, Prestel 2202324).

An Evening with Dave Allen

Return of the versatile Irish entertainer with his one-man show last seen in London in 1978. Haymarket, Haymarket, SW1 (930 9832, cc).

Evita

No sign of weariness yet in Tim Rice & Andrew Lloyd Webber's music drama. Prince Edward, Old Compton St, W1 (437 6877, cc 439 8499).

Good

C. P. Taylor's picture of Nazi Germany in the 1930s, & the recruitment of a mild man of letters to the SS, is ingenious but too trickily constructed, though Alan Howard's performance & the musical passages are carefully managed. Warehouse, Donmar Theatre, Earlham St, WC2 (836 6808).

Hansel & Gretel

David Rudkin's uncompromising adult piece from The Other Place at Stratford. With Brenda Bruce as the Witch. Warehouse, Until Jan 16.

Her Royal Highness...?

Prince Charles & the former Lady Diana Spencer, acted by Marc Sinden & Eva Lohman, are among the personages—mainly royal—in the cast of this always harmless though sometimes exasperating farcical fantasy by Royce Ryton & Ray Cooney. Palace, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (437 6834, cc).

House Guest

Francis Durbridge's splendidly intricate puzzle will keep most people guessing, aided by his players, Sylvia Syms & Gerald Harper. Savoy, Strand, WC2 (836 8888, cc 930 0731).

The Hypochondriac

An over-directed version of Molière's *Le malade imaginaire*, but with agreeable playing by Daniel Massey, Emily Morgan & Polly James. Olivier, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc 928 5933).

Incident at Tulse Hill

Harold Pinter directs Robert East's play about an old actor, played by Maurice Denham. Hampstead Theatre Club, Swiss Cottage Centre, NW3 (722 9301).

Isabella

Barry Smith's Theatre of Puppets in a story from *The Decameron*. Tricycle, 269 Kilburn High Rd,

NW6 (328 8626). Until Jan 9.

The Mayor of Zalamea

An absorbingly theatrical narrative by the 17th-century Spanish dramatist, Calderón. Olivier.

The Mitford Girls

Assured, witty & decorative musical by Caryl Brahms, Ned Sherrin & Peter Greenwell. Globe, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (437 1592, cc).

Much Ado About Nothing

Peter Gill's wisely direct revival of the patrician comedy, led by Penelope Wilton & Michael Gambon. Olivier.

On The Razzle

Even if Nestroy might wonder what had happened to the text of his 19th-century Viennese farce in Tom Stoppard's free impression, I am sure he would never stop laughing. A spirited production by Peter Wood & matching performances by Felicity Kendal, Ray Brooks, Dinsdale Landen & Michael Kitchen. We may miss the part of Dolly Levi, but she was only in Thornton Wilder's version, *The Matchmaker*, & the ensuing musical, *Hello, Dolly!* Lyttelton, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc 928 5933).

One Mo' Time

Jazz musical from New Orleans now with a British company. Phoenix, Charing Cross Rd, WC2 (836 2294, cc 200 0200).

One-Woman Plays

Yvonne Bryceland gets gallantly through a frequently tiresome trilogy by Dario Fo. Cottesloe.

The People Show Cabaret

The Adventures of Meg & Mog

Musical play by David Wood. With Maureen Lipman as Meg, the witch. Unicorn, Gt Newport St, WC2 (836 3334). Until Jan 31.

Aladdin

Traditional pantomime with Les Dawson, Rula Lenska & Arthur Askey. Richmond, Surrey (940 0088). Until Jan 31.

Barnum

Its circus framework is far more interesting than the narrative of a show-business musical about P. T. Barnum, acted loyally by Michael Crawford. Palladium, Argyll St, W1 (437 7373, cc 437 2055).

Captain Beaky's Musical Christmas

Jim Parker's catchy tunes performed by Keith Michell, Twiggy & Eleanor Bron, with Jeremy Lloyd, who also wrote the lyrics. Apollo, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (437 2663, cc).

Cats

Trevor Nunn uses stage & auditorium boldly for a curious experiment. Andrew Lloyd Webber's musical version of T. S. Eliot's cheerfully minor poems about cats. New London Theatre, Drury Lane, WC2 (405 0072, cc).

Dick Whittington

Family pantomime with Eric Sykes, Brian Murphy & Jan Hunt. Wimbledon, Broadway, SW19 (946 5211, cc). Until Jan 31.

Dracula or A Pain in the Neck

New Vic production described as "a family show with bite". Directed by Michael Bogdanov. Albery, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (836 3878, cc 379 6565). Until Jan 23.

Gavin & the Monster

Musical about a little boy who gets involved with a family of monsters. Westminster, Palace St, SW1 (834 0283, cc AmEx). Until Jan 23.

Gilbert & Sullivan

The D'Oyly Carte's winter season continues with *Iolanthe*, *The Yeomen of the Guard*, *Ruddigore*, *The Mikado* & *HMS Pinafore*. Adelphi, Strand, WC2 (836 7611, cc). Until Feb 27.

HMS Pinafore

Alec McCowen plays Captain Corcoran in Gilbert & Sullivan's comic opera, performed by the Singers' Company. Collegiate, Gordon St, WC1 (387 9629, cc).

Hiawatha

This superb pictorial translation of Longfellow's poem fills the Olivier stage. All that is missing from Michael Bogdanov's production—for any age except the youngest—is a touch of humour. Olivier, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc 928 5933).

Holiday on Ice

New production of this American ice spectacular,

Comic musical cabaret performed by Mark, Emile, George & Chahine. Royal Court, Sloane Sq, SW1 (730 1745, cc).

Quartermaine's Terms

Simon Gray's fine play, set in the staff common-room of a language school for foreign students, is frequently most amusing, but it rests in particular on Edward Fox's portrait of a lonely man which can be desperately affecting & is never out of key. Queen's, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (734 1166, cc).

Richard III

Alan Howard has still to fight through a self-consciously over-produced revival though it has improved greatly since Stratford in 1980, and Mr Howard is now without the unfortunate surgical boot. Aldwych, Until Jan 16.

The School for Scandal

Revival of Sheridan's comedy of manners, directed by Alan Dossor. Greenwich, Croom's Hill, SE10 (858 7755, cc). Until Jan 23.

The Second Mrs Tanqueray

Pinero's famous drama, from 1893, made the name of Mrs Patrick Campbell who appeared as Paula Tanqueray—the role now played by Felicity Kendal. Leigh Lawson is now her husband—the part created by George Alexander—& Harold Innocent is the *raisonneur*. Lyttelton.

Steaming

Good-tempered piece by Nell Dunn about the patrons of a municipal Turkish bath, united in a hopeless effort to keep the place going. Georgina

Hale & Brenda Blethyn are especially assured. Comedy, Panton St, W1 (930 2578, cc).

Three Men in a Boat

Jeremy Nicholas in a one-man version of Jerome K. Jerome's book. May Fair, Stratton St, W1 (629 3036, cc). Until Jan 9.

Translations

Brian Friel's unexpected look at a corner of a Donegal village in 1833 may not be a masterpiece, but it is a play of subtlety & distinction. Lyttelton.

True West

New play by Sam Shepard, directed by John Schlesinger, about two ill-assorted brothers working on a film script for a "true-to-life Western". With Patricia Hayes, Bob Hoskins, Shane Rimmer & Antony Sher. Cottesloe.

The Twin Rivals

George Farquhar's Restoration play with Miles Anderson, Mike Gwilym & Miriam Karlin. The Other Place, Until Jan 26.

Wild, Wild Women

Bawdy new musical by Michael Richmond & Nola York, with Liz Crowther & Mark Barratt as star-crossed young lovers in the American West. Orange Tree, 45 Kew Rd, Richmond, Surrey (940 3633). Until Jan 23.

The Winter's Tale

Ronald Eyre's production, with Patrick Stewart & Gemma Jones, is intelligently spoken without superfluous experiment. Robert Eddison is valuably in the cast both as Antigonus & as Time. Royal Shakespeare Theatre. Until Jan 26.

CHILDREN'S SHOWS



Jon Pertwee: a musical *Worzel Gummidge*.

with Robin Cousins. Wembley Arena, Middx (902 1234). Until Feb 28.

Humpty Dumpty

George Layton plays Mother Hubbard & Jan Waters, Fairy Blackheart. Shaw, 100 Euston Rd, NW1 (388 1394). Until Jan 9.

It's Magic

A first-rate variety bill, lead by the dextrous & loquacious conjuror, Paul Daniels. Prince of Wales, Coventry St, W1 (930 8681, cc 930 0846). Until Feb 6.

Joseph & the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat

Tim Rice & Andrew Lloyd Webber's musical with Jess Conrad as Joseph. Sadler's Wells, Rosebery Ave, EC1 (837 3856, cc 837 7505). Until Feb 13.

Magic Lantern Show

Traditional slides with marionettes performing in the foreground. Tricycle, 269 Kilburn High Rd, NW6 (328 8626). Until Jan 7.

Mother Goose

One of London's few true pantomimes this Christmas, it features John Inman, Arthur Lowe & Ian Lavender. Victoria Palace, Victoria St, SW1 (828 4735, cc). Until Feb 20.

Nickleby & Me

Family musical melodrama based on Dickens's book, by Ned Sherrin & Caryl Brahms. With Alfred Marks & Alexandra Bastedo. Chichester Festival Theatre, Chichester, W Sussex (0243 781312). Until Jan 9.

A Night in Old Peking

Martin Duncan & David Ultz go back to the *Arabian Nights* for their version of *Aladdin*. With James Bolam, Simon Cadell & Anita Dobson.

Lyric, King St, W6 (741 2311, cc). Until Feb 6.

The Pickle Family Circus

This group from San Francisco includes clowns, high wire & juggling. Round House, Chalk Farm Rd, NW1 (267 2564). Until Jan 30.

Robinson Crusoe

Pantomime with Dickie Henderson, Jack Douglas & Kenneth Connor. Ashcroft, Croydon, Surrey (688 9291, cc A, Bc). Until Jan 23.

Rupert Bear Christmas Show

Puppet show based on the enduring cartoon character, as portrayed in the ITV television series. Collegiate (380 1453, cc). Jan 2-9.

St George & the Dragon/Harlequinade

Barry Smith's Theatre of Puppets presents a double-bill. Tricycle. Until Jan 9.

Sinbad the Sailor

Traditional pantomime with David Yipp in the title role. Theatre Royal, E15 (534 0310). Until Jan 30.

Star Paws

Sooty's show this year is based on the theme of *Star Wars*. Matthew Corbett assists. May Fair, Stratton St, SW1 (629 3036, cc). Until Jan 9.

The Sound of Music

Rodgers & Hammerstein's amiable musical with Petula Clark & Michael Jayston. Apollo Victoria, Wilton Rd, SW1 (834 6919, cc).

The Swan Down Gloves

Members of the RSC in a "Shakespeare gallimaufry"—a fairy tale in pantomime form about a magic pair of gloves. Aldwych, Aldwych, WC2 (836 6404, cc 379 6233). Until Jan 2.

The Tinderbox

Pantomime based on the story by Hans Andersen. New Half Moon, 213 Mile End Rd, E1 (790 4000). Until Jan 9.

Toad of Toad Hall

A. A. Milne's play based on *The Wind in the Willows* has Ian Talbot as Toad, David King as Badger, Barrie Jamieson as Mole & Brian Parr as Rat. Old Vic, Waterloo Rd, SE1 (928 7616, cc 262 1821). Until Jan 30.

Treasure Island

Yo, ho, ho & a bottle of rum! Tom Baker is the new Long John Silver, borrowing the parrot, Jack Spratt, from Bernard Miles. Mermaid, Puddle Dock, EC4 (236 5568, cc). Until Jan 9.

Wizard in the Woods

Actors & puppets combine in this story of two runaway children who are changed into rabbits. Best for children over six. Polka, The Broadway, SW19 (543 4888). Until Jan 16.

Worzel Gummidge

Jon Pertwee plays the scarecrow in this new musical based on the television series. Cambridge, Earlham St (836 1488, cc).

BRIEFING CINEMA MICHAEL BILLINGTON



Priest of love: Ian McKellen as D. H. Lawrence & Janet Suzman as Frieda.

D. H. LAWRENCE has been patchily served by the cinema: Ken Russell's *Women in Love* and Christopher Miles's *The Virgin and the Gypsy* have been the only successful adaptations of his work to the screen. Now, however, Miles has made an intelligent biographical account of Lawrence's last years, *Priest of Love* (opening February 11), and for good measure there is already on release a new version of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* with Sylvia Kristel. Sadly, however, plans to make *Kangaroo* in Australia with Helen Mirren and Jonathan Pryce have come to a halt.

□ From January 5-8 children over five may enjoy *Charlotte's Web*, the animated feature based on E. B. White's now classic book about a spider and a pig. The ICA in The Mall (930 3647) has showings at 3pm daily.

□ Peter Weir's *Gallipoli* (see review below) broke house-records when it was shown in the United States. It heralds a whole new batch of Australian movies. They include *A Burning Man* with James Mason, *The Man From Snowy River* with Kirk Douglas and *Double Deal* with Angela Punch McGregor and Louis Jordan. The big question is whether the Australian film industry can hold on to its own talent and resist becoming Hollywood South.

□ Lindsay Anderson's *Britannia Hospital* is now in the editing stage at Lee International studios in Wembley. The film has cost \$4 million to make, has an all-star British cast and should do something to restore the shaky fortunes of EMI who have ventured none too happily into the American scene with *Honky Tonk Freeway* and *Can't Stop the Music*.

□ Remember heart-throb Jean-Paul Belmondo? Clearly he still has what it takes. His new action film, *The Professionals*, has caused a stampede at the Paris box-office, temporarily knocking even James Bond into second place. Will it, unlike so many French movies, ever get to London?

NEW REVIEWS AND PREMIERES

Films selected for review are expected to be showing in London or on general release at some time during the month. Programmes are often changed at short notice. Consult a local or daily newspaper for exact locations & times.

Body Heat (X). Opens Jan 18.

The find of the year. An updating of the old-fashioned *film noir* showing a small-time Florida lawyer (brilliantly played by William Hurt) getting involved with a *femme fatale* (Kathleen Turner). Adultery leads to murder, leads to guilt, but there are all kinds of twists in the tale & Lawrence Kasdan's direction is wonderful on atmosphere. Some movies simply bounce off the retina. This wonderfully erotic thriller enters the brain & won't dislodge itself.

Fort Apache, the Bronx (AA). Opens Jan 21.

Paul Newman plays a New York policeman

wrestling with his conscience over working in a corrupt police force.

Gallipoli (A)

One of the best films to have emerged so far from the Australian New Wave. It tells the story of the ill-fated invasion by British-led forces of Turkey's Dardanelles in 1915. The battle itself was futile but Peter Weir's film also makes clear how the appalling sacrifice led to the growth of the Anzac spirit & how idealism & camaraderie were forged in a campaign in which 7,800 Australians died. It is the biggest-budget film ever made in Australia. More importantly, it is a movie on a human scale that evokes comparison with Kubrick's *Paths of Glory*.

Light Years Away (AA). Opens Jan 7.

Swiss director, Alain Tanner, comes up with a thoroughly weird and none-too-wonderful film in which a crazy old man convinces the 25-year-old Jonas (hangover from an earlier Tanner film) that man can fly free as a bird.

Made in Ireland with Trevor Howard as the grizzled mystic & Mick Ford as his young protégé, the film never quite rises above oddball whimsy-whamsy.

Manganinnie (U). Opens Jan 7.

Australian film by John Honey about an aboriginal woman, the lone survivor of a massacre, who adopts a lost, white, eight-year-old girl. For a year she teaches the girl her tribal ways & the film shows the child's subsequent difficulties in re-adapting to her normal life when reunited with her family.

Mephisto (AA)

Istvan Szabo's magnificent Hungarian film about the problems of the artist in a totalitarian society. In this case it is an actor (based on Gustav Grundgens) in the Germany of the 1930s. And the film superbly evokes the period & explores the temperament of the true actor: the compulsive need to perform, the passionate desire to work in his own language, the belief in his own political powerlessness. Klaus Maria Brandauer almost eats up the screen as the actor who becomes the favourite of a Goering-type general & yet he retains perfectly the contrast between his own diabolism on stage & his insecurity in private. The film is an epic that moves like lightning & that ends up making you understand (far better than *The Last Metro*) the dilemma of the ambitious artist in a political dictatorship.

Mommie Dearest (AA)

Camp at its most high-pitched. Faye Dunaway as Joan Crawford, prowling through her children's closets & going berserk over wire hangers, compulsively scrubbing her own floors, cutting down her rose garden while wearing a sequin-topped evening gown. The script is terrible, the screen has a strangely unoccupied look & the only possible reason to see the movie is to savour the performance of Ms Dunaway who acts away like a wild tigress starved for too long of jungle meat. Frank Perry directed & part-scripted the film: remember his name.

Montenegro (X)

Madcap, erotic, free-associating & anarchic, this film by Dusan Makavejev pursues (hotly) the American wife of a Swedish businessman who falls in with a gang of crazy Serbs & who meets a definitive stud in Zanzi Bar. It is all rather wild & incoherent but the film, a Swedish-British co-production, has a lurching, flailing energy. I wouldn't call it good: but it certainly bears Makavejev's unmistakably dotty imprint.

Shock Treatment (A). Opens Jan 14.

Jessica Harper & Cliff De Young play the leads in Jim Sharman's film billed as a sequel to *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*. It is set in a television studio in a small American town whose inhabitants form the audience for its TV shows.

So Fine (AA). Opens Jan 7.

A crude, patchy, fitfully funny comedy about a college teacher (Ryan O'Neal) who inherits his father's Seventh Avenue garment industry & who makes a fortune manufacturing jeans with see-through cheeks. That is a pretty dumb idea. And even the film's better moments (such as a production of Verdi's *Otello* that degenerates into crash-bang farce) are almost invariably culled from other sources. Two performances, however, stand out: Jack Warden as the gross, cigar-chewing garment boss, & Mariangela Melato, slim & erotic like some albino pixie, as a Mafia mobster's wife.

Southern Comfort (X)

Walter Hill (who made *The Warriors*) has an uncomfortable talent. His films are violent, swift & dark & keep you glued to your

seat even when you want to fly. In this one a posse of National Guardsmen are holed up in the Louisiana marshes & find themselves being picked off one by one by Cajun trappers. The result is highly atmospheric, very brutal & gripping as a vice.

True Confessions (X)

The pedigree is impeccable. We have Robert Duvall as a tough cop & Robert De Niro as his ambitious, worldly Monsignor brother. The story comes from a novel by John Gregory Dunne & Joan Didion. The director is Ulu Grosbard who made the much liked *Straight Time*. Yet although the acting is superb, the motivation seems confused. Duvall in pursuing a murder story ruins his brother's Catholic career by implicating him with a murder suspect. But why does he do it? And why does the brother, who is a very business-like priest, so eagerly embrace his downfall? Would he even be ruined anyway? The questions are left hanging in the air even as you admire De Niro's calm control, Duvall's baggy-suited aggression & Cyril Cusack's icy grandeur as a Wolsey-like prelate. An interesting film; but it never generates as much emotion as it thinks it does.

Wolfen (X)

More grisly lycanthropic horror with Albert Finney (at his most lugubrious) playing a New York detective called in to investigate a strangely animalistic murder. The film does not have the campy jokiness of *An American Werewolf* but is none the better for that. It simply sets out to curdle one's blood with its wolf's-eye-view of human proceedings & its series of vengeful killings. Quite simply, who needs it?

ALSO SHOWING

Certificates

U = passed for general exhibition

A = passed for general exhibition but parents are advised that the film contains material that they might prefer under-14s not to see

AA = no admittance under 14

X = no admittance under 18

Absolution (X)

Richard Burton plays a priest tormented by the secrets of the confessional in a thriller mystery written by Anthony Shaffer & set in a Roman Catholic boys' school. Directed by Anthony Page.

An American Werewolf in London (X)

Gruesome horror-comic by John Landis about a lycanthropic American student doing his number in Yorkshire & London. Although American kids seem to love it, this movie struck me as a blood-thirsty pain.

Arthur (AA)

Comedy with Dudley Moore as a spoiled, rich man whose family threaten to cut him off unless he marries the debutante of their choice & gives up the shoplifter he loves. John Gielgud is his valet & Liza Minnelli the shoplifter.

Back Roads (AA)

Sally Field (last seen in *Norma Rae*) plays a prostitute who sets out across America with her lover in search of a better life. Directed by Martin Ritt.

The Beyond (X)

Horror film directed by Lucio Fulci about a woman who inherits a Louisiana hotel & discovers it has become a "gateway to the beyond" & that the dead can return to possess it.

Blow Out (X)

Brian De Palma's films are loaded with echoes of other directors, yet have their own particular hallucinatory quality. In this one John Travolta, in the role of a sound-effects man, comes of age proving he is a performer rather than a presence.

The California Dolls (X)

Comedy about two female tag-wrestlers & their rise to the top. Peter Falk plays their promoter & Robert Aldrich directs.

Christiane F (X)

Ulrich Edel has directed this film, based on the true



George Hamilton: a swashbuckling Zorro.

story of a 13-year-old girl who descends through heroin-addiction to prostitution in Berlin. Special appearance by David Bowie.

Citizen's Band (AA)

Social comedy set among CB-ers in a small American town, with Paul Le Mat trying to keep the emergency channels clear of interference by other citizen's band enthusiasts.

The Conductor (A)

Andrzej Wajda's film about a young Polish couple—he is a conductor & she is a violinist—and their growing relationship with an internationally celebrated Polish conductor living in America, played by John Gielgud.

The Crazy Horse of Paris (X)

Alain Bernardin has written & directed a showcase for the talents of the performers at Paris's Crazy Horse Saloon seen through the eyes of a fictional journalist watching auditions, rehearsals & shows.

Don Giovanni (A)

Losey's splendid film version of Mozart's opera. It may appal the purists but it will delight those who want a genuine visual interpretation of the opera.

The End of August (A)

Bob Graham's film, based on Kate Chopin's novel *The Awakening*, tells of a woman living in New Orleans at the turn of the century & her gradual realization that she wants more out of life than to be a wife & mother.

The Eye of the Needle (X)

Moderately enjoyable suspense film with Donald Sutherland as a Nazi agent washed up on an island off the Scottish coast who falls in love with an unhappily married woman. Kate Nelligan gives the woman's choice between love & duty a certain suspenseful anguish.

The Fox & the Hound (U)

Disney animated feature about an orphaned fox cub brought up with a hound puppy, & what happens as instinct takes over from friendship.

The French Lieutenant's Woman (AA)

Artful, elegant, thoughtfully composed film that

frames John Fowles's story of obsessive Victorian passion inside the making of a contemporary movie. Meryl Streep & Jeremy Irons give the 1867 story a sense of doom & power, in contrast with the seeming blandness of their modern-day movie-set affair.

Heavy Metal (AA)

Sci-fi animated feature directed by Gerald Potterton, telling seven different, interlinked stories.

Honky-Tonk Freeway (AA)

John Schlesinger's latest film, starring Beau Bridges, Geraldine Page, Beverly D'Angelo & George Dzundza (from *The Deerhunter*). A motley crew—bank robbers, two nuns, a lorry-driver—descend on a small Florida township looking for a new way of life. Mayhem ensues.

The Janitor (AA)

Peter Yates's stylish film is the best thriller of the year. William Hurt plays an office-block janitor hooked on a TV news reporter (Sigourney Weaver). To awaken her interest he pretends to know more than he does about a murder, making the two of them targets for the killers.

Lady Chatterley's Lover (X)

Nicholas Clay plays Mellors & Sylvia Kristel Lady C in Just Jaecklin's film version of D. H. Lawrence's novel.

Marilyn, the untold story (A)

Catherine Hicks plays Marilyn Monroe in a film based on the biography by Norman Mailer. Directed by John Flynn & Jack Arnold.

Paternity (AA)

Comedy with Burt Reynolds as a man in his mid 40s who wants a child, but not marriage, & has to find a potential mother. Directed by David Steinberg, with Beverly D'Angelo as the compliant partner.

Prince of the City (X)

Three-hour drama, directed by Sidney Lumet, about corruption within the US police force & legal profession. Treat Williams plays a policeman recruited into a special investigation unit & compelled to betray his friends.

Shogun (A)

Richard Chamberlain plays the lead in a film based on James Clavell's novel about an English samurai warrior. Directed by Jerry London.

Three Brothers (A)

Italian film written & directed by Francesco Rosi about three brothers from different backgrounds, reunited briefly for their mother's funeral.

Tragedy of a Ridiculous Man (AA)

Italian drama directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, with Ugo Tognazzi & Anouk Aimée.

Zorro the Gay Blade (A)

Spoof of the old Zorro adventures, set in California of the 1880s. George Hamilton is in the title role.

NFT seasons:

Jan 2-31, *Leslie Howard* (including three films he directed); Jan 4-29, *Japanese season*, including films directed by Mizoguchi, Kurosawa & Ichikawa; Jan 7-19, films directed by French-Canadian *Jean-Pierre Lefebvre*, Jan 20-27, *New Hungarian films*. National Film Theatre, South Bank (928 3232). Temporary membership 50p. Jan 4, 7.45pm, *Kramer vs Kramer* (A); Jan 14, 7.45pm, *The Elephant Man* (AA); Jan 17, 7.15pm, *The Competition* (A). Queen Elizabeth Hall, South Bank, SE1 (928 3191).

THE ILLUSTRATED
LONDON NEWS

BRIEFING CONTINUES...

London Miscellany p69. Television p70.

Sport p71. Music p72. Ballet p74. Opera p74.

Art p75. Museums p77. Salerooms p78.

Selective Shopping p79. Restaurants p80.

Wine p81. Out of Town p82.

TRAVEL AND CRUISING

BY UNION LLOYD

Ancient splendours, silver beaches and stunning scenery, are but some of the features to be found in the wide range of cruises available from Union Lloyd, London's cruising specialist.

Land of the Midnight Sun

If you're looking ahead to next summer, consider the magnificent fjords of the North Cape, illuminated by the midnight sun. Royal Viking Line offer 14 day cruises from Copenhagen through June and July, cruising five fjords, including majestic Geiranger Fjord, each seeming more spectacular than the last. Ports of call include Bergen, the ancient capital of Norway, and Oslo, its modern seat of government. In contrast, there are visits to many villages along 1,000 miles of craggy, winding coastline.

North Cape cruises can be combined with Royal Viking Line's 14 day cruises to Leningrad, for a leisurely month of shipboard life. The Russia/Europe programme also sails from Copenhagen and the highlight of the two-day Leningrad visit must be the treasure trove of over 3 million artefacts at the Hermitage. Other ports include the capital cities of Helsinki and Stockholm and the modern port of Gdynia in Poland.

Royal Viking Line cruises worldwide throughout the year with three ships offering world class service that is second to none in cruising. This service means a ratio of one crew member to every two passengers, one of the most favourable in the industry. It also means comfort and spaciousness.



"Royal Viking Sea"

Temples and Pyramids

There can be no more leisurely means for seeing the spectacular monuments and surrounding country of ancient Egypt than by cruising the Nile. Union Lloyds's 44 passenger river cruiser "Karnak" sails from Luxor to Aswan and vice versa most months of the year on 9 and 13 day programmes.

Programmes include a stay in Cairo to allow visits to the Egyptian Museum, the Pyramids, the Sphinx, the Mosques and the Bazaar. Excursions from Cairo to the once capital of lower Egypt—Memphis, and to Sakkara are also included.

The "Karnak" is a luxury riverboat built in Holland in 1979, designed expressly

to operate on the Nile. It is fully air conditioned and each cabin has its own shower and private facilities. The dining room serves meals at one sitting.

The highlight of the cruise must be the City of the Dead, and Valley of the Kings at Luxor. In Edfu, Kom Ombo, Aswan, Esna and so many other places, the marvels that were created thousands of years ago still amaze and thrill the Union Lloyd passenger.



"M.S. Karnak"

Sun in the Caribbean

Sun Line offer a wide range of winter cruises to the Caribbean on the Stella Solaris and Stella Oceanis. From San Juan, Puerto Rico, there are 14 day Leeward to the Orinoco cruises visiting the most interesting islands of the Caribbean. From Galveston, Texas, 10, 11 and 21 day cruises on Stella Solaris are offered from December to March. The itinerary includes a double transit of the Panama Canal.

Sun Line Summer Programmes

The Summer months are ideal for Sun Line's cruises in the Mediterranean. Stella Solaris, Stella Oceanis and Stella Maris will be operating 3, 4, 7 and 14 day cruises to the Greek Islands, Egypt, Turkey and Israel from April to October with departures from Piraeus, plus a special 10 day cruise at Easter. From Venice or Nice throughout June to August, 7 day cruises are offered on Stella Maris around Italy. Visits include Portofino, Costa Smeralda, Tunis, Malta, Katakolon, Corfu and Dubrovnik.



"Stella Solaris"

Write, phone or call for brochures
Union Lloyd Ltd
50 Curzon Street
London
W1Y 7PN
Tel: 01-409-0844
ATOL 1237B ABTA 68003





Now for £400 you can join the most exclusive set in the Caribbean.



Our new Regency Service hasn't happened overnight.

In fact we've taken lots of time and care to ensure that it's the kind of service you just can't resist, offering much more than Club Class at much less.

When you arrive at Gatwick you'll find your own exclusive check-in facilities. And there are preferential arrangements for disembarkation and baggage reclaim.

Once aboard the plane our

Regency Service passengers take over the whole front cabin, and occupy our plush, comfortable and wider, new-design seats, with plenty of space for hand luggage, leg and elbow room.



What's more, there are free drinks, including Champagne and orange juice served before departure. To while away the flight time there's free

entertainment, a movie and a choice of music with quality head sets. And free reading material.

A choice of menus, specially prepared for Regency passengers, served on real Wedgwood china by our friendly cabin



attendants. Good wines and liqueurs will be served with meals.

All of which adds up to an impressive list of reasons for flying Caribbean Airways to Barbados and the Caribbean.

Exclusivity and super-comfort is yours from just £400 each way, low season.

Our Regency Service is available on all our direct non-stop scheduled flights on Sundays from Gatwick and Barbados.

Call your travel agent or us right away for full details.



RESERVATIONS 01-493 6252.




**CARIBBEAN
AIRWAYS**



Prestel 3441800

6-10 Bruton Street, London W1X 7AG

Cracks in the glaze

The leaders of the Social Democratic-Liberal Alliance talk excitedly of breaking the mould of British politics. The Social Democratic Party's take-over in December of the Islington Borough Council and Mrs Shirley Williams's remarkable victory in the parliamentary by-election at Crosby on November 26, following Mr Roy Jenkins's earlier challenge at Warrington and the Liberal victory at Croydon, have certainly demonstrated that the Alliance is now a force to be reckoned with, though whether it is breaking the mould or just causing a few cracks in the glaze will not really be known until the next general election—and that may still be more than two years away.

It is the conventional wisdom that parties in office suffer surprising reverses in mid-term by-elections and not unusually it is the third party that shows dramatic gains rather than the conventional opposition. This may be what is happening now. There are certainly good reasons why supporters of both Conservative and Labour parties should want to express their dissatisfaction with the way things are going, and no compelling political reason why they should be deterred from expressing their discontent. It is also conventional wisdom that such indulgence is not carried into a general election, when the majority of voters return to their traditional loyalty to one or other of the major parties, leaving a comparatively small number of floating voters to decide the final outcome.

The Alliance argues (as the Liberals often have in the past) that these precedents are no longer valid. They say that the electors, disturbed at the apparent move to their extremes by both Conservative and Labour parties, are demanding a new party in the middle. Mrs Williams's victory, in which she transformed a Conservative majority of 19,000 into a Liberal-SDP majority of more than 5,000, was convincing confirmation that the Alliance has caught the current tide. Mrs Williams became the SDP's 24th MP (though only she has been elected under the new party banner, the others being defectors from the Labour Party and one from the Conservatives), and the party has a growing number of local councillors all over the country. There can be little doubt that other local authorities will come under its control before long, and that there will be other by-election victories during the course of this year. The Alliance has thus gained a good deal of ground in a short time (it was formally set up less than a year ago), though it has some way to go before establishing itself as a genuine third party capable of forming a government (which is what must be meant by breaking the mould), rather than just as one part of a Labour Party carve-up.

This was how it began, and apart from its association with the Liberal Party there are as yet no convincing signs that the SDP is capturing



Three of the SDP's "gang of four": Roy Jenkins, Shirley Williams and William Rodgers.

political support outside the distressed area of the Labour Party. The leadership remains in the hands of four former Labour cabinet ministers who took the initiative in expressing their concern at the growing dominance of left-wing extremists within the Labour Party and who set up the SDP (initially the Council for Social Democracy) as an alternative to trying to change the direction of the Labour Party from within. It was significant that in Crosby it was Labour that suffered most at the hands of the SDP—the Labour vote dropping by nearly twice as much as the Conservative. If the present disarray in the Labour Party continues the SDP may even find itself becoming the main opposition to the present Government, and thus having to resolve a number of outstanding problems rather sooner than it can have expected.

The first must be to produce some coherent policies. Just being there and offering vague promises of providing something different may be enough to win a few by-elections against an unpopular Government and a disordered Opposition; it will not be enough to win a general election for a new and unknown party. So far what has emerged most clearly from the SDP is that in domestic affairs it believes in a mixed economy and an incomes policy, and in foreign affairs in the European Economic Community and Nato. A series of policy committees has been set up to fashion a manifesto on these brittle foundations.

The SDP needs also to establish its constitution, and choose a leader. The electorate likes to know who it may be voting into Downing Street, and a party led by a gang of four would not seem a credible option. On the assumption that the Alliance maintains its association into the next election then the leadership question will also have to be agreed with the Liberals. Whoever is involved in the vote (a ballot has been promised, but its composition has still to be decided) will have a strong list to choose from, though it may not be

easy for Liberals and SDP to agree.

The new party thus has a busy year ahead. Its ultimate success in achieving the objective of breaking up the present two-party system—the desirability of which is by no means evident—will in the end probably depend more on what happens in the other parties than by what it does for itself. If the Labour Party moves more towards the Bennites the SDP could become the alternative left-of-centre party, absorbing the moderates and leaving a small band of left-wing extremists as the Labour rump. If the moderates who have stayed in the Labour Party succeed in restraining their extremists then many SDP and Labour candidates may find themselves campaigning against each other at the next election with policies that are virtually identical.

More fundamental, perhaps, to the future of the Liberal-SDP Alliance as a middle-of-the-road party will be the behaviour of the Conservative Government. The Alliance has made the assumption that the Conservatives are now an extreme right-wing party, and that the middle ground of British politics, which is traditionally the ground from which elections are won, is vacant. It is a misunderstanding to assume that the Government is extreme simply because it has stuck to its fundamental policy in spite of its unpleasant effects. Although 14 Conservative MPs refused on December 8 to vote in the Commons in support of the Government's latest economic measures only one has left the party. When it comes to the election the Government will be judged not by philosophical labels but by its achievements. If in the next two years it can keep inflation under control, reduce the level of unemployment, reduce interest rates and increase productivity then it will no doubt be seen still to be firmly in possession of the middle ground. If it fails, then the Alliance should indeed have an opportunity to break the mould.

Monday, November 9

Tony Benn and Eric Heffer were re-elected to the chairs of the home policy and organization subcommittees of Labour's national executive committee, and came first and second respectively in the primary election organized by the Tribune Group of Labour MPs to choose candidates for the Shadow Cabinet.

Bristow Helicopters withdrew its fleet of 10 Wessex helicopters from commercial use following the crash in August, 1981, in which 13 people died.

British high street banks cut loan and overdraft rates by $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent, to 15 per cent base lending rate.

Tuesday, November 10

A unanimous decision by Lord Denning and two colleagues in the Court of Appeal declared illegal the GLC's supplementary rate levy which was to have raised £123 million to finance cheaper London Transport fares, introduced in October. The GLC appealed against the decision to the House of Lords.

After a dispute about tea breaks 2,000 British Leyland Metro and Mini workers at the company's Longbridge plant went on strike. On December 4 the men voted by a majority of 46 to call off the stoppage after hearing management concessions—a five-minute cut in the rest breaks instead of 11 minutes. The four weeks' stoppage had cost BL about £100 million in lost output.

Abel Gance, the French pioneering film director, died in Paris aged 92.

Wednesday, November 11

The P & O officially closed the 150-year-old Liverpool-Belfast ferry service. Industrial action in protest affected P & O vessels in other ports; 160 seamen on the two Liverpool ferries continued their sit-in until December 4, when it was announced that another operator, unnamed, would be taking over the service.

18th-century Adam-style Heveningham Hall, Suffolk, was sold by the Department of the Environment to a Middle East businessman for £726,000.

Archaeologists announced the discovery of the remains of the Roman bridge that spanned the Thames near London Bridge in AD50.

Thursday, November 12

The Government announced that the Civil Service Department would be abolished and its functions divided between the Treasury and the Cabinet Office.

Agreement was announced between British Leyland and Honda to manufacture jointly a new 1,800 cc model, Project XX, to be built simultaneously in Britain and Japan.

The General Synod of the Church of England voted to admit women to Holy Orders.

The National Union of Mine-workers rejected the Coal Board's increased offer of 9.13 per cent.

The Indian Prime Minister Indira Gandhi began a three-day state visit to France.

The US reusable space shuttle Columbia took off on its second mission from Cape Canaveral after a series of delays; but it developed fuel cell problems and the flight was shortened from five days to 54 hours.

Friday, November 13

The inflation rate in Britain rose to 11.7 per cent in October.

An IRA bomb exploded at the home of the Attorney General, Sir Michael Havers. Considerable damage was done but no one was injured.

Leader of the Labour Party Michael Foot withdrew his support from Tony Benn in the elections for the Shadow Cabinet because of Mr Benn's refusal to accept the constraints of collective Cabinet responsibility. Mr Benn, with

66 votes out of a possible 236, was voted out of the Shadow Cabinet.

Saturday, November 14

The Rev Robert Bradford, MP for South Belfast, was shot dead by the IRA while talking with constituents at a local community centre; the caretaker was also shot dead. During the previous week IRA groups in Armagh and Fermanagh had already killed three people and injured two others in a series of attacks designed to incite sectarian violence; and a Catholic youth was killed and another injured in separate shootings in Belfast on November 15. The Secretary of State for Northern Ireland, James Prior, appealed for calm.

Sunday, November 15

Demonstrators blockaded Frankfurt airport in an attempt to stop the building of a third runway.

Jimmy Connors beat John McEnroe, the Wimbledon and American open tennis champion, in the Benson & Hedges final at Wembley. Both players were fined for bad behaviour on court.

Monday, November 16

Three Ulster MPs, the Rev Ian Paisley, Peter Robinson and John McQuade, were suspended from the House of Commons for three days by the Speaker for "disorderly conduct and ignoring the authority of the chair". Later Mr Paisley called for a campaign of civil disobedience against Westminster and threatened to make the province ungovernable in protest at the handling of recent terrorism there.

Israeli troops blew up the houses of Palestinian families in the West Bank as a reprisal for recent attacks on Israeli vehicles.

Tuesday, November 17

The Secretary of State for Northern Ireland, James Prior, was the target of a violent mob of Ulster Protestants as he attended the funeral of the murdered MP, Robert Bradford.

Wednesday, November 18

National output in Britain rose 0.3 per cent after 18 months of decline; and average earnings over the year to September, 1981, rose by 9.4 per cent, the first single-figure increase since 1978.

Friday, November 20

Ruhrgas AG of Essen signed an agreement running into the 21st century with the Soviet foreign trade organization Soyuzgasexport under which 40,000 million cubic metres of Soviet natural gas from Siberia would be delivered to the Western European grid.

Saturday, November 21

A youth was killed and 10 other people were injured, one seriously, when crowds fell down an escalator during a fight between football supporters at Seven Sisters Underground station following a match between Spurs and Manchester United.

Sunday, November 22

President Brezhnev of the Soviet Union arrived in Bonn for three days of talks

on possible arms reductions with the West German Chancellor, Helmut



Schmidt. This was the first visit to the West by the Russian President since the invasion of Afghanistan.

Dr Andrei Sakharov, the exiled Soviet dissident, and his wife Yelena went on an indefinite hunger strike in protest at the Soviet authorities' refusal to grant an exit visa to the wife of Dr Sakharov's stepson.

Nearly 100,000 right-wing supporters attended a rally in Madrid marking the sixth anniversary of the death of General Franco.

Monday, November 23

The Government announced a new Labour Law Bill to diminish trade union power. Measures would include liability up to £250,000 for trade unions for unlawful actions, through injunctions and damages; the right to dismiss strikers for refusing to return to work after a set period; state funds for secret ballots in wage offers; closed shops to be subjected to periodic ballots.

A booby-trap toy pistol left by the IRA near the garrison headquarters of the Royal Artillery complex at Woolwich, south-east London, exploded and injured two women.

It was announced that Britain would contribute about 100 men to the multinational peace-keeping force in the Sinai after the Israeli withdrawal in March.

In Newtownards, Co Down, 10,000 men followed the Rev Ian Paisley in a display of Loyalist paramilitary strength at the end of a "day of action" during which many stopped work as a protest against recent IRA activities.

The Government announced that the Royal Naval dockyard at Gibraltar would be closed in 1983 with the loss of 950 jobs.

Tuesday, November 24

A British oil rig, the Transworld 58, operating in the Argyll field, broke anchor during gales in the North Sea and drifted out of control. Helicopters took off 66 oil workers, leaving only 20 essential crewmen and two divers on board. On November 26 the rig was towed to the Firth of Forth for an inspection.

The first of 705 air-launched cruise missiles came off the production line and was exhibited at Boeing Aerospace in Kent, Washington State.

Wednesday, November 25

The Scarman Report on the 1981 city riots was published. Main recommendations were: consultative committees to make the police more accountable; greater independent supervision of police complaints procedure; longer and improved police recruit training; racial and prejudiced behaviour by police to be an offence punishable by dismissal; a co-ordinated

effort to solve inner city problems.

The Arab summit meeting at Fez was cancelled. The Presidents of Syria and Iraq failed to attend and there had been disagreements over the Saudi Arabian peace plan which involved recognition of the state of Israel.

Thursday, November 26

Mrs Shirley Williams won the first parliamentary seat for the Social Democratic-Liberal alliance when she took the Crosby by-election with a majority of 5,289. The Conservative majority at the last general election had been 19,272. The Labour candidate and six others lost their deposits.

Heads of government and the President of the EEC met at Lancaster House, London, for two days of discussions on budget reforms and farm policies. No agreement was reached, and another meeting, of foreign ministers, was arranged.

Four soldiers and four civilians were injured when a stolen car filled with explosives was run at an army checkpoint at Kinawley, Co Fermanagh.

The Israeli Prime Minister Menachem Begin, 68, broke his femur in a fall at his home in Jerusalem.

An attempt by 44 mercenaries to overthrow President Albert René was foiled in the Seychelles. The mercenaries fled in a hijacked Boeing 707 to South Africa where they were arrested but later released, five of them being freed on bail. Among them was Colonel "Mad Mike" Hoare, commando leader in the Congo civil war.

Saturday, November 28

The New Zealand general election resulted in Prime Minister Robert Muldoon having no overall majority.

Lotte Lenya, singer and prime interpreter of the Brecht-Weill songs, died aged 83.

Sunday, November 29

A car bomb explosion killed 64 people and injured 135 outside a barracks in a suburb of Damascus, Syria. The extremist Muslim Brotherhood was blamed by President Hafez al-Assad's government.

President Reagan's national security adviser, Richard Allen, went on "administrative leave of absence" while the Justice Department investigated a charge that he had received \$1,000 from Japanese journalists for helping arrange an interview with Mrs Reagan.

Monday, November 30

Leaders of the second largest trade union in Britain, the Amalgamated Union of Engineering Workers, accepted a 5.06 per cent pay offer.

Six of 400 young unemployed called on the Prime Minister at the House of Commons as the culmination of a tour in a special train, the "Jobs Express", designed to draw attention to youth unemployment.

It was announced that the new Bishop of Worcester would be the Rt Rev Philip Goodrick, Bishop Suffragan of Tonbridge.

The American and Soviet delegations met in Geneva at the start of new arms limitation talks which, it was agreed, would be confidential.

Val Gielgud, head of the BBC's drama department from 1929 to 1963 and brother of Sir John Gielgud, died aged 81.

Tuesday, December 1

A Yugoslav DC 9 airliner crashed into a mountain near Ajaccio, Corsica, killing all 180 people on board.

The Government announced proposals to increase the maximum lorry weight permitted on British roads from 32.5 to 40 tonnes.

The cost of a colour TV licence went up from £34 to £46 a year, black and white from £12 to £15, these prices to be pegged for three years.

England lost the first Test to India in

Bombay by 138 runs.

Wednesday, December 2

The Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir Geoffrey Howe, announced a net increase of £5,000 million in planned public expenditure. Measures to compensate for this included a 1 per cent increase in employees' national insurance contributions, prescriptions up 30p to £1.30, charges for NHS spectacles, dentures and dental treatment up, and an average increase of £2.50 a week on council house rents—all from April. The measures would add about 1.5 per cent to the Taxes and Prices Index.

The Home Secretary, William Whitelaw, announced measures to deal with conditions in Britain's prisons which included the building of two new jails, at Bovington, Herts, and Lockwood, Oxon.

The Social Democratic Party took control of Islington borough council, ruled by Labour for over 40 years, after several Labour councillors changed their allegiance to the SDP.

In Poland police and army units stormed a fire brigade training college in Warsaw to end an eight-day sit-in by 340 cadets. Members of the Solidarity trade union were put on emergency alert.

Thursday, December 3

The main high street banks cut their base lending rates from 15 to 14 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.

Poland told West German bankers it would be unable to fulfil its pledge, made in October, to repay \$500 million by the end of the year. This repayment was the first stage in a debt restructuring agreement, still awaiting formal signature.

Friday, December 4

The government grant to the Arts Council was raised by 7.5 per cent to £86 million for the next financial year, and grants to the national museums and galleries by nearly 8 per cent.

45 people were killed in a stampede on a staircase in the 800-year-old Qutab Minar tower, near Delhi, when the lights failed.

Flooding in the Rio de Janeiro area of Brazil killed 43 people and left 700 homeless.

A Provisional IRA defector, Christopher Black, was named as the informant who had led police to the discovery of an IRA training camp on Cruit, an island off Donegal, and to the arrest of more than 30 people during the previous 10 days.

Saturday, December 5
More than 100 people were reported dead in fierce fighting between Russian and Afghan government forces and insurgents around Kandahar.

Ruth Lawrence, 10, was awarded a scholarship by St Hugh's College, Oxford, after coming top among 530 candidates in a mathematics entrance examination.

Sunday, December 6

Elizabeth Canham, a British schoolteacher, was ordained a priest of the Episcopal Church (the Anglican Church in the United States) in Newark, New Jersey.



Yugoslav air crash: The piece of fuselage wedged on a ridge at 3,000 feet was one of the few recognizable parts of the Yugoslav DC9 aircraft which crashed into a mountain in Corsica seven minutes before it was due to land at Ajaccio airport. All 180 passengers, who had chartered the DC9 for a one-day trip, and crew were killed. Soldiers from the French Foreign Legion and the police recovered the bodies of some of the victims and the black box from the side of Mont St Pietro and investigators are at work.



European council summit: European leaders met for two days of talks at Lancaster House. No new policies were agreed but a meeting for foreign ministers was arranged.



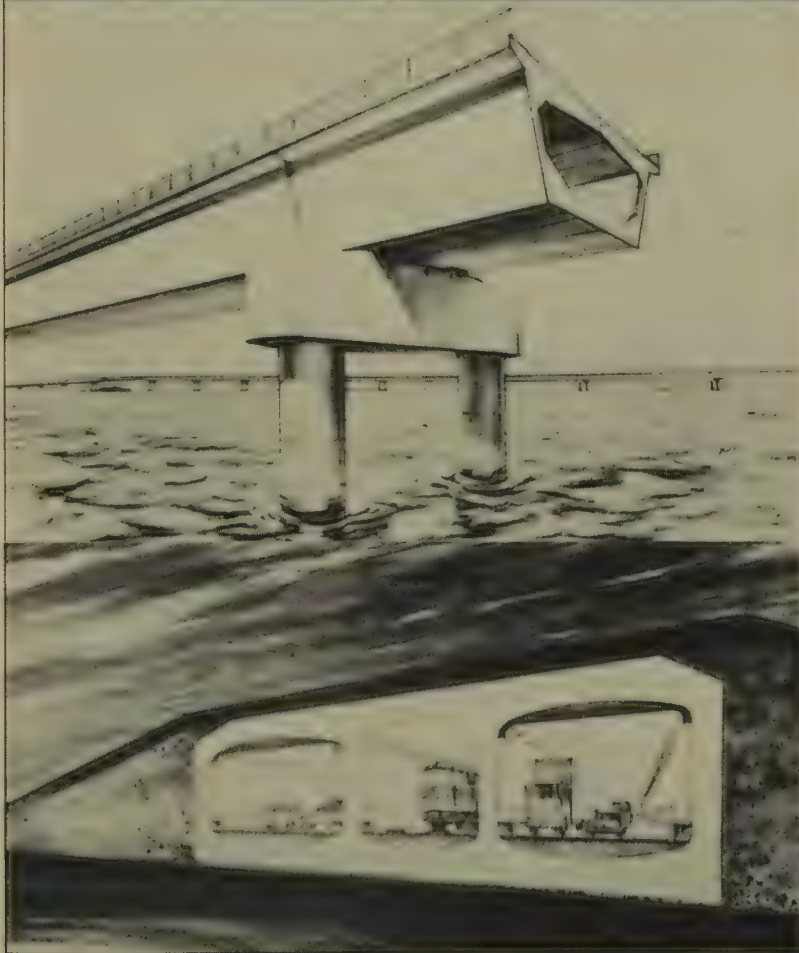
End of the march: Young unemployed who marched through London protesting at being out of work rallied in Jubilee Gardens on the South Bank. Many had travelled from the north of England in a special train, the "Jobs Express".



In the dock: The trial of the four men charged with President Sadat's murder and the 20 men accused of having taken part in the assassination plot opened in Egypt.



Aerial feat: Standing on top of a hot air balloon, Derek Dowsett travelled for about 10 miles 1,000 feet above Berkshire to raise money for Stoke Mandeville Hospital.



Chunnel suggestions: Latest proposals, costing £3,800 million, for a road and rail Channel link involve an offshore island concreted to the sea bed, an elevated road viaduct and a submerged tunnel with lanes for motor vehicles and trains.



Championship chess: Champion Anatoly Karpov retained the world chess title by beating Viktor Korchnoi 6-2 in an 18 game match played in Merano, Italy.



Railbus trials: A bus-bodied diesel train capable of carrying 90 passengers at 70 mph has been put on trial on the 13 mile Avon Link line.



Treasure from the sea: Among guns raised from Henry VIII's warship the *Mary Rose*, sunk in the Solent in 1545, was a 14 foot, 2 ton bronze cannon complete with its carriage. The hull of the *Mary Rose* is scheduled to be lifted this year.



Not cricket: The unhappy incident in the first Test between Australia and Pakistan in Perth after Dennis Lillee, left, had aimed a kick at Javed Miandad.

PRESS ASSOCIATION

PRESS ASSOCIATION

PRESS ASSOCIATION

REUTERS

ASSOCIATED PRESS

WINDOW ON THE WORLD

New decor at the Dorchester: The Dorchester hotel in Park Lane, built in 1930, is being given a complete interior refurbishment by Alberto Pinto, who designed the Yves St Laurent salon in New York. The total cost, for private suites and public rooms, will be over £10 million—though lovers of the work of Oliver Messel will be glad to know that the pretty penthouse suite he designed is being kept intact. The scheme for the Terrace Restaurant, below and right, is in shades of pale pink, green and yellow and the floor has been raised 4 feet to give a view of the trees in the park opposite. The Promenade, bottom, is a newly created area 165 feet long running from the lobby right through to the back of the hotel. The four carpets which cover its length were specially commissioned and made in Manila.



Billingsgate goes to the Dogs: The London fish market which has existed at least since the 12th century on a site just downstream from London Bridge is to move this month to redundant dockland on the Isle of Dogs. Billingsgate traditionally takes its name from Belinus, a king who ruled some 400 years before Christ and who is said to have built the first river-gate here. Traditionally, too, Billingsgate was once known for the picturesque language of its fishwives—now long disappeared—and for peculiar but functional headgear, designed to facilitate the carrying of heavy weights of fish on the head. The reason for moving the market is the same as that for moving Covent Garden: traffic congestion. Sir Horace Jones's yellow brick pavilion, which dates from 1875, is to be retained in any development plans.



ILLUSTRATION LIBRARY



PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD DAVIES

An interesting year ahead

by Roy Hattersley

As the parliamentary year was originally arranged to allow the knights of the shires to bring their harvests home, both Lords and Commons scatter their metaphorical seeds when, in the real world, the crops have just been gathered in. This year little was sown and even less will be reaped. By general consent the Queen's Speech was the thinnest for years. Only two contentious items decorated or (if your taste runs in the other direction) defiled it: proposals to impose further government control on local authority spending and to reform the law relating to trade unions. By November the plan to impose referendums on councils seeking a supplementary rate rise had been abandoned, at the insistence of the Tory back benches. While Michael Heseltine pondered what to do next, Norman Tebbit rushed headlong at what he calls the reform of industrial relations. The details were announced on November 23.

Mr Tebbit is an extraordinary man. His great contribution to modern conservatism is that he is living proof that the Tories are no longer an exclusively gentlemen's party. He speaks in the authentic tones of the southern suburbs, and he represents all the latent right-wing prejudices that the Labour Party fear may be sitting hidden on the top of a

Clapham omnibus.

The changes which took Mr Tebbit to the Department of Employment sent James Prior to Northern Ireland. Mr Prior is a conciliator by nature, but he now does business in the Six Counties with men whose idea of negotiation is the planting of booby-trap bombs and the chanting of "no surrender". What respect Mr Prior lost by surrendering himself to his new Department of State after publicly proclaiming that he would not be moved was more than regained by the courage and dignity with which he conducted himself at Robert Bradford's funeral. The murder of an MP is no more terrible a crime than the killing of any other man. But the sudden violent death of someone who has sat on the same green benches brings home the tragedy of Ireland to Members who rarely, if ever, met the man elected by Belfast North. We sat to hear the Speaker's tribute in bewildered silence.

The silence was broken by Ian Paisley and his Democratic Unionist colleagues. What they said is best not repeated—though they repeated it until they were suspended from the House. The uproar was the result of anger mixed with embarrassment. When order had been restored Harold McCusker, a United Ulster Unionist from Armagh, made one of those points Ministers feel sink in like a knife below the ribs. Calls for calm, he said, were all

very well. But MPs with 200 or more constituents killed by the IRA would find them difficult to heed.

It was over Irish policy that Tony Benn first broke ranks with the rest of Labour's Shadow Cabinet. He did it a second time at the end of a late-night speech on the Government's plans to sell off the public stake in North Sea oil. The row that resulted turned Labour upon itself once more. Surrounded by economic collapse and increasing poverty, the parliamentary party was forced to spend its time arguing arcane points of constitutional propriety as it began its long and tedious process of electing a new Shadow Cabinet, allocating shadow portfolios and appointing shadow junior ministers. The whole process took nearly three weeks and lasted from before the Home Secretary published the report on racial attacks until after the statement on Lord Scarman's inquiry into the Brixton riot.

The Scarman report—containing many of the proposals for policing the inner cities that have been pressed on a sceptical Home Secretary for the last two years—instantly assumed the status of holy writ. In vain did Nicholas Winterton, the Macclesfield ultra, cry, "He's only a judge", as paean after paean of praise was heaped upon the author of the report. The combination of Lord Scarman's character (the self-effacement that comes from complete

self-confidence) and the radical but realistic nature of his supporters, make his proposals irresistible. After some ambiguity, the Home Secretary became a Scarman disciple like everybody else.

The Prime Minister, despite all the evidence and the auguries, remains a disciple of Professor Milton Friedman. Having "dried out" her Cabinet, she embarked on one of the public spending reviews that dominate all governments these days as they attempt to match the demand for public services with reluctance to pay the bills. News of a proposal to reduce unemployment benefit appeared on the front page of the *Financial Times* the day before the Crosby by-election. While the voters of that borough were on their way to the polls the House of Commons was echoing with the memories of 1926 and the result of the last attempt to cut the dole.

It would be comforting for the major parties to believe that Crosby was a temporary aberration, and that when Mrs Shirley Williams took her seat in the Commons, on December 1, she was exercising no more than squatters' rights. But the truth is nobody knows. The probability is that the Social Democratic Party will fade away as Labour and Conservative pull themselves together. But there is the possibility of all the political maps being redrawn. We are in for an interesting year before the harvest is brought in again.

WASHINGTON

Pressure for peace

by Sam Smith

There has always been a peace movement in America. Quakers in the legislature of colonial Pennsylvania, for example, resigned from that body rather than vote funds for military activities. Sometimes those in the movement have been persecuted but mostly they have just been ignored. Since the end of the Vietnam war many of the groups opposing American militarism have folded and others have become a shadow of their former selves, sharing space in small Capitol Hill townhouses, publishing fact sheets and news releases, vainly trying to get congressional attention in competition with far more powerful lobbies.

But these remnants of an era when hundreds of thousands of Americans came to their capital to protest against the government's military policies, refused to give up and there are signs that once again their time may have come.

By current European standards of agitation on the issue of nuclear and military policy, the American activities seem scrawny. The demands, by contrast with European protests, also seem almost conservative. That veteran of the

Vietnam anti-war days, Colorado Senator Gary Hart, said recently: "If it grows into a unilateral thing, that would not be useful. We are talking here of responsible arms control." But the stirrings are significant simply because, for the first time in years, they are there.

I recently attended a meeting sponsored by Women Strike for Peace. On following days the women would march on the Pentagon, rally on the Mall, get arrested and rate about 6 inches in the *Washington Post*. It was nothing new for them: WSP has been going for 20 years. There was nothing new about the rhetoric, or the music either, except for the fact that when the women marched down the Mall the next day singing "All we are saying is give peace a chance", it seemed far more relevant than it would have a few years ago.

At the meeting a couple of young folk singers ran through a repertoire of peace songs. Again, there was nothing new about that, I thought at first. But yes, there was. I suddenly recognized the difference: the singers did not project that bitter, angry fatigue you found at the end of the Vietnam years. This pair smiled, made their points with gentleness and humour and had, in dress and hairstyle, an aura which seemed almost

anachronistic. It was not the tattered cynicism of the 1960s up there on the stage, but the well scrubbed earnestness of the 50s.

Movements in this country do not begin until *Time* magazine says they do, but I could not help feeling in the room not an observance of 20 years of struggle but the rumblings of a genesis.

There is less subjective evidence. The Reagan administration is moving the military budget towards wartime levels. The machismo of the Reaganfolk is making itself felt in international affairs as random comments by President and Secretary of State explode like tactical nuclear weapons over the potential battlefields of the world. There is a growing awareness that the massive military spending is coming out of the hide of domestic programmes. Further, the large increases in the defence budget have sparked an increase in hostility to that budget and what it funds, even from other advocates of a strong military who would prefer slower and more steady growth.

Last autumn that classic technique of the Vietnam era, the college teach-in, returned to some 150 campuses across the country. Carl Sagan, the popular astronomer, drew, for example, 2,000

students and staff at Cornell. Draft registration has been, to all but the most obfuscating bureaucrat, a failure. In Washington, for example, over half the supposed registrants last year had by the autumn failed to sign up. In a city which is 70 per cent black, the figure is especially meaningful. Nobody talks about it much, but the fact is that if blacks refuse to go to battle the American military machine is in trouble.

And the Cambridge, Massachusetts, city council voted "to conduct a programme urging the citizens of Massachusetts to communicate to their representatives in Congress and the Legislature the necessity of continuing [arms control] negotiations with foreign powers" and published a pamphlet *Cambridge and Nuclear Weapons: Is There a Place to Hide?*, while the Cambridge school board acted to set up a curriculum drawing attention to nuclear issues.

What happens to the peace movement, how the Reagan administration reacts to its direct and indirect pressures, and whether history will give a hang is, of course, unclear. But, for the moment, the context in which America's military choices are being made is different from what it was even a year ago. And there may be more change to come.

Three thousand years

Jan 82

by Sir Arthur Bryant

It must be more than 30 years since I first contemplated the idea of writing a history of England, or, rather, Britain. I had just completed 10 years' work on three volumes on the Revolutionary and Napoleonic Wars. Feeling the need of a change after a decade of mastering a vast mass of military and social detail, I decided to write next a boys' history of England in one volume, as a kind of busman's holiday before resuming a detailed chronicle covering the years 1822 to 1840.

But no sooner had I embarked on this presumptuous task than I discovered that outside that period and the late 17th century, on which I had earlier written biographies of Charles II and Pepys, I knew little of our history except what I had learnt at school and university, which was nothing. And, in trying to find an answer to all the questions I had to ask, I found myself writing not a boys' history of England in one volume but an old boys' history in many. Of these I published the first in 1953 and, after a five years' interlude writing the story of Alanbrooke's contribution to victory in the Second World War, a second in 1963. By then I had got no further than the Peasants' Revolt in Richard II's reign.

Then, after two more years preparing material for a third volume on the 15th and 16th centuries, I gave it up, partly because so ambitious a task seemed too much for one short lifetime and, still more, because the publication in 1964 of Dr A. G. Dickens's magnificent book, *The English Reformation*, made any further work on that period appear superfluous.

Not, therefore, for another decade—during which I published two volumes on our social history, a short biography of Nelson and a longer one on Wellington, as well as a history of that great regiment, the Rifle Brigade—did I revert to my earlier attempt to write a comprehensive history of our country in one volume, this time for readers of all ages. On this I spent several years, interrupted by a cancer operation, without publishing anything at all except a minute pocket-history of the British monarchy to commemorate the 1,000th anniversary of the coronation in 973 of the first acknowledged King of all England. Invited to write it by that fine old firm of silver engravers, John Pinches, and their international associates, Franklin Mint, as a privately issued companion-volume for their subscribers, in which the reigns of 50 sovereigns were to be presented in less than 700 words each, I at first declined the assignment as impossible. Later, through the kindness and courtesy of Franklin Mint, my publishers issued it for the general public, to form a Lilliputian history of England in just over 100 pages,

suitable for those of all ages who wanted to know a little of our past. I found its writing an invaluable discipline.

In 1978 I again abandoned my larger and still elusive task, chiefly because of a gap in my knowledge which I felt, before I could hope to achieve it, I must first fill. For though I had by now covered in one form or another almost every period of our history, there was one on which I had never written anything—and that the most important of all, the Elizabethan. Only later, after having told the story of how the great Tudor Queen put the red cross of England into the hearts of her people and on the map of the world, did I realize that, with its 15th-century Prologue, *The Elizabethan Deliverance* provided, with only one link still missing, a bridge between my two medieval volumes, *Makers of the Realm* and *The Age of Chivalry*, and their five earlier-written 18th- and 19th-century successors: *The Years of Endurance*, published in 1942, *Years of Victory* in 1944, *The Age of Elegance* in 1950, and *English Saga*, the earliest of all, in 1940. These seven volumes now need only one more, on the 17th century, in order to form a continuous eight-volume history of England from BC to 1940.

Before completing this final and still missing volume of my story of England—which, if I live, I shall call *Set*

in a Silver Sea—I have once more resumed work on my long-attempted comprehensive single-volume history of England which I hope to publish this year. For I am now, at long last, in a position to complete it by drawing on all my previous books, of which it is the quintessence and synthesis. In it I am seeking, so far as is possible in a work covering 3,000 years of crowded history, to combine, with compressed fact and swift-moving narrative, enough of that detailed reconstruction of the past which alone can convey its living reality to the present. I have divided it into three parts, which could, for school or other purposes, be subsequently re-published in three shorter volumes. The first of these parts, "The Making of England", covers the years from 8,000 BC to the end of the Middle Ages; the second, "The British Ocean Expansion", from the Tudors to Waterloo; the third, from 1815 to 1940, with an epilogue foreshadowing the present, which is to be called "The Search for Justice".

The earliest tells, however briefly, together with the history of England and that of her laws and institutions, something of the indomitable little neighbour nations which once fought against her and later became joined with her under the name of Great Britain. Theirs was the challenge which helped to make England, just as England's was the chal-

lenge which helped to make them. And I have sought to show how her history and theirs—and that of the ocean nations which later sprang from them—grew originally out of the Christian heritage of western Europe. For the secret of Britain's history is that she has never been self-contained. She has received ideas and men, or sent them out to others. She has been invaded and been the invader.

I am very conscious of my presumption in trying to see—and tell—our country's history as a whole. The writing of history is now so specialized and the volume of material available for every period, even the shortest, so vast that no single historian, however industrious, can hope to essay it successfully. For no life is long enough to compass all the reading required for its foundation and to distil and reduce to literary form such an immense, and often conflicting, volume of learning. Yet "the best is the enemy of the good", and in an age in which democratic society depends on the knowledge and opinion of the many some historians at least must try to present their country's past in a form capable of reaching those who have to shape its present. I am trying to present mine, and cannot think of any other task, difficult though it is, in which I could be more happily, and, I hope, usefully engaged.

100 years ago



The *ILN* of January 21, 1882, reported on a clothes mart and exchange held in a market place off Houndsditch. There every afternoon several hundred dealers in cast-off articles of clothing gathered to provide for the needs of "the poorest class of all, the purchasers of this rejected gear, which is better than no clothing at all". Entrance cost a penny.

New town for old Manhattan

Alex Faulkner sends us this report on an exciting new Manhattan project:

While London shilly-shallies over the south bank of the Thames, New York has taken a bold step by finally deciding to do something imaginative with new land along the bank of its Hudson River. This was created by the dumping of more than 1.2 million cubic yards of earth and rock excavated for the foundations of the World Trade Center.

This landfill is to be the site of Battery Park City, a "new town" in old Manhattan where residential buildings will adjoin office skyscrapers within strolling distance of Wall Street—and all the other crooked streets of the financial district—and of the Battery, at the southern tip of the island, named after the British fort built there in 1693.

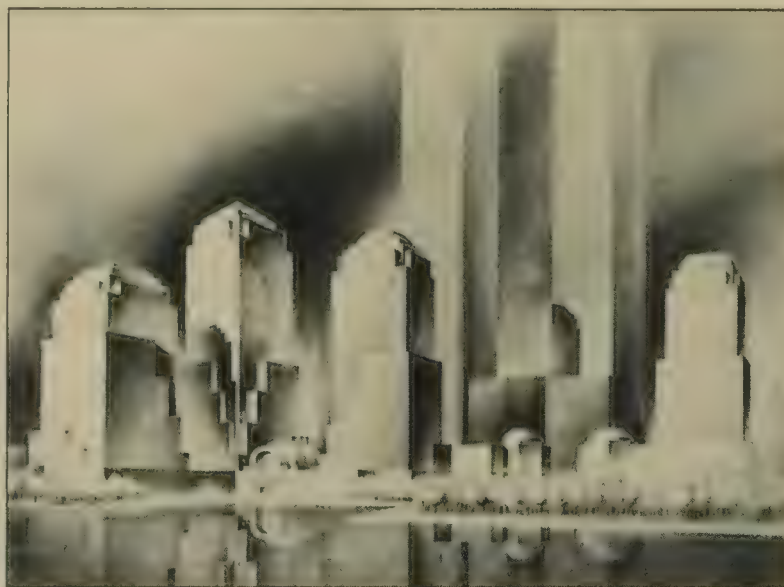
Plans for the commercial part of the development were announced last May, when the Canadian firm of Olympia & York was designated as the developer following competitive bidding. Owned by the Reichmann family of Toronto, O&Y has built and manages buildings in many countries, including the United Kingdom. It broke ground in December, 1981, and said it would complete the four main buildings in this area by 1987, providing 12,000 jobs over the six-year period and generating 25,000 permanent ones. The cost: \$1 billion (£500 million), financed entirely by private investment.

If all the hopes now entertained are realized, it will be possible to say that New York has "done it again". The city was on the brink of bankruptcy when Edward Koch became mayor in 1978; now he has balanced the city budget for 1982 (if President Reagan does not unbalance it). Battery Park City was itself heading for financial disaster until two years ago.

Complementing the great building plans for Battery Park City is the decision to go ahead, after much argument and delay, with a replacement (and more) for the crumbling West Side Highway between West 42nd Street and the Battery Tunnel to Brooklyn.

It has always been one of the most exciting motorways in the world, but it became evident that it had gone beyond repair when one section collapsed under the weight of an asphalt truck in 1973. Instead of simply rebuilding it, it is now proposed to create 234 acres of landfill along the river bank, 93 acres of which will become a park, with 110 acres for housing and office buildings.

Most of the new road, 4.2 miles in length, will run in a tunnel through the landfill. It is to be called the Westway. Demolition of the old elevated road is already in progress, and it is hoped to complete the new one by 1992 at a cost now generally put at \$2.3 billion. In accordance with the pleasing fiction that it will form part of the Interstate Highway System, the Federal Government will foot 90 per cent of the bill and New



Battery Park City will add new excitement to New York's skyline.

York state the rest.

The original dream was Nelson Rockefeller's when he was governor of New York state, and the World Trade Center, owned and operated by the Port Authority of New York and New Jersey, got off the ground successfully. Excavation began in 1966 and the first tenant moved into the first of the twin 110-storey office towers in December, 1970. In addition to these towering structures there are two nine-storey office buildings, the eight-storey US Customs House, and now a 22-storey hotel, the first major hotel to be built in Lower Manhattan since 1836. The cost of the Center was around \$1.1 billion and it is virtually completely rented, with 50,000 people working there and some 80,000 visitors a day, including many tourists.

For them there are a restaurant and observation deck on the 107th floor of one of the towers, and above that a rooftop promenade at 1,377 feet—"The closest some of us will ever get to heaven", say the promotion leaflets. The observation deck and promenade attract 1.5 million visitors a year; the charge for adults is \$2.50. Sightseers are whizzed up to that dizzy height in one of the 99 lifts, which include 23 express elevators, in 58 seconds flat.

Between the World Trade Center and the broad river the further developments covering 92 acres are to take place. The city's master plan, for which the Argentina-born architect Cesar Pelli has produced detailed designs, envisages a commercial core occupying 14 acres, with 6 million square feet of office space. In the rest of Battery Park City, 42 per cent is to be for residential purposes (16,000 dwelling units), 30 per cent for public open space, and 19 per cent for streets. Construction of the first 1,700 residential units started in June, 1980, and will be completed next spring.

The public open space is to include parks, plazas and a mile-long riverside

esplanade. Half the residential land is earmarked for private open space, including roof-top gardens and interior courtyards. For the commercial core Mr Pelli proposes four towers of granite and reflective glass, ranging from 33 to 50 storeys and framing a waterfront plaza on to which an extraordinary "public room", a glass-enclosed winter garden, is to open. This garden will occupy two sides of the plaza and contain shops and restaurants. It will be linked to the World Trade Center by an enclosed bridge.

The four towers will be yet another addition to downtown New York's already dramatic skyline. Each will rise from a granite-sheathed base, lighter at the top than the bottom, with glass dominant at higher levels and glittering crystalline shafts to top it off.

The plaza and the winter garden, says Mr Pelli, will form one of the most important gathering places in the city—"a marvellous place", as he puts it "from which to watch the July 4 fireworks or the tall ships on the Hudson". The winter garden, he predicts, "will become one of New York's great interior public spaces". The towers "have been designed to signal the return of the strength and power of one of America's greatest inventions, the skyscraper", to escape from the dull, box-like construction of recent years. In scale and boldness the commercial core is "unprecedented as a single development since the original Rockefeller Center".

The lifts will be computerized to reduce waiting time, and special attention is being paid to saving energy by conserving heat, eliminating unnecessary waste of air conditioning and introducing a lighting system which will reduce electricity requirements by 40 to 70 per cent.

Ada Louise Huxtable, the veteran architectural correspondent of the *New York Times*, called the project "outstanding in the annals of New York development in several ways", adding, "... the prospect is exhilarating".

Pleasant surprises at Barlaston



When the ownership of Barlaston Hall, the 18th-century mansion in parkland owned by the Wedgwood Group—who wanted to demolish it—passed to Save Britain's Heritage last October, for a nominal £1 and after a running 13-year battle, the house was in a perilous state. Ceilings were down, staircases were rotten, floors were impassable under heaps of collapsed rubble, joists hung at crazy angles threatening to descend and vertical cracks had appeared in the outside walls due to subsidence. It was impossible to explore the house beyond the ground floor, and the direst fears were felt for the state of the roof.

However, scaffolding has now enabled a survey of the roof to take place and the damage is much less than had been feared; it will be possible simply to patch it, as the main structure is sound. Also, after rubble had been removed so that the condition of the ground floor could be more accurately assessed, it was found that some of the fine plasterwork, previously thought to be beyond repair, can be saved or reconstructed, and it is now believed feasible for the four main rooms on the ground floor to be restored, instead of the whole interior of the house having to be gutted.

This means that the first plans, which

A man to watch

by Julian Critchley

envisaged the building of seven flats within the shell of Barlaston, may be modified in order to keep the ground floor as an entity, and there may be now only four or five flats. The sale of seven flats, it had been estimated, would have brought in about £350,000. This hoped-for sum will now presumably be less, and therefore grants sought from the Historic Building Council and the Architectural Fund will need to be correspondingly increased. Underpinning was estimated at the inquiry at between £140,000 and £600,000.

But at least and at last something constructive is being done to save a Grade I listed building, which has been attributed to Sir Robert Taylor, the architect responsible for the exterior of Heveningham Hall.

Inner city theatres

In a recession it is good to hear of not one but two new theatres in London—not in the West End but in Whitechapel and Deptford, as part of policies to brighten up inner city areas.

The Whitechapel theatre is the New Half Moon, to be built 1½ miles from the old Half Moon in Alie Street on a new site in Mile End Road. £260,000 has been made available for the first phase of the development by Central Properties Ltd who are to develop the Alie Street site, and over £438,000 has been raised since June, 1980, by appeal. Work on the new theatre, which will seat 400 and have a community and social centre attached, will start in the spring, coinciding with Half Moon's tenth birthday. The appeal continues, as the total sum to be raised is £1,200,000.

The Deptford theatre, the 350-seat Albany Empire, is in Douglas Way, north Lewisham, a dockland neighbourhood with one of the highest unemployment rates in London. It opened in December and is part of a £3 million arts and community centre which includes also a café and bar, shops, a toddlers' centre, artists' studios, a large garden for outdoor activities, studios and rehearsal rooms, workshops and offices. Building began in 1971 with funding from, among others, the ILEA, GLC, the Arts Council and the Docklands Development Corporation. The auditorium is unashamedly pretty with decorations in pink-stained wood, gold and neon, rather like a huge gilded bird cage.

Bravely, the centre has been opened despite the fact that there is as yet no provision for running costs, estimated at £250,000 a year. From January 7 for five weeks the theatre will be showing *All Who Sail in Her*, a revue telling the story of the old Albany, a Victorian institute opened in 1897 and demolished in 1971 for compulsory road widening, and of the building of the new one.

In a somewhat tiresome way, beloved by the media, the Conservative Party has been divided into the "wets" and "drys". The dismissive term "wet" is the invention of the Prime Minister whose lack of patience with those who adhere to an older tradition in the Party has never been long disguised. All too quickly the label became a badge in that peculiarly English tradition of the Old Contemptibles and the Desert Rats; and members of the Government and Party were swift to take sides. It is a pity that the debate as to means, which is raging fiercely enough within the Party, has served to disguise the agreement as to ends, which is the restoration of national morale and prosperity.

Chris Patten is, if not the cleverest, certainly the most interesting man in the Tory Party. He is full of promise. He was elected as the Member for Bath at the last election. He has doubtless at one time or another been described in a newspaper as a "superwet". This would be journalese for a youngish Conservative whose growing reputation has been a ray of light in an otherwise darkling two years, and who is regarded by the grey-beards on both sides of the House as "a coming man".

Chris Patten's was the fist behind the pamphlet *Changing Gear* (in preparation for making a U turn?) which was published in time for this year's party conference. The pamphlet, which appeared under the signature of the "Blue Chips", a group of newly elected members who combined personal prosperity with intellectual panache, was a critique of the Government's economic policy.

In its introduction we can discern Patten's scepticism about economics. "In fact economics is only a matter of applying intuitive judgment to the question, what made people behave at a certain time in a certain way, on the basis of such facts as (it can be argued) are relevant, and of making guesses as to how they will behave in the future. It is politics or social psychology with numbers. No economic theory allows the Conservative politician to abdicate his perennial, uncompletable task of struggling to guess how best to keep society on an even keel..." What Patten and the other "Blue Chips" are saying is that the Government, or, to be more accurate, the monetarists within the Government, have erred in placing economics above politics in a way that might almost be described as Marxist. The Government, like the philosopher Hobbes, is making the discovery that the business of politics is peace, and those who believe that politics is for enforcing truth will achieve neither peace nor truth.

What is best about Patten is that he has brains in a party which has always been short of them. He would never confuse Conservatism with reaction, for



it is true to assert that the unattractive features of the Conservative Party often have their roots in its virtues, and the Party therefore is the natural home of "obscurantist reaction and the selfishness of vested interests" (the quotation is Geoffrey Butler's). Those who in the past have tried to defend the indefensible—the "stand-patters" or the "goats", to revive Lord Randolph Churchill's phrase—have been the objects of derisive labelling; today the boot is on the other foot.

If we were to divide the Tory Party into workers, peasants and intellectuals, then Patten fits comfortably into the third category. He is a graduate of the Conservative Research Department: more than that he is its former Director, a post he held from 1974 to 1979. He was the author of many of Mrs Thatcher's better speeches. Prime Ministerial speeches should be judged like German wines, that is with reference not to the shape of the bottle but to the nature of the grape, for it is the authorship of the first draft which matters. There is a scholar's task in relating Mrs Thatcher's speeches to her corps of speech-writers, a body which has changed more than once and may be in the process of changing yet again.

Christopher Patten may be clever but he is not smart. He was born in 1944, the son of a middle-grade civil servant. He went to St Benedict's School in Ealing and then to Balliol where he read history. He joined the Research Department in 1966, and the Cabinet Office in 1970. From 1972 to 1974 he was the PA to the Chairman of the Party, William Whitelaw, moving to become the Director of the Research Department in 1974. Those of his friends—and enemies—who have engaged him in debate consider him to be the most formidable dialectician.

To understand the nature of the Conservative Party it is important to appreciate the part that the Research

Department has played in it. The Party has never left recruitment to accident. The "goats" must be balanced by the "sheep". The Research Department, which recently celebrated its 50th anniversary, has been a nursery for the alphas of the Tory Party. Its staff has included Iain Macleod, Reggie Maudling and Enoch Powell. At present there are 25 former Research Department members in the House of Commons. They play the game but generally manage to stick to the centre of the fairway, the same stretch of ground where Rab Butler played for so many years. To have been its Director for five years, and earned the applause of his peers, is one measure of Patten's promise.

And he can perform. His speeches in the House have been an exercise in the indication of dissent in graduated terms, while his journalism, which is of the very best, brings a touch of elegance to the page. In a recently published article in the *Journal of the Institute for Socio-economic Studies*, he writes "the casualties of the last two years lie in heaps up and down Whitehall". But he can shoot at the other side. Earlier this year in a debate on economic and monetarist policies he was called to speak immediately after Tony Benn. Patten suggested that Benn should follow Baldwin's example of donating a fraction of his personal fortune to the nation, and claimed that when listening to Benn that he could catch the distant prospect of men in white coats... Patten does not believe that paranoia and the conspiracy theory of history are the best guides in practising politics.

Although a critic, Patten is no conspirator. Perhaps all that is lacking is a touch of necessary ruthlessness? Nevertheless he has the potential to rise to the very top in politics. Among the rows and the rhubarb he is a man to watch.

Julian Critchley is the Conservative MP for Aldershot.

Hannibal's elephants

From Professor Rud Geigy
Dear Sir,

As a former professor of zoology at Basle University I have read with great interest Wolf Zeuner's article "Elephant over the Alps" (*ILN*, November 1981). At the end the author says that this was only the beginning of a bigger adventure still to come. In this connexion I want to call attention to the fact that Hannibal most probably made his Alp crossing not with Asian but with African elephants, the latter having quite another character and behaviour (see their training in the Congo). This should in my mind be considered when comparing or analysing a next trial.

Professor Rud Geigy
Basle
Switzerland

Wolf Zeuner writes:

It is undoubtedly true that Hannibal did use the African species of elephants, probably obtained from the Atlas Mountains area where the small, hairy, mountain variety was quite common at that time. It is true, as Professor Geigy states, that they have quite another character and behaviour when compared with the Asian species, and also they are capable of working harmoniously together, as is well illustrated in many modern circuses.

There is considerable evidence that the Asian elephant was also used by Hannibal; in particular certain bronze coins dating from 218 BC, issued by the Carthaginians in Spain, show elephants with a very convex back and apparently small ears which would indicate that they were probably the Asian variety. The Carthaginians also issued coins in Spain for the preparation of the second Punic War which illustrate the African species and these coins had the Carthaginian god Melkarth on the obverse side.

The Asian elephant was in common use during this period throughout the Mediterranean and very much in the Alexandrine period. The Syrians, the Egyptians, the Macedonians all used Asian elephants. King Pyrrhus of Epirus used Asian elephants in 282 BC, and Antiochus III used Indian elephants in 217 BC at Raphia, and again at Magnesia. The Carthaginians were also on excellent trading terms with the Egyptians and the Ptolemys who also used elephants to a considerable extent.

It would therefore appear from the

available evidence that both species were in regular use and readily available from several sources. It is well known that several of the above imported their elephants direct from India. In the circumstances, therefore, we cannot assume that Hannibal used either species exclusively; although the evidence tends to favour the African elephant there is also considerable evidence that the Indian one was also used. For economic reasons, and because the Asian elephant is at once more readily obtainable, and eminently more manageable we consider that to use them for our expedition is both in the right spirit and a more practical proposition.

Recollections of Dunoon

From Renée Forsyth

Dear Sir,

I am writing a book on Dunoon's famous visitors and residents. I should be extremely grateful to any reader who knew Dunoon in its heyday who would let me have reminiscences or anecdotes about well-known persons connected with the town or its environs.

Renée Forsyth
"Sargus"
SPO Sandbank (by Dunoon)
Argyll PA23 8PA
Scotland

Mumming plays

From Derek Schofield

Dear Sir,

I wonder if any of your readers remember performances of the "mummers" or "guisers" at Christmas time. The mummers performed a traditional play, and earlier this century many towns and villages all over the country had their groups who usually visited the larger houses and pubs. In a very few areas these plays are still performed.

Sometimes the plays were performed at Easter or in the autumn, and in some places the performers were known as molly dancers, molly guisers, pace eggers, soul-cakers, plough boys or sword dancers.

I am very interested in these plays and would be pleased to hear from anyone who remembers them.

Derek Schofield
10 Addison Close
Wistaston
Crewe
Cheshire CW2 8BY

Awards for two *ILN* writers

David Tennant, Travel Editor of the *ILN*, has been given the Trevor Fitzgerald Award as Travel Writer of 1981. The award is jointly sponsored by the *Travel Trade Gazette* and the Cyprus Tourist Organization in memory of a journalist accidentally killed in Cyprus in 1976.

Nancy-Mary Goodall has been awarded the Qualcast Gardening Feature Writer Award for 1981. The judges praised her stylish writing and the excellent and interesting content of her work.

Yugoslavia after Tito

by Norman Moss

In a textile factory in the southern part of Yugoslavia one wall is dominated by a huge picture of President Tito, the man who created Communist Yugoslavia and then ruled it for 34 years until his death two years ago. Above it is a sign reading: "Tito is the Truth. Tito is the Future."

Standing beneath it, I asked the plant manager, a graduate of the local university and of an American technical college, who is the President of Yugoslavia today. He scratched his head, and said, "I can't remember. I'll go and ask someone."

Nobody has succeeded Tito. Yugoslavia today is governed by a collective leadership in which power is diffused and individual fame is almost non-existent. But Tito's picture—as photograph, painting or etching—is still in every public building, factory, restaurant and even shop, often accompanied by slogans such as the one quoted above.

Tito's title, which he assumed in 1974, was "President for Life". It seems that it was for even longer than that.

The Yugoslav government is designed to ensure that no one man has the power to take decisions alone. It sometimes seems designed to ensure that no decisions are taken. The ruling body is the Presidency, which consists of representatives of each of the six republics and of the two autonomous regions. All the posts rotate at regular intervals. The head of the League of Communists and the Prime Minister attend all meetings of the Presidency, so in practice they are a part of the ruling body also.

The current President of the Presidency, and that really is his title, is Sergei Kraighen, a Slovene. The next will be a Macedonian. Even the Presidency cannot decide things alone. The cabinet is another centre of power, and the Praesidium of the League of Communists is another.

The most important diffusion of power, and the most surprising to many visitors, is among the republics. Unlike the constituent republics of the USSR, these really are sovereign in many respects, and they act like it. A Croatian minister will speak of Croatia's balance of payments with Serbia, or investments in Bosnia, as if he were speaking of relations with friendly but distinctly foreign nations. One reason for Yugoslavia's economic disarray is that each republic has its own economic plan, and each wants to build for itself some of the same things the others have—a steel mill, for instance. No major economic decisions can be taken without the agreement of all the republics, a situation which makes for long and complex negotiations. One longtime foreign observer in Belgrade says: "If you want to know how this country works, don't compare

it with another country. Compare it with the EEC."

The political independence of the republics represents real distinctiveness. At their extremes the regions of Yugoslavia are so different that they seem to belong not only to different countries but to different continents. Even comparing like with like, they are very different: the Roman Catholic churches of Slovenia, with their reaching renaissance spires, and the Orthodox churches of Serbia, beige domes and patterned walls outside and chanting and incense inside. A village in Macedonia, where a morose horse pulls a cart and its lethargic driver along the muddy main street, and one in northern Croatia, where the youngsters roar up on their motorbikes to the pizzeria. A factory in Kosovo, where Muslim women in multi-coloured baggy trousers work on the assembly line and men wearing skull caps tend open-fire furnaces that have not been seen in Britain in decades; and a shipyard in Rijeka where the sales director, speaking faultless English, shows visitors around with the brisk authority of an army major and explains the computer at the heart of one of the largest plants in Europe making marine diesel engines.

The difference in average income between the richest and the poorest regions is six-to-one, a wider gulf than exists even in Italy. Economic development, like regional character, is explained largely by history. Kosovo and part of Macedonia belonged to Turkey until 1912, and one Yugoslav official, discussing their under-development, quoted to me an old saying, "Where the Turk treads, no grass grows."

There is a Federal development fund to channel money from the wealthier to the poorer areas. As Vice-President Zvone Dragan explained: "It's better for the money to go from Croatia to, say, Bosnia in investments, to create jobs there, than for men to leave their families in Bosnia and go to Croatia to find jobs. That's what happens."

It used to be said that Tito was the last Yugoslav. But the disintegration that some feared would come with Tito's passing is not taking place. The Yugoslav government is anxious to meet the linguistic and cultural demands of all nationalities, and is hypersensitive to any suggestion of nationalist tensions. The most serious were the riots among the Albanians in Kosovo last April, in which nine people were killed; the Albanian government helped to stir this up with its propaganda, but it had a sense of ethnic oppression and economic neglect to play upon. There is still tension in the Kosovo region, evidenced partly by the large number of militia to be seen in the capital, Pristina, though most of them are sitting around in cafés rather than patrolling the muddy streets. The authorities worry about signs of Croat nationalism, which they identify

with the fascist Croat state set up under Nazi tutelage during the Second World War, and with the Croat terrorists who have murdered Yugoslav diplomats abroad. They believe these may be given some protection by the Soviet intelligence service and perhaps the CIA, in case they should ever be wanted to destabilize Yugoslavia.

In theory Yugoslavia practises a system of grass-roots democracy in which the people express their will directly without the intervention of political parties or other bureaucracies. There are elections for local, regional and national offices. Citizens vote through their work place or their community. In practice members of the League of Communists occupy nearly all important posts, and there is often only one candidate in an election (though a new Bill is being considered which would make it obligatory for there to be more than one).

But this does not mean that elections are merely a cynical pretence. There are often genuine conflicts. The government really is trying to widen the democratic process and public participation, while preserving the system. Unlike in any other Communist country, opposing views are argued out in the National Assembly, sometimes noisily.

There is a half-free Press. The Yugoslav media report some events, such as Poland and Afghanistan, with the freedom found in the Western Press. In matters closer to home, and therefore more sensitive, there are limits to what can be said, but the media sometimes try to push the limits back a little. In reporting the Kosovo riots, they gave them more prominence than the government would have liked, and on several occasions since then they have criticized the authorities for allowing nationalist resentment to build up in Kosovo and ignoring warning signs. Even serious newspapers and magazines carry gossip items about the same film stars and other international celebrities that we read about, and on the news stands soft porn competes with political weeklies and women's magazines for attention.

Democracy extends to the work place, and it is here that the Yugoslav system is new and still experimental. Every industrial and agricultural organization is controlled by its workers. They elect the directors (but their choice is not unlimited; the candidate must fulfil certain qualifications, and in practice nearly all the directors of major industrial organizations are members of the League of Communists); they decide their salaries, which will probably be three or four times that of the lowest paid worker; vote on major decisions such as investment plans; and they share in the profits. The system makes life difficult for directors; one said, only half jokingly, that his firm loses more time in discussions than British firms do in strikes.

These worker-managed organizations can be very big, because some have expanded in the best capitalist



Two years after his death portraits of Tito are still prominently displayed.

traditions. One such is PKB, which began as an agricultural combine, a sort of co-operative farm, some 33 years ago, and then moved downstream into food processing—it makes packaged foods of many kinds and has built a frozen-food plant jointly with Unilever—food distribution, with the ownership of more than 1,000 food shops, most of them one-man operations, restaurants and resort hotels.

With a few other journalists I was entertained to lunch by the chief executive of PKB, Istvan Pavolic, at the company headquarters outside Belgrade. The excellent meal was served by white-coated waiters who made sure that our wine glasses were always full. It could have been the directors' dining room of a big British company.

I asked Mr Pavolic what he thought were the major problems of Yugoslav industry, and he replied promptly, "Too many taxes and too much bureaucracy," which is what any Western businessman would say about his own country. So I asked him whether, when he meets the heads of Western corporations, he finds that he and they think the same way. "Absolutely," he said. "They talk about profit, we talk about income. But our concerns are the same."

One major concern of Yugoslav industrialists is labour discipline. It is almost impossible to fire a worker. Absenteeism and slacking on the job are common. As one executive admitted to me, "This is a problem that we have not yet solved under our system."

The big combines dominate the lives of their workers, and also the communities in which they are situated. The combine is the outlet for the worker's political expression, for he votes there not only for the firm's directors but also for candidates for political office. It provides him with a holiday at one of its holiday centres if he wants it (the Trepcina metal combine in Kosovo numbers instructors in skiing and scuba diving on its work force), and with social services, often including subsidized housing and health care. It also provides the local football team.

In agriculture Yugoslavia long ago retreated from collectivization, and today 85 per cent of all farmland is privately owned. But these are all small

farms: none may be more than 10 hectares, which is about 25 acres. This rule was laid down 30 years ago, but with the development of more intensive farming it is seen to be unrealistically small, and there are moves to increase the permitted size.

There is private enterprise in the industrial sector also. For one thing there is a lot of moonlighting: many Yugoslavs have a second job to help make ends meet. Self-employed artisans are the aristocrats of the economy, who usually rank with top business executives and doctors in earnings.

In theory, nobody owns property in Yugoslavia; it is owned by society as a whole, and only managed by the workers or farmers. This is a distinction so abstract as to seem almost meaningless, but just occasionally something occurs which, to the visitor from another kind of society, gives the idea of social ownership some substance. When some visiting journalists were questioning the directors of a big shipyard about how the tax system works in Yugoslavia, one of them, by way of explanation, took his own salary slip with its tax deductions from his briefcase and handed it around. It did not occur to him that his earnings might be a private matter. At a holiday hotel in Opatija, one of the most luxurious hotels on either side of the Adriatic, one week after the tourist season officially ended, a party of disabled people arrive on a holiday organized by a social welfare agency, and they receive the same service as any other guests; society has that claim on the hotel and its luxuries.

The Yugoslav economy is currently ailing; causes and symptoms include an adverse balance of payments, low productivity and unemployment. To the ordinary citizen this means a 40 per cent inflation rate, and recurrent shortages of things in the shops—coffee one week, cooking oil the next. A diplomat's wife in Belgrade said, "If I give a dinner party, I have to plan the menu and buy the provisions a fortnight in advance, otherwise I never know what I'll be able to get." The government plans for a reduction in real income over the next 12 months.

This makes the working of every part of the system more difficult. When the pie is shrinking arguments about the size

of everyone's slice become sharper. In the wealthier republics there is less willingness to put money into the Federal development fund, in the poorer ones there is still the feeling that they are getting the short end of the stick. Within industrial combines it is more difficult to persuade workers to allow their wages to fall behind the cost of living in order to keep up investments.

Yugoslavia needs to expand its investments and increase its exports. Yugoslavs are seeking almost desperately Western capital and Western markets, and sometimes Western business techniques as well. So pervasive is this that some English business terms have come into the Serbo-Croat vocabulary along with the ideas they describe: "marketing", "joint enterprise", "know-how". Yugoslav factories turned out some products of a high standard—some audio equipment and heavy machinery, for instance—but Western buyers say they are often hampered by poor styling and a lack of understanding of markets. All too often their products are not up to Western consumer standards, or else they are things, such as steel and zinc, which are already being produced in surplus elsewhere in the world.

There is a political motive as well as an economic one behind the drive to increase exports to the West. In past years about 40 per cent of Yugoslavia's exports were to the EEC and 25 to 30 per cent to the Soviet bloc. Now it is selling less to the EEC and more to Comecon countries, where consumer standards are lower. Yugoslavia does not want to become too dependent on Soviet bloc countries for its trade; one reason for its close relationship with Libya is that it wants to have another source of imported oil besides the Soviet Union. When the EEC reached an agreement with Yugoslavia to allow free entry to many of Yugoslavia's goods, EEC officials recognized the political significance of this for Yugoslavia and advanced this to the Commission in Brussels as a reason to hurry it through.

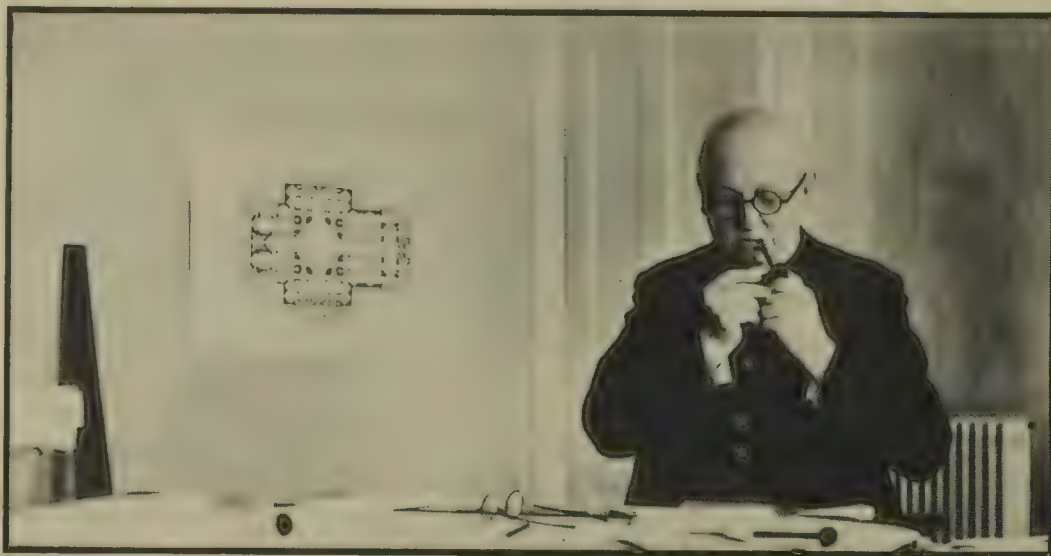
Yugoslavia is a member of the non-aligned group of nations, and is intent on maintaining this position. In Europe this means a balancing act between East and West; the Yugoslav Army has both American- and Soviet-made weapons. Yugoslav officials were pleased by the success of Andreas Papandreu in the recent Greek elections because it held out the prospect that Greece might eventually leave Nato and join the non-aligned group. This would give Yugoslavia a non-aligned neighbour to the south. At present the only other European member of the non-aligned group is Malta.

Yugoslavia is struggling today to defend its economic independence as well as its military autonomy. Tito founded the non-aligned group along with Nasser and Nehru, and this is one more legacy of Tito's that today's Yugoslav leaders are determined to preserve.

Lutyens revived

Jan 82

The work of the architect Sir Edwin Lutyens, ignored and unappreciated in recent decades, is now attracting much interest. He is the subject of several new books and two current exhibitions in London, one at the Francis Kyle Gallery in which 10 artists show paintings and drawings of his buildings and gardens, and a major exhibition at the Hayward Gallery which admirably illustrates the range of his architecture, always interesting, generally impressive and often great fun. Lutyens was born in 1869, the same year, as the catalogue to the Hayward exhibition emphasizes, as Frank Lloyd Wright, who proceeded in a different direction but who recognized the merit of Lutyens's development of the traditional form of architecture, which led to the building of some fine English country houses and gardens, of New Delhi, of Castle Drogo and the Midland Bank, of memorials such as the Cenotaph in Whitehall and to the design for the great Roman Catholic Cathedral at Liverpool of which only the foundations and the crypt were built.



Lutyens's design for Liverpool Cathedral. A wooden model of this project, which would have been twice as large as St Paul's, is featured in the Hayward exhibition.

London's bridges by Edna Lumb 1: Westminster Bridge



Westminster Bridge, built of grey granite with segmental iron arches, was completed in 1862 to the designs of Thomas Page in collaboration with Sir Charles Barry, designer of the Houses of Parliament. It replaced what might be called Wordsworth's Westminster Bridge, which was opened to the public in 1750.

Short, Black & Sides

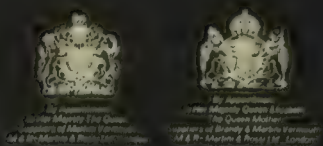


**John Player
Special**

JPS74 11.N

MIDDLE TAR
Manufacturer's estimate.

DANGER: H.M. Government Health Departments WARNING: THINK FIRST - MOST DOCTORS DON'T SMOKE



Fairy tales can come true.

There's a little magic in every glass of Martini Dry. In its clean, fresh taste. In its unique blend of the choicest wines and herbs. But, most magical of all, it doesn't have to disappear at midnight.

MARTINI



Martini and M & R
are registered Trade Marks.

THE COUNTIES

Anthony Burton's

YORKSHIRE

Photographs by Tim Mercer



Yorkshire, it seems, no longer exists: the bureaucrats have had their way. The county, like Caesar's Gaul, has been divided into three parts and large chunks have been hacked off and handed to newly created bodies, Cleveland and Humberside. The absurdity of giving the address "Humberside" to, for example, Bridlington, which stands a full 30 miles from that river, seems to have occurred to no one at Whitehall. And, worst indignity of all, parts have even been pushed across the border into Lancashire.

Yet all is not quite lost, and when I speak of Yorkshire I mean the old Yorkshire, the area still recognized by at least one official body. The Yorkshire County Cricket Club sent word to all those unfortunates so untimely ripped from the body of the mother county to the effect that as far as the club was concerned they were still children of Yorkshire. This was no point of mere academic concern, for Yorkshire alone among the cricketing counties still insists that only those born in the county

The Leeds and Liverpool Canal passes through Skipton, "the gateway to the dales".

can play for the county. The ruling might be regarded by some as rather quaint, out of touch with the realities of modern sport, but then cricket has always been something more than a sport to the true Yorkshireman. Indeed, anyone wanting to understand the character of the natives could do far worse than turn up for the Roses match against the old enemy, Lancashire.

Numerous stories surround the annual Roses encounters, of which the best loved and most often repeated tells of a match during which one spectator punctuated proceedings with cries of "Oh, I say, well played," and "Good shot, sir." This flippancy at a solemn occasion proved too much for the Tyke at his side. "Art tha' Lancashire?" he inquired and, on receiving a negative, asked in disbelief, "Tha's never Yorkshire?" On again being answered in the negative the Yorkshireman became quite angry. "Then shut up," he ordered. "This has got nowt to do wi' thee."

The story illustrates the insularity of Yorkshire folk, which can so infuriate outsiders, and a well-known distrust of southerners. It also shows a local pride, a feeling of being different from the rest of the world, and a proper sense of seriousness for an occasion at which the honour of the county is at stake. And if asked about what some might see as arrogance, the Yorkshireman would probably have replied that there was quite simply nowhere else in the world that could offer the native more in which he could take a pride.

Where should you go to try to capture the unique appeal and character of Yorkshire? This is a difficult question to answer. There are, of course, the five-star attractions, starting with the great city of York. Here is a spot where history can be read in tangible form, in the remains left by Roman and Norseman and in the splendid Minster surrounded by its huddle of medieval streets. The religious theme can be followed up to the

famous monasteries in their superb and beautiful settings, Bolton, Rievaulx and, perhaps the most glorious of them all, Fountains Abbey. Those on the hunt for grand scenery can turn to the magnificent coastline with high, dramatic cliffs under the shade of which sit little fishing villages, such as Staithes and Robin Hood's Bay, as picturesque as any to be found in Cornwall. And there are the dales, well known and well loved even before James Herriot revealed their beauties to millions through his books and television.

I would be the last to deny the merits of any of these, yet if I were asked what image comes first to mind when I think of Yorkshire, what places most clearly express the character of the place, then I would turn elsewhere. For me much of Yorkshire's unique appeal lies in a fascinating conjunction of opposites—of town and country, the noise and clatter of industry with the peace and beauty of the moors no more than a brisk walk away.

As a child I lived near and went ➤➤➤



Yorkshire

to school in the popular tourist town of Knaresborough. It is an undeniably picturesque spot where the town seems to tumble down the slopes from the castle towards the River Nidd. The martial theme is taken up and repeated in the tall railway viaduct, castellated in the best tradition of Victorian Gothic. Along the banks can be seen the petrifying well with gloves and teddy bears suspended forever in stony immobility. Here, too, is Mother Shipton's cave, home of a prophetess who looked into the future and saw little to encourage her successors. It seems the complete tourist town, with little else to justify its existence.

Yet it is also a busy market town, and there are reminders of another way of life in the linen mill down by the weir. And 30 and more years ago when I was a schoolboy there were other reminders that the busy life of the textile mills was being carried on just over the horizon. On summer days coach loads of mill

girls used to descend on Knaresborough, all, in memory at least, fat and jolly women, characters from McGill postcards come to life. A trip on the river was an essential part of the day's excitement, and they would be rowed in one large boat powered by a perspiring oarsman. On one memorable day they all decided to sit on the same side of the boat with the inevitable result. The ladies were hauled out to lie in rows like stranded whales, but laughing uproariously at the absurd comedy in which they had been unwilling actors. They seemed a world away from the gentility of neighbouring Harrogate, yet geographically they were not that far. The factories, too, were just over the next hill.

Yorkshire is dominated by the spine of the Pennines, and along the ribs and in the valleys in between are the settlements that helped to make the county rich. A fine place to start on a hunt for my essential Yorkshire is Skipton, described in today's tourist brochures as

Marsden, a small mill town situated at the bottom of the Colne Valley. Right, high cliffs mark the coastline near the fishing village of Staithes. Top right, Arden Great Moor in the North Riding. Centre right, Golcar boasts one of the best fish and chip shops in Yorkshire. Far right, Wharfedale in the West Riding.

"the gateway to the dales" which indeed it is, but it is also a great deal more. It is the meeting place of two worlds.

To the north and west lie the moors where for generations the human population has been far outnumbered by the sheep that roam and graze there. It is wonderful country, where that hard, rocky spine keeps poking through to provide a sudden hard edge to the soft swelling of the moor. There is no shortage of "beauty spots", but they tend to have little of the conventionally pretty about them. Drama rather than serenity is the overwhelming impression. There is the huge gash in the escarpment of Gordale Scar or the falling



Yorkshire

away of the hillside into the overhanging limestone cliff at Malham Cove. And those with a strong appetite for the open spaces and possessed of suitably sturdy legs can set out for the western edge of the moors to tackle the three peaks of Wharfedale, Ingleborough and Pen-y-Ghent—preferably all in the one day. But wherever you walk in this region you are never far from the sight of sheep, trundling like grey, woollen, mobile boulders over the lower slopes.

To the south and east of Skipton lies the world of factory and mill, where once the workers were busy turning the wool from the sheep's backs into yarn and cloth. And Skipton partakes of both worlds. At first glance it is no more than another attractive market town, its stone houses sitting easily in a stony landscape, with just the one imposing feature in the shape of a splendid castle. But the other world exists in Skipton as well. Along the Leeds and Liverpool Canal are the warehouses and mills of the woollen trade. Skipton marks the boundary between rural and industrial Yorkshire. The tourist who dashes away from the latter to enjoy the former is doing what most of us are trying to do on holiday—escaping the rush and noise of the modern world for a few moments of tranquillity. But along the way he could be missing a great deal.

The old villages where men and women worked at spinning wool into yarn, then weaving the yarn into cloth, often have immense character and charm. The best-known example is Haworth, but the wool-working sites are not what the visitors come to see. The Keighley and Worth Valley steam railway is the attraction for some, but for rather more it is the parsonage, home of the Brontë family. Haworth is an undeniably attractive spot, but much of its original character has been all but swamped by the Brontë connexion. Even those characteristics which so strongly influenced the Brontës have tended to disappear under the floods of trinkets and souvenirs.

If I wanted to show a visitor the kind of world that gave the novelists their inspiration, I would travel a few miles south to the village of Heptonstall. This is a closed-up community of narrow streets turning back on each other to form a tight little knot of a village. Here are the old weavers' cottages built out of local stone and a small 18th-century octagonal chapel erected on the spot where John Wesley preached. Snaking away over the surrounding hills are the tracks where the trains of pack horses made their way, laden with cloth and yarn. It seems far closer to the real world portrayed in, say, *Shirley* than does commercialized Haworth. And from the hill one can look down on the new world of industrialization that supplanted the old world of cottage workers.

Down in the valley, below Heptonstall, sits Hebden Bridge. River and canal are lined with the mills of the Industrial Revolution, while the houses range around them, piling in terraces up



The ruins of Rievaulx Abbey, site of a Cistercian monastery founded in 1131.



Yorkshire

Area

2,942,567 acres

Population

4,039,300

Main towns

York, Harrogate, Bradford, Leeds, Halifax, Huddersfield, Sheffield

Main industries

Coal, engineering, tourism, textiles

the hillside. Now Hebden, too, has been left behind by newer inventions, improved industries. Hand crafts have come back to the area, though some see the change in some way affecting the essential toughness of the region, reducing its impact. I would disagree, seeing the new generation of potters and weavers as a revitalizing force for a region which was steadily decaying.

But if you want the reality without the "prettification", move south again to the Colne Valley, a long finger pointing westward from the tightly clenched fist of Huddersfield. Villages straggle out

along the valley. High on the northern rim is Golcar, where the Colne Valley Museum at Cliffe Ash has brought the old weaving cottages back to life. Golcar can also boast a fish and chip shop which is among the best in Yorkshire—which, of course, means the best anywhere—and which richly repays the customer who joins the inevitable queue. In the valley bottom are the small towns such as Slaithwaite (pronounced "Slowit") and Marsden. They contain no very great buildings, no architectural splendours, but they do have a wealth of character. These are

the places I would come to for the real heart of Yorkshire. They are honest, no-nonsense places, and they possess one great virtue: walk out of the town and in minutes you are on the open moorland, as isolated and alone as if you were on a polar expedition. And when limbs are weary and the sun is setting it is back to the town and the local speciality—hot pie swimming in mushy peas, washed down with a pint of good real ale.

There will always be those who regard the true heart of Yorkshire as lying in the great industrial cities—in Leeds, Bradford, Huddersfield, Halifax or Sheffield. Certainly the cities have their splendours. Look, for example, at the Piece Hall in Halifax, the old trading centre of the woollen industry and as handsome a set of Georgian buildings as you would find in a fashionable square in Bath. Yet, for me, they are less characteristic than the small towns: they are merely the same experience multiplied several times over. But they have this in common: however the city might have grown, whatever the developers might have perpetrated, it is still possible to get away. Around the cities is that same wild countryside that encroaches so nearly on the smaller towns, and for those of us who love this part of the world there is no finer scenery to be had.

I no longer live in Yorkshire but when I think of it, as I often do, this is the image that remains: sitting alone among the bracken and heather below a skyline ruled straight by an outcrop of black, lumpy gritstone. The lower slopes will be patterned by a network of dry-stone walls, leading the eye down to the factory chimney poking out from a cluster of houses. The stone of the town is the stone of the crags above, and there is a sense of peace and of unity between nature and man, even industrial man, that is quite unique.



**TRINIDAD
& TOBAGO**

If you want a change from the blue, try the pink

It's hard to imagine anyone wishing to get away from the sun, silence and palm-shaded beaches of Tobago.

But the beauty of Trinidad and Tobago is that the two islands are just twenty minutes from each other, yet world's apart in what they offer.

Tobago is an island of paradise offering clear blue seas, white sandy beaches and peace.

In Trinidad you will find steel bands, the Carnival, cricket, golf, racing - and the Caroni Bird Sanctuary.

From your boat you will wonder at the variety and number of exotic flowers and humming birds; you will marvel at the scores of Scarlet Ibis, the national bird of Trinidad, as they feed, or as a flock do a pink fly-past in your honour.

Whatever your choice, there's always another side to see. That's why a holiday in Trinidad and Tobago is like two holidays for the price of one.

I'd like to see both sides of Trinidad & Tobago with BWIA International.
Please send me more details.

Name

Address

The Trinidad & Tobago Tourist Board, 20 Lower Regent Street, London SW1Y 4PH.

Discover a world the world hasn't discovered.



After paying for the Johnnie Walker Black Label
there wasn't much left for the boat.

Despite its price, the most sought-after de luxe whisky in Scotland.





This is what New Zealand looks like to the experienced traveller.

A world traveller who tries to describe New Zealand is apt to paint an extraordinary picture.

He'll begin by telling you it has the unspoiled wilderness of an Alaska, beaches that rival Hawaii, breathtakingly beautiful fjords like Norway, and majestic Alps like Switzerland.

Then to confuse things a little more he'll tell you New Zealand's cities and

villages will make you think of England, New Zealand's lush green meadows will remind you of Ireland, and her towering Mt. Egmont will put you in mind of Japan's Mt. Fuji.

To top it off, he'll say New Zealand has the nicest people, fairest climate and cleanest air on all God's green earth.

And on all counts, he'll be right.

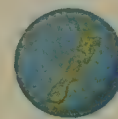
For the full story about New Zealand's diversity send in this coupon.

New Zealand Tourist Office,
New Zealand House,
Haymarket,
London SW1Y 4TQ

Please send me more details.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____



New Zealand

One-Stop World Tour.



Holiday 1982—Travelling east



TIM GRAHAM



SHIRLEY FOCKLER



RICHARD COOKE



TIM GRAHAM



DES WILSON



TIM GRAHAM

Frequent flights from London and a thriving tourist industry may mean that there are few mysteries of the East left to be discovered, but our travel writers found many surprises and delights in store there, from the little-known Cook Islands to the vast expanses of India, for the adventurous or the jaded holiday-maker. Lagoons and palm trees, beautiful beaches, elegant hotels and fine food are some of the promises of the East, all kept in a tropical climate and informal atmosphere.

South Pacific by James Michener
 Cook Islands by Des Wilson
 New Zealand by Des Wilson
 Australia by Cliff Michelmores
 Japan by Shirley Fockler
 Hong Kong by John Winton
 Singapore by Des Wilson
 Malaysia by Charles Allen
 Indonesia by Edward Mace
 The Philippines by Margaret Davies
 Sri Lanka by John Carter
 India by Eric Newby
 Facts and figures by David Tennant

South Pacific

Historically, there have been three towns in the South Pacific for the traveller to visit to catch the essence of this enchanting area. Most famous has been Papeete in French Tahiti, the operational centre for gifted men like Paul Gauguin, Pierre Loti and Captain Cook. The most charming has been Apia in British Samoa, home of Robert Louis Stevenson and the ineffable Aggie Grey. Quietest and perhaps the most rewarding has been Rarotonga in the Cook Islands, beloved by those who know the islands best.

A trip to any of these distinctive towns would be remembered by travellers for decades, because the congeniality of the islanders, the bountifulness of the flowers, the goodness of the food and the wildness of the dancing were pleasures not available elsewhere. I think of two men as prototypes of all who made the islands famous.

Low Hirston was the son of a millionaire Long Island family who in the 1920s left home for a trip around the world. His vessel arrived in Papeete one Friday afternoon, intending to sail on the Saturday, but in that brief visit to paradise Low found what he had been seeking and the ship sailed without him. He married the most beautiful girl on the island, and when she died prematurely he married the second most beautiful. He never did return home, and when he died he left behind a memory of having done one constructive thing after another to help the islanders.

My second nominee is an Austrian who arrived during one of my visits, announcing himself to be a baron. We had never had a baron in Tahiti and, although we knew our newcomer was simply a beachcomber, we were all quite pleased to have him sail without us. When he returned some years later he was the most authentic baron I have ever seen.

Another man announced one morning, "I am tired of being Victor. Henceforth I shall be Victoria." And he was, dressing the part and adopting the manner appropriate to the most memorable, however, was an English nature writer who wrote prior to his arrival: "I shall need the services of an attractive young woman who can drive a car, swim under water and develop Kodak film." I remember sitting in Quinn's Bar with a group of local leaders, running through the waterfront grids and discarding one after another until we found an adorable child who could do all three jobs. When the nature writer left with his great films he gave the young lady the car he had bought and we used to see her tooling about Papeete avoiding her next assignment.

My duties in the Second World War carried me into a much harsher section of the South Seas, Melanesia, whose famous islands like Guadalcanal were occupied by the Japanese. It was my luck to come ashore on the northern-

most island held by the Allies, Espiritu Santo, in the condominium ruled jointly by Great Britain and France. It was a wild experience, a life lived in the jungle with primitive men who had been the formidable island of Melaleuca, certainly one of the darkest and most primitive lands on earth. It was barely civilized, with its lowlands fever-stricken and its highlands populated by the remarkable Big Nambas, a tribe of extremely black and ferocious savages who based their lives and their religion on the cultivation of wild boars, particularly those in which the ivory tusk grew in a complete circle, passing back through the animal's jawbone.

I made a complete transit of the island, living among the Big Nambas for several days, and I think I must have been the respect I paid their customs and the wonder I expressed at their boat tasks—those perfect circles of dark beauty—that endeared me to the big men and encouraged them to take me into their fetid hovels. At any rate we had a great good time together and some of them accompanied me across the island, depositing me on the eastern shore where a small boat awaited.

I later had the rare experience of watching these men come down out of their Stone Age, with cannibalism only a few years in the past, to become expert drivers of American trucks and English Land-Rovers, wheeling their great vehicles close to the bombing planes and servicing them prior to their flights against the Japanese on Guadalcanal.

My over duties obliged me to visit all parts of the island, and I met the other island groups, too, and when peace came in the summer of 1945 I was asked to remain behind and supervise the writing of the American account of this island warfare, in which we had been helped so outstandingly by New Zealand aviators and Australian naval personnel.

In my off-time I sat in an empty warehouse on Espiritu Santo before a rickety table with a rusty typewriter composing what would become my first novel, *Tales of the South Pacific*, which told of the French planters in the condominium, their Tongkinese workers and the troops who had lived among them during these turbulent years. Later, when these stories became a well-known musical play, I was astounded that my experience among the Big Nambas of Melaleuca had produced such a colourful offspring.

In years of peace I returned three times to the condominium, following its unusual career with intense interest because of my personal investment in the islands, and I often cited it as an ex-

ample of how two great nations could amiably govern one small territory. During the war I had been thrown together pretty exclusively with the French, whose adaptability I had admired. In my peacetime visits I saw how the British, which gave me an opportunity to compare how they administered schools and systems of justice and economic patterns. I often used to speculate as to which government I would elect to live under, were I to become an immigrant into the condominium, and I decided that I would be a Frenchman during meal hours, entertainments and church, but an Englishman at work, in education and when hauled before a court.

And there I left it, a tiny collection of islands lost in a great ocean where I had once spent three of the most vital years of my life. I never expected to see the New Hebrides again, but I recalled them with the deepest affection.

In the early summer of 1980 I received a telephone call from the White House which began: "We learn that the French-English condominium of the New Hebrides about which you wrote is about to gain its independence, and we have had queries from the new government as to whether..." Before the sentence was finished I shouted into the phone, "I'll go!"

To see the islands I had loved so deeply come into nationhood! To watch men who had worked for me assume control of a government! To be there when the Big Nambas of Melaleuca turn their right to serve in the United Nations! To see a land leap-frog from the Stone Age into the age of supersonic aviation was an opportunity that could never come again, and I dropped all I was doing in order to fly there.

I was especially eager to participate in the ceremonies not only because these were the United States' first such crucial importance to the United States but also because as a historian I would be able to watch the termination of the world's only condominium. I had always felt that in a troubled world not enough emphasis was placed on the fact that at the farthest reaches of the Pacific two major European nations had shared fairly amicably the governance of a territory, and I wondered why the principles which operated there could not also work in places like Belgium and Cyprus.

Philosophically I was well prepared that at the farthest reaches of the Pacific two major European nations had shared fairly amicably the governance of a territory, and I wondered why the principles which operated there could not also work in places like Belgium and Cyprus.

The motto was "Long God Yumi Sanaup", meaning "Beside God you and I stand up". An official photograph bore the caption "Laet long van Francis plantene blong bifo", or "Life on one French plantation belonging before."

An idyllic beach in the Cook Islands.

It was agreed that I would leave home, fly to Hawaii and proceed to the islands on the assumption that by the time I reached Fiji peace would be restored, and it was with great uncertainty that I journeyed westward carrying official documents which would express my nation's pleasure at the birth of a new sovereignty.

During my flights I studied the data. The new nation was to be called Vanuatu, one of the finest of the new names. It was a melodious word signifying "the ever-existing land" and it expressed some 80 different islands. It appeared to be about 65 per cent French-speaking, 35 per cent English, with a wonderful pidgin as the unifying tongue. The motto was "Long God Yumi Sanaup", meaning "Beside God you and I stand up". An official photograph bore the caption "Laet long van Francis plantene blong bifo", or "Life on one French plantation belonging before."

The French contingent had supposed that in a plebiscite conducted some time earlier the citizens would choose: by a large majority to live under French law and custom, but to everyone's surprise the English side won by a healthy majority, a consequence I was told of the excellent educational system conducted by the latter. As one Vanuatuan told

me: "The French educated us on the principle that if we were very good we could one day hope to get to Paris. The English sent out Oxford graduates and wonderful maiden women who told us, 'Learn arithmetic and spelling and one day you might be prime minister of these islands.'"

It was the ancient struggle, seen so clearly in the United States. The land closer to the equator was agrarian, held the more valuable natural deposits, was Catholic and Francophone. The land farther away (in this case, to the south) was industrial, crowded, Protestant and English-speaking. It would require decades of careful political management to blend the two cultures.

I was therefore appalled to learn that the new government, whose major task would be conciliation, was led by a Protestant clergyman with a completely Protestant cabinet, not one member of which spoke French. "Conciliation it is not," I concluded.

But all my apprehensions dissolved when I reached Vanuatu, because my plane deposited me at one of the loveliest small towns in the world. Vila, the capital, lies on the richest island, Efate, at the edge of an island-girt bay and, fortunately for the traveller, it retained the best characteristics of old-time Papeete, Apia and Rarotonga.

Elegant hotels, run sometimes by

Japanese who crowd the islands on vacation, provide excellent food and amenities. Lagoons nestle everywhere. The people are wonderfully congenial. The stores are clean, the roads good, the churches attractive and the patterns of life quite charming. There is good swimming, and there are interesting day trips across a small island which connects the various islands. All in all Vanuatu in the new nation of Vanuatu is the most attractive spot in the entire South Pacific and the only one to retain the full flavour of the great days. I commend it unhesitatingly.

But the joy of this visit consisted in meeting once more the wonderful black men I had known 40 years earlier. They were white-haired now, burdened with office. They came from new nations across the Pacific, and I was embarrassed not to know the names which some of their lands had taken.

It was unbelievable that these men, so recently of the Stone Age, should now be flying to sessions of the United Nations in New York or to meetings of associations in London, and the wonder never ceased to be the grandchildren of men I had helped to come out of the jungle stopped by to tell me of their studies at New Zealand colleges, the London School of Economics or Stanford University in California. I had come to witness the birth of a new nation; I was seeing the birth of a people.

The Duke of Gloucester represented the British half of the condominium, a distinguished political leader the French portion, and together they conducted themselves with a generosity and a grace that were enviable. Europe never looked better in its condominium than at its moment of dignified farewell.

At midnight the flags of France and Britain were lowered for the last time and the multi-colored flag of Vanuatu, red, green, yellow and black, was hoisted aloft. And then came the solemn moment, for from the shadows appeared the Big Nambas from Melaleuca, still savage, almost naked, bearing huge, hollow-log jungle drums on which they beat a deep, mournful tattoo signifying the passage of a very old way of life, the beginning of a new.

James Michener

Cook Islands

If all our readers were to describe the experience they would most like to have on holiday, I wonder how many would dare to think it even possible in these days of mass tourism and skyscraper hotels to experience this:

Hot sun from a clear sky, but no humidity. A small boat makes its way across a vast blue lagoon, threatening between small islands, each deserted, the sandy beaches encircling the palm trees undisturbed. At one of those islands the

boat slows to a stop and then drifts in with the waves so that the few passengers can jump overboard, kneel deep in the warm water, and pull it ashore before swimming lazily and then lying on the beach to dry. Nearby one of their number builds up a fire under an iron plate and makes it so hot that the fish they have just speared in the lagoon cook in 10 minutes. To be eaten with the slices of cold tomato and the salad they have sheltered under a pile of palm leaves. Another of their number, brown-skinned and athletic, climbs a palm tree and knocks down some coconuts. These he chops open and their contents become the wine with the meal. Afterwards, a doze in the sun, another swim, a stroll out onto the reefs, or round the tiny island, clambering over those palm trees knocked down by past storms, and then, as daylight starts to fade, into the boat and back across the lagoon.

A beautiful dream? In fact a memorable day from last year's holiday, perhaps the memorable day of all holidays, and just one reason why anyone who finds himself in the Pacific, perhaps on a visit to Australia or New Zealand, should take an Air New Zealand flight to the Cook Islands.

The 15 islands of the group spread over 850,000 square miles of the Pacific and yet occupy only 93 square miles, and of this Rarotonga covers over 25 square miles. They were discovered by the Polynesians and explored by Captain James Cook between 1773 and 1777. The small island I described, the scene of that idyllic day, is linked to Atutaki, notable not only for its beauty but also because it was shortly after HMS *Bounty* sailed from there in 1789 that the infamous Captain Bligh found himself confronted with a mutiny.

The islands are occupied by Cook Island Maoris, and are internally self-governed but within an association with New Zealand. They are so small that when I picked up what I presumed to be the directory for telephone numbers to the different parts of my hotel I found this slim document to be the telephone directory for the whole of Rarotonga. Rarotonga itself is a highly fertile island, producing a wealth of fruit and vegetables, dominated by mountains so that all the life exists on an apron around them. It has only one main road that runs completely round the island and most people live within reach of it. It is short of traditional tourist facilities, but for the cosmopolitan young traveller looking for a dazzling night-life in chromium-plated hotel discos it is probably best avoided. Yet its attractions are too rarely to be found these days—a happy, friendly people who are not impressed by the sight or explosion of the volcano, beautiful, peaceful and deserted small islands to explore; pleasantly tropical climate; informality and, above all, a timeless serenity.

It is also fun. I played what must have been the craziest round of golf



DAVID WILSON

of my life on a course where the holes criss-cross each other so that balls were whizzing in all directions, and where one had to thread one's shots between a multiplicity of electricity pylons, all marked "extreme danger", for the golf course is constructed on and around the centre of the island's communications system. Club membership is not based on social status as in Britain; anyone can play, and the way the locals hit a golf ball breaks every text-book rule but is often astonishingly effective—unless you happen to be crossing their fairway at the time.

The islands may be small, but there seems plenty to do. Assuming that you stay on Rarotonga, you will wish to spend a day or two at Aitutaki, which can be reached with the help of a small local airline. There are guided tours across the mountains from one side of the island to the other. There are displays of native dancing. And in the evening there is the famous Banana Court Bar "where everybody goes", at least that is what they advertise.

But it is not the sun, sand and the scenery that makes the Cook Islands special. It is the people. On my first day I happened to wander into the tourist office, where I was welcomed by the manager who explained that two of his staff were about to depart for a short training course in New Zealand. Would I like to join them for a few days, he asked? Each member of the staff had cooked fish, chicken, banana cake, and some other delicacy, and we sat around eating with our fingers, for knives and forks are used only in the tourist hotels. And I was made to feel as if I had been working in the office of my life. At the end of each of the two weeks I was leaving for the course made a little speech and necklaces of small flowers and shells were put round their necks. One of them was in tears. I assumed from this that they must be planning to be away for months, but they turned out to be only two weeks. I later discovered that there would be a similar party when they returned, and that there are always such ceremonies.

Bill Sheedy, manager of the main hotel on the island, the Rarotongan, told me that when his son went to New Zealand for a couple of weeks the emotional send-off from his friends was such that even he, Bill, a fairly taciturn character, was reduced to tears.

I happened to fly to New Zealand with Bill Sheedy and at the airport he was bedecked with so many small necklaces that he virtually had to pay for excess baggage on the plane.

There is only one way to travel to the Cook Islands and that is by Air New Zealand, but that is no sacrifice: the flight to and from Auckland was comfortable and well served. There are a number of small motels and hotels on the island, but the main one, the Rarotongan, is of an exceptionally high standard considering the difficulties of

training local staff, whose relaxed way of life is inconsistent with the speed and quality expected of international class service, and where nearly all the food, except fruit and vegetables, has to be imported. Sheedy is not only an experienced and resourceful hotel manager but has become one of the towering personalities of the islands.

Given that most visitors to the Cook Islands will be people who have already travelled to the Pacific to other destinations or for other reasons, who are those who would benefit most from a holiday there? Families with children without any doubt. Older couples looking for a week's rest during a longer journey. Young couples wishing to have time together and who have no need to be professionally entertained every hour of the day and evening. Above all, anyone who has a feeling that the values of the more advanced parts of the world are not what they should be, and wants to know what the word "unspoiled" really means and wants to experience that idyllic day on a deserted coral island.

Des Wilson

New Zealand

Strictly speaking, I should declare a bias, because I was born in New Zealand and spent my childhood there, but in common with many New Zealanders I have not travelled much in my own country, and further afield I have been away for 22 years. No doubt that part of my spirit that will for ever be uplifted by the quiet and the wildness of the South Island countryside I loved as a boy prevents me from being completely objective, but even so I was enormously impressed by the beauty and the grandeur of the country as I recently drove from near the top of the North Island to near the foot of the South.

For anyone who lives in the British Isles an expedition to New Zealand calls for a major decision, for even in the attentive care of Singapore Airlines and in both a lengthy and an expensive trip, for many British travellers the justification for what will be the one journey of a lifetime is a visit to friends or relatives. If that is the case, then the scenery offers a generous bonus.

The smallness of the country came home to me as we flew across the splendid Auckland Bay and spotted the International Airport, gateway to New Zealand, and a fraction of the size of the airports at other places where we had landed for the journey east from Britain. The first surprise for me, as a South Islander who had been accustomed to a temperate climate, but one which is fairly chilly in the winter, was the warmth. It is sub-tropical, and the city has plenty of beaches, open land for sailing in the harbour, and unlimited open space to take advantage of the conditions. Its wide streets, with verandas shielding the pavements, typify New Zealand's towns



and cities. It is also the most multi-racial city in the country and derives much vitality from that. It is the ambition of every New Zealander who lives in a town or city to have his own "section", and many build their own homes. Thus the towns and cities sprawl from the air appear like a crumpled patchwork quilt, the red- and green-painted roofs of corrugated iron or tiles sparkling in the sun, and each house, usually, white-washed or painted in a pale yellow, is surrounded by the carefully-mown grass or the garden of the "section".

The food in the restaurants is unsophisticated but fresh, especially the fish, and the helpings are generous. But the New Zealand wines can be an adventure. The wine industry, centred in this part of the North Island, wins top marks for enthusiasm but the quality of the product is distinctly uneven.

My plan was to drive the length of the North Island, cross on the ferry from Wellington to Picton, and continue down the South Island to the town of Oamaru where I was born. My first destination was the volcanic plateau of Rotorua, and to reach this extraordinary place I found myself on a memorable 150 mile drive across the dairy-farming province of Waikato. Waikato's farming community has produced over the years one of New Zealand's most powerful rugby teams. It was the home of the legendary kicker, Don Clarke. It is also the home of thousands and thousands of healthy cows, grazing on rich pastures and creating much of the country's wealth from its exports of dairy products.

Rotorua is, of course, famous for its towering geysers and hot mud pools. This thermal activity produces a theatrical performance that continues all the year round. Rotorua lies within the Taupo volcanic zone, and the geysers and mud pools are caused by molten

rock cooling and solidifying, trapping steam and gases, causing pressures to rise until the steam forces its way to the surface. At Whakarewarewa, close to the town, you can walk into a small Maori reserve where the natives wash their clothes in pools of boiling water. Puffs of steam rise from mud pools in the bushes and every now and then some of the country's best-known geysers explode into a spectacular tower of boiling water.

Across the road golfers can be seen threading their shots between clouds of steam rising from holes in the fairway. (This is one of a number of highly unusual golf courses I saw on the trip; on another, the golfers shared the course with a massive herd of sheep, and wire netting had been erected around the greens. To approach the flag the players had to pitch over the wire netting, an obstacle that would add more than a few seconds to the score of even a Nicklaus or a Watson.)

Lake Taupo, the biggest in New Zealand, is blue and beautiful and popular for fishing, swimming and sailing. The road south winds round it and upwards to a spectacular national park, Tongariro, with a row of three volcanic mountains at its heart: the most impressive, Ngauruhoe, has a cloud of smoke almost always hovering above its shattered peak. A comfortable distance from it is a chateau, offering views of the whole national park, a golf course, and ski slopes on a mountain behind it. The volcanic nature of this part of the North Island is reflected in the rocky hills and in the unusual vegetation.

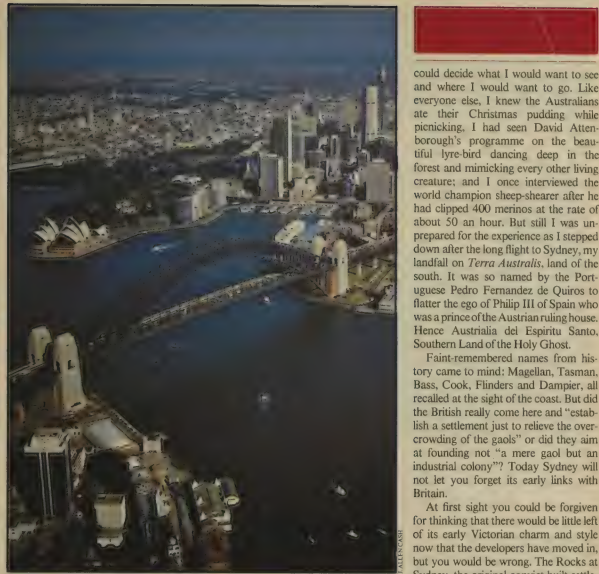
The drive from the national park down the length of the Wanganui river offers more farmland and forest but it is an indication of the rich variety of choice in New Zealand that with some reluctance I had to allow time to dictate that I could not travel farther west into

Taranaki to the Mount Egmont national park. Pictures of the cone of the mountain, an extinct volcano, covered in snow and standing in wild hilly country, suggest that the journey there would be more than worthwhile.

But I was bound for Wellington, the capital city, with an amazing likeness to San Francisco in the way its brightly painted houses climb up and down a series of hills, all surrounding a splendid natural harbour. It was there that I climbed on the ferry to cross Cook Strait on my way to the South Island. To reach Picton the ferry sails for over an hour down the beautiful Foul Bay Charlotte Sound and the ideal one to catch is that which leaves Wellington late in the afternoon, so that you reach the Sound as I did, with the sun setting over the hills and dusk slowly descending. It must be one of the most beautiful boat trips in the world, made all the more memorable for me because it was the first time since 1959 I had approached the island of my birth.

It is frequently said that Christchurch is the New Zealand city that most resembles an English town. If that is so, it will have fulfilled the dream of its early settlers who named it after the old Oxford college attended by their leader, John Godley, and whose aim was to establish a Church of England settlement in New Zealand. The Avon river meanders between buildings of Gothic design and there are so many gardens and parks that nearly 15 per cent of the city is covered by them. Christchurch opens the way to the Southern Alps, the row of craggy mountains that divides the east and west coast for most of the length of the island; to Fiordland and Milford Sound, and to the Franz Josef and Fox Glaciers, all calculated to test the superlatives of any travel writer.

But this traveller had a special destination, beginning with the drive across



Above left, a country church in the Waikato province, New Zealand. Above, Sydney, Australia, showing the city and bridge, from Lavender Bay.

the Canterbury Plains to South Canterbury and to the province of Otago. The road down the coast is a crowded one and the flatness of the plains does not offer a particularly attractive drive, so anyone following this route should travel inland and make the longer, but more satisfying, journey down the coast roads that criss-cross each other, pass over clean, cold, fast flowing rivers, and through sleepy little farming towns, all the while offering uninterrupted views of the Southern Alps.

A day's drive in from the Otago coast is Queenstown, set at the foot of a range of mountains so beautiful they have been called the Remarkables, all reflected in a clear lake. Not far away is Arrowtown, once the centre of a gold-rush, and now doing in the town, a living museum to that time. About 60 miles away is Lake Wanaka, and this whole area must be one of the most beautiful in the country. I had chosen for the climax to my visit to New Zealand, however, a slow drive across the country roads from North Otago and South Canterbury, to see once more the yellow and gold porpoise fenings and the tall poplar trees of the sheep farms, to spin stones once more across the wide, clear rivers, and to stay in the famous Hermitage, the chateau at

the foot of Mount Cook, the highest mountain in the southern hemisphere and the magnificent peak of the Southern Alps.

I have written before in *The Illustrated London News* of the economic and social difficulties that face this small and isolated country at a troubled time in its history. It has been torn by political controversy over the past 12 months. But this place the Maoris called "The Land of the Long White Cloud" should be high on the list of any would-be traveller who wants to see what nature can create when it is really trying.

Des Wilson

Australia

Sooner rather than later you will be reminded that Australia is the world's smallest continent and the world's biggest island, so let us begin there. It is roughly the size of America and has a coastline of more than 12,000 miles washed by the waters of the Pacific, Southern and Indian Oceans, the Timor, Arafura, Coral and Tasman Seas. It is the earth's flattest continent, the driest and to my mind the most surprising. I was certainly not prepared for Australia, even having done what I thought to be a lot of homework before setting out.

With matriculation geography long since forgotten, I porled over reference books and brochures in the hope that I could decide what I would want to see and where I would want to go. Like everyone else, I knew the Australians ate their Christmas pudding while picnicking. I had seen David Attenborough's programme on the beautiful lyrebird dancing deep in the forest and mimicking every other living creature; and I once interviewed the world champion sheep-shearer after he had clipped 400 merinos at the rate of about 50 an hour. But still I was unprepared for the experience as I stepped down after the long flight to Sydney, my landfall on Terra Australis, land of the south. It was so named by the Portuguese Pedro Fernandez de Quiros to flatter the ego of Philip III of Spain who was a prince of the Austrian ruling house. Hence Australia del Espiritu Santo, Southern Land of the Holy Ghost.

Faint-remembered names from history came to mind: Magellan, Tasman, Bass, Cook, Flinders and Dampier, all recalled at the sight of the coast, but did the British really come here and "establish a settlement just to relieve the overcrowding of the gaols" or did they aim at founding not "a mere gale but an industrial colony"? Today Sydney will not let you forget its early links with Britain.

At first sight you could be forgiven for thinking that there would be little left of its early Victorian charm and style now that the developers have moved in, but you would be wrong. The Rocks at Sydney, the original convict-built settlement, could rightly claim to be the birthplace of the nation. Today the area is being revitalized and restored and, rightly, hardly a tourist omits it from his itinerary. You could easily spend a whole fascinating day tramping around the "Merchants' Trail" or the Convict Trail and admiring the elegant terraced houses with their balconies and verandas decorated with the ornate, filigree wrought iron brought here as ballast in the convict ships. The houses are again solid, handsome and fashionable, but the interiors have been transformed into art galleries and restaurants and craft centres.

Below the Rocks, on Circular Quay, is the starting point for round the harbour trips where you may see the bays and inlets and beaches of one of the great harbours of the world. That trip is worth every minute of your time, which is more than can be said for Bondi beach, which is tatty in a rundown 1920s way, although the rolling, pounding surf is the playground and showplace for some of the world's finest surfers.

The Opera House is an experience all on its own. Whether you think of it as white wheeling sails, a collection of nodding nuns' head-dresses or a confusion of shells cast on the shore, when you go to see it for the first time, you cannot believe your eyes or the courage of those who decided to build it. Sydneyseers say their climate ➡

PARADISE DAILY.

Ten flights a week from Los Angeles to Auckland. With a choice of stopovers in Fiji, Hawaii, New Caledonia, Norfolk Island, Rarotonga, Samoa, Tonga and Tahiti. Plus flights to Auckland from Singapore, Hong Kong and Tokyo.

AIR NEW ZEALAND
THE PACIFIC'S NUMBER ONE.

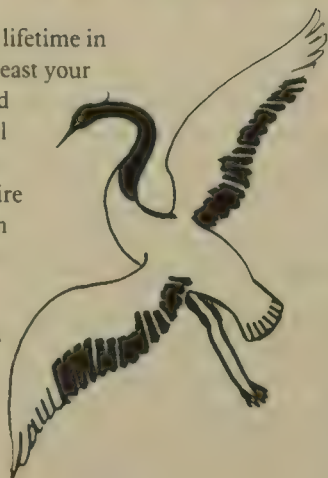
15 Charles II Street, London SW1Y 4QU. Tel: 01-930 4951.

DISCOVER

JAPAN

Give yourself the holiday of a lifetime in Japan — the land of contrasts. Feast your eyes on breathtaking scenery and architecture, watch the colourful pageantry of the many festivals. Touch the delicate pottery, admire the traditional skills of craftsmen and walk in ornamental gardens of reflective harmony.

Your journey of discovery will begin by posting the coupon below, to introduce the fascinating contrast and wonder of Japan.



To: Japan National Tourist Organization,
167 Regent Street, London W.1. Tel: 01-734 9638

Name _____

Company _____

Address _____

ILN/1/82

遠東旅遊

is better than that of the Mediterranean. Melbourne likes theirs to Vancouver, where it can be wet and warm. So for Melbourne in winter it is umbrella and overcoat, but in summer you thank your lucky stars for the air-conditioning of its hotels. Melbourne is very different from Sydney. It is distinguished by its arcades, wide streets—boulevards almost—lined with pale-leaved trees, its enormous and beautiful parks and gardens. I loved Melbourne and its boast of providing The Good Life. It claims to be the fashion centre of Australia, and if you go out to the classy suburbs of Toorak, South Yarra and inner Prahran or stroll along Toorak Road or Chapel Street you will see why. It claims, correctly, to be the gateway to much that the visitor will want to see: the penguin parade on Philip Island, Healesville animal sanctuary, the Dandenong Ranges, a spur of the Great Dividing Range with its elegant gardens and a tiny Puffing Billy train hooting its way through the countryside. And Melbourne itself has a famous racetrack, a Test cricket ground and the championship tennis club at Kooyong. And it has trams—gorgeous, humming, clanking trams in cream and green or orange. A warm, truly hospitable city, rather primly proud of itself perhaps—but then it has much to be proud of—Melbourne vies with Adelaide and Sydney as the cultural centre of the nation.

Adelaide, like Sydney, has a unique theatre centre where the biennial Adelaide Festival is held—it happens this March for three weeks. The setting is unique, on the sloping banks of the Torrens river. The centre is laid out with an enormous open-air amphitheatre, concert hall cum opera house, drama theatre, and workshops, and every other year it plays host to some of the world's finest artists. Adelaide is the city they call sedate, in a rather derogatory way, but the pale beige sandstone houses are now interspersed with modern, and often controversial, buildings.

Where else will you be tempted to go? Canberra, the political capital, invented to keep Sydney and Melbourne apart, I was told, is well trimmed and groomed and immaculate with a dignified air. It is pollution-free, has no garish advertising hoardings and there are shrubs, trees and water everywhere.

The Outback, the "Top End" and the Great Barrier Reef are all high on any visitor's list and with good reason. They are, like so much else in this continent, unique. To see the giant monolith of Ayers Rock change colour from deep brown to a throbbing ruby red as the sun's rays move around it; to hear the dingoes; to see for the first time the glory of the Barrier Reef—there is so much in store for anyone visiting Australia.

They are a very hospitable lot, the Australians, and they do not expect a tip if they drive a taxi. They are not all sheep farmers, but they are great meat-eaters, they are dotty about sport and

even have a regatta called Henley-on-Todd at Alice Springs—but only when the river is bone dry and when they race in bottomless boats. If you do not believe me go there in August and see for yourself. You will also see that they have trees without shade, gum trees whose leaves hang limply at the side of the trunk; they have the strolling flightless emu, the world's second-largest bird; the duck-billed platypus which lays its eggs like a snake and has the skin of a furry seal; and uncuddly koala bears.

One problem you will face is the planning of a sensible itinerary. It is a long way to go and there is a lot you will want to see and do. I advise you to give yourself more time than you think you will need, and be prepared for surprises.

Cliff Michelmore

Japan

"Arigato." "Arigato gozaimasu." "Domo arigato gozaimasu." Within days on my first visit to Japan these variations on the Japanese theme of "thank you" were indelibly impressed on my consciousness. The Japanese use them constantly, even automatically. *Gaijins* (foreigners) use them almost to excess, largely in response to the many courtesies lavished on visitors.

My diaries abound in notes on such courtesies. Consider these: on a recent journey I travelled from Osaka to Koya, an ancient mountain monastery. When my taxi reached the station for the Koya train the grey-haired driver, saying nothing, jumped from the car, scurried round to the front passenger seat, extracted my bulky suitcase and galloped away into the crowded terminal toward an escalator. There he gently put down the case, bowed, gestured upwards, saying "Koya-san, Koya-san", and then hurried back to his illegally parked taxi. He had acted without thought of a tip. Tipping is almost unknown in Japan.

The last leg of my journey into the rugged Koya mountains was by cog railway. Alighting at the summit station, I stood at the bottom of a steep flight of narrow stairs. Eyeing my heavy suitcase and feeling the weight of cameras on my shoulder, I contemplated the ordeal ahead, but before I could start up three matrons in kimono had sent a young man to do porter's duty.

Some acts of courtesy have been humorously embarrassing. Back from Koya, moving between the cog railway and the Osaka express station, I paused to shift camera bag and suitcase. Suddenly an old woman bent with age grabbed my suitcase, determined to help. "Iie! Iie" (No! No!), I protested frantically, adding a few *arigatos*. The old lady's repeated bows accentuated her determination. We stood at an impasse. Finally an amused young man stopped, plucked the bag from both our hands and, smiling, carried it to the express platform.

Such courtesy towards a visitor is

nothing new. The indefatigable Isabella Bird Bishop, one of Japan's earliest *gaijin* tourists, commented on it in the account of her arduous horseback journey through hinterland Japan where villagers had never seen a foreigner. She had certain trepidations: "I have suffered from nervousness all day—the fear of being frightened, of being rudely mobbed . . . of giving offence by transgressing the rules of Japanese politeness—of, I know not what!"

A few days later she was to write: "The people are so kind and courteous." As postscript to her first fears she later said: "I have since travelled 1,200 miles in the interior, and in Yezo . . . and I believe that there is no country in the world in which a lady can travel with such absolute security from danger and rudeness as in Japan."

The courtesy towards a visitor is an extension of an intricate, sometimes rigid, code of etiquette that permeates all personal and public action in homogeneous Japan. The discipline of public courtesy is perhaps nowhere better illustrated than on the Tokyo underground which a friend and I tried for the first time last autumn. Midway through our day of exploration my friend—a veteran of New York's battered transit system—had a revelation: "Do you realize there's no litter, no graffiti and no vandalism here?"

The personal side of Japanese courtesy surfaced each time we stopped, befuddled, to study a network map or fares chart. Inevitably, an English-speaking Tokyoite paused to ask, "May I help you?" One must be forewarned, of course, that such courtesies do briefly vanish when the commuters make their twice daily assaults on the system.

A few of Japan's mannerly habits seem more suited to automata than to people. I am dismayed by the legions of anonymous young ladies in white gloves who spend their days gesturing hotel guests into elevators and department store customers on to escalators.

My notes on such mechanical courtesies, however, are scant compared with those chronicling spontaneous acts. My first visit long ago to Tokyo's Kabuki-za Theatre is memorable not so much for a first look at *kabuki* but for the young woman who sat next to me in the interval and insisted I share her boxed lunch.

My repeated visits to Kyoto's Heian Shrine have been memorable not only for the beauty of the vermilion shrine and its gardens, but for encounters with students who have approached me and asked, "Please, may we practise our English?" My last encounter was with five first-year university students, three women and two men. A little more than twice their age, I obviously appeared professorial and nearly infirm. When we reached the reflecting pool of the garden with its famous line of stepping stones, one young man insisted on carrying my camera bag while the other took my



The 17th-century Kiyomizu (Clear Spring) Temple in Kyoto, Japan.

hand to guide me safely across the pool.

Last autumn my arrival at a mountain inn was apparently noted by guests in an adjacent room, for during the cold and stormy evening, as I lingered over the last of my dinner *sake*, a soft knock came at the door. By sign language, bows and bits of English a young man invited me to join him, his wife and his parents. We introduced ourselves to the best of our abilities and then shared a companionable silence, shelled chestnuts, and watched a televised baseball game between the Osaka Tigers and Tokyo Giants.

Most *gaijins* usually respond to Japanese courtesies with enthusiastic and simple *arigatos*, which is perfectly acceptable. A proper response, however, is a complex matter, usually beyond one's grasp of Japan. This I learned on my first trip. Proudly displaying my new mastery of Japanese, I said "*Arigato gozaimasu*" to a young train attendant. My Japanese companion looked embarrassed, fidgeted a while and finally said, "That's much too polite for someone like her."

Arigato, I learnt, is a straightforward, all-purpose thank you. *Arigato* with the honorific *gozaimasu* is used between friends and equals, or in speaking to your betters. *Domo arigato gozaimasu* is the ultimate in politeness. It surprises the Japanese when a *gaijin* knows anything of the subtle shadings of *arigato*, or enough of manners to remove one's shoes before entering a house, and to approach the Japanese bath in the proper way.

The bath, indeed, has been a stumbling block of propriety since the Meiji era when the Japanese first learned that westerners were scandalized by communal bathing. A reluctance to offend western sensibilities in this matter persists today. Thus the staff of my temple inn at Koya were careful to escort me to the bath when they were sure I would have it to myself. One evening they erred, and when I entered the steamy room I encountered a solitary lady. We smiled in greeting and I sat myself on a low stool near a wall tap to begin the soaping down that, along with a rinse, is obligatory before stepping into the soaking tub.

My companion finished her bath, stood up and said, "*Dozo*" ("Please"),

pointing at my washcloth and soap. A little puzzled I handed them over, and she proceeded to soap and scrub my back vigorously. Returning the cloth she smiled, bowed and left. It was appropriate, of course, to answer such splendid courtesy with a full "*Domo arigato gozaimasu*". Shirley Fockler

Hong Kong

There is only one proper way to see Hong Kong and that is on foot. True, the place is hot and humid. From June to August it is very hot and very humid. Several inches of warm rain can fall within 24 hours. From September to the New Year the heat and humidity in Hong Kong drop dramatically and the climate is perfect for Europeans—it is the best time for a holiday there.

There is no shortage of other transport: Hong Kong has thousands of cars, and taxis, and buses and mini-buses, and trams, and the Canton-Kowloon Railway, and the Mass Transit underground railway, and helicopters, and harbour ferries, and wallah-wallah boats, and hydrofoils and jetfoils to Macao. But it is still best to get out and walk.

This is because Hong Kong, for all its millions of people, is still built on an intimate scale. One mile is a very long way indeed. It is a Chinese city, which means it is a place of sudden sights and unexpected confrontations, of heights glimpsed above the rows of oncoming faces, of wide views across the harbour opening glimpsed between buildings.

Some of the best attractions of Hong Kong need transport, and take a day to see: the Ocean Park, an enchanted place of flowers and dolphins; the horse-racing at Sha Tin; the Sung Dynasty Village, artificial, but a convincing picture of Chinese life of 1,000 years ago; the border with Red China, from the observation post at Lok Ma Chau; the Peak Tram; and Sunday morning brunch at the Repulse Bay Hotel, where one can still see the corridors where the men of the Middlesex Regiment bowled their hand-grenades against the Japanese in December, 1941.

Hong Kong has what appears to be a million cars to the acre, so the traffic jams are correspondingly horrific. The police actually exercise riot control by helicopter, landing on the tops of the nearest skyscrapers and going down to street level by lift. They know that if ever there is a disturbance the traffic flow stops dead at once.

They do their best for walkers in Hong Kong, but some of the pedestrian walkways mean walking 100 yards and climbing four flights of steps just to cross one road. But once up there you can stare down at the steaming stationary traffic. There they are, Porsches and Ferraris and Mercedes, all the gleaming turbo-blown fantasy machines, which cannot possibly get out of second gear in Hong Kong more than once or twice a year. Occasionally you see a ➤

car with a sheet of newspaper hanging from its boot. This is a sign, seldom abused, and recognized by the police, which means: "I know I'm parked in the wrong place, but I have broken down."

Some places can be reached only on foot. There is Kam Tin walled village, over on Kowloon side, where all the villagers are related to each other and the paths are so narrow that two men can hardly walk abreast. There are all the little streets, most of them no more than extended flights of steps, in West Point, full of shops selling antiques and curios.

This is Suzy Wong country—in fact the building used as her hotel in the film is at the top of Hollywood Road, next to the Man Mo Miu Temple built in 1848 and well worth a visit itself. The buyer needs to beware. There is no such thing as cheap good china or jade in Hong Kong. The Hong Kong Chinese are themselves the keenest collectors of these in the world.

The signs are all in Chinese, but the

shops are self-explanatory. They sell ivory, stained to make it look old; strips of fish and octopus; beautifully worked embroideries of birds and bamboos; tanks of violently coloured tropical fish; and trays of coins, among them genuine Maria Theresa silver dollars, known as "white pomfrets" to the entrepreneurial part-time smugglers who are paid in them when they run fast boat-loads of TVs and cameras into Red China.

For the contemplative walker it is astonishingly easy to get away from it all. You can catch a bus up to somewhere like Wanchai Gap or Jardine's Lookout, admire the views and gently walk downhill again. Up in the New Territories there are several country parks, at Sai Kung, Plover Cove, Kam Shan and Shing Mun, where you can wander along marked trails. Hong Kong has a population above five million, yet it is possible to walk for an hour and barely see another soul.

Sponsored walks are now almost a

national sport in Hong Kong. In the last 11 years some 911,000 sponsored walkers have raised Hong Kong \$31.5 million (or nearly £3 million) by walking a distance equivalent to 432 times round the earth. No wonder the Hong Kong "Walks for Millions" are in the *Guinness Book of Records*.

There is a walking season—campaign would be more accurate—starting in November and lasting until March. There are 11 major walks, including one for the disabled. The biggest is the Hong Kong Walk, in December. I took part in that in 1980, getting my sponsors through a radio phone-in programme. Hardly had I put my hotel room telephone down when it shrilled again with offers from all over the Colony. Within minutes I had sponsors for over \$1,000 (about £90).

It was 20 kilometres—not much more than a stroll for a serious walker. We started from a football stadium because there were over 40,000 of us. Banks, firms, government departments had sent teams hundreds strong, all wearing matching T-shirts and caps. Whole schools were there, with banners and balloons. The cheering rolled back and forth like a battlefield.

From the stadium we wound up the hill, while manic joggers shot out from side streets at us. We were delighted to see the police chaining up and towing away cars from the route; their owners had been warned about the Walk beforehand. The Chinese are not good at queueing and at the top, where Sir

Cecil's Ride became a narrow path, the sponsored walk became a sponsored shuffle. Chattering, playing transistor radios, munching chickens' legs and swigging bottles of Coke, we formed a long, noisy, colourful crocodile winding through the Tai Tam Country Park, getting our cards stamped every so often to prove we had been there, and so back to the football stadium again. The reward was a certificate of merit, a free bottle of Coke or fizzy orangeade, and the feeling that for two or three hours we had been much closer, emotionally and certainly physically, to the Chinese community in Hong Kong than most tourists will ever get.

John Winton

Singapore

The island of Singapore cannot rival the other countries in this feature as a holiday destination for any length of time, but as a stop-over it has three virtues: first, the multiracial nature of its population and the ethnic quarters of its main city serve as an enticing introduction to the other countries on the traveller's route; second, it offers every kind of bargain to the duty-free shopper; and third, the quality of its hotels and the attractions it does offer make it a splendid place to acclimatize yourself and to replace that vulnerable whiteness with the beginnings of a tan.

There is a wide variety of high-class hotels, equal to those anywhere in the world, and they are expensive, but this is counterbalanced by the fact that taxis are cheap and tipping, the scourge of travellers, is largely outlawed. If you travel by Singapore Airlines, the island can claim another virtue—the comfort and pleasure of flying there. The airline's reputation is well deserved.

Unfortunately one can recommend Raffles only to the harder traveller because most of its rooms do not have air-conditioning, and while younger people may be more than happy to sacrifice this comfort to stay in the historic old hotel, older visitors would be well advised to settle for air-conditioning and make Raffles their choice for dinner. I self-indulgently chose this course, and the evening was one of the highlights of my stay. The establishment, named after Sir Stamford Raffles, founder of the city, dates back to the early 1800s when it was just a restaurant. The hotel came into being in 1886. During the war it was taken over by high-ranking Japanese officers, and afterwards became a temporary shelter for refugees. All Singapore's history is reflected in the pictures on the walls and in the stories about the different rooms.

Singapore is rightly proud of its modernization, its skyscrapers and its control of crime, even if fairly Draconian laws are the price paid, but the real sacrifice has been the destruction of much of the old city.

Just the same, it is worth rising early to watch the barges



DAS WILSON

Left, the old Singapore river, the town's commercial artery, choked with barges as it has been for thousands of years. Below, a colourful street market in Hong Kong.



RICHARD COOKE

While most other countries have a thriving ethnic culture, Singapore has four.



The festivals and foods, customs and costumes of the Chinese, Malay, Indian and Western cultures are revered and relished by all in Singapore. Here, 'Wayangs', performed on street corners by minstrels in glittering traditional Chinese opera costumes, provide a dazzling spectacle – and up to 5 hours of free entertainment



There are hotels in Singapore that can host a convention for 1,500 while offering a 3,000 year old tradition of service. The many luxurious hotels date from the colonial era to the day before yesterday



In Singapore, dining out means enjoying a great meal beneath the stars. Here you'll find many popular outdoor eating spots, where you can enjoy delicious Asian cuisine such as chilli crab and satay, washed down with a fresh ice-cold fruit juice.



Fortune-telling is an important part of Singapore's local culture, and many different techniques are employed to glimpse the future. This venerable gentleman's parrot selects the card which holds your fate.

Singapore 

To: Singapore Tourist Promotion Board,
33 Heddon Street, London W1R 7LB, England

Name _____
Address _____

Please send me more information on Singapore **LN2**

evenings of forgotten elegance, rattan settees and ice-cold beer,
eastern spices carried on a gentle breeze, tales of roaming tigers
and Straits Settlement tin, a page from Somerset Maugham in
the heart of Southeast Asia

MALAYSIA



For further information on Malaysia please fill in the coupon and direct it to the address below.

Name: _____
Address: _____

Director (Overseas),
Tourist Development Corporation of Malaysia,
No. 17 Curzon Street,
United Kingdom
Tel: 01-4997588
Telex: 299659
Cable: MALATOUR LONDON W1



UK/ILN/1.82/N

transporting fruit and vegetables, timber and other products down the old Singapore river, and breakfasting in Chinatown amid a bustling market which is little different from those you will find in the poorer districts of Hong Kong, or in China itself.

The shopping opportunities are endless, but you have to learn to haggle over prices and you are also warned to make sure you obtain an international guarantee and completed warranty card.

One of the features of Singapore, and indeed one of the reasons for its existence, is its magnificent harbour, and a splendid overall view of it can be obtained from a cable car which takes you from the highest point on the island across a small channel to the island of Sentosa. Singapore is trying to promote Sentosa as a tourist area, but my advice is to take the cable car directly back; there is little virtue in the place. Also to be avoided are the Chinese Gardens and the Singapore Cultural Show, both artificial and not worth the time. The bird park at Jurong, with 7,000 birds from 350 species, is worth seeing, however, as are some of the centrally placed gardens, including the Botanic Gardens and the Orchid Gardens. For me the best part of Singapore was the street-side cafés and food bars. The food is delicious and inexpensive and much more fun than the elegant but unadventurous hotel restaurant.

Des Wilson

Malaysia

"Malaysia welcomes *bona fide* tourists but not hippies. You are therefore advised at all times to dress, behave and live decently in hotels as becoming a *bona fide* tourist. If you are found dressed in shabby, dirty or indecent clothes, or living in temporary or make-shift shelters you will be deemed to be a hippie. Your visit pass will be cancelled and you will be ordered to leave Malaysia within 24 hours."

The first hectoring signs, at the airport and other ports of entry, are not reassuring—but they turn out to be deceptive. You are not required to be strait-laced to enjoy Malaysia and the less than smart British tourist need have no fears.

Bureaucracy increasingly makes travelling a misery in much of Asia today but in Malaysia at least there is still a reassuring degree of tolerance. Indeed there has to be if the multi-racial and multi-religious society that makes up the Federation of Malaysia is to continue to flourish as it has done since it was cobbled together in 1963. The present federation is made up of 11 states on the Malayan peninsula together with two former British colonies on the neighbouring island of Borneo, Sarawak and British North Borneo, now known as Sabah, "the land below the wind". On the mainland the population is roughly divided between the politically domi-



A late 18th-century house typical of the British colonial architecture in George Town on Penang Island, Malaysia.

nant—and Muslim—Malays and the economically powerful Chinese, together with a substantial minority of Indians. In Sarawak and Sabah the population is largely composed of various indigenous tribal groups, with Malays and Chinese in the minority. This mixture of cultures, races and religions makes for a heady atmosphere—and a captivating one from the visitor's point of view. Inevitably there are strains but so long as the Malaysian economy continues to thrive the differences seem chiefly to be confined to financial rivalry in the market place.

For the tourist Malaysia cannot compete with the exotic charms of Bali or the golden temples of Thailand. It has no great heritage from the past to draw upon. It is essentially a mongrel society, most of its population of 14 million being descendants of immigrants who settled there within the last century—Indonesians from Sumatra and Java, Chinese who came to supply the labour for the tin mines, Indians who worked on the rubber plantations. But what it lacks in depth Malaysia makes up for in variety and for the British visitor it has the considerable advantage of having once been part of the British Empire. This means that English is understood (even if the phonetic rendering of English words in public places is a bit difficult to grasp at first: try *tekxi*, *ais krim* and *setesun* for starters) and that you will be made welcome. The Malaysians and their colonial rulers got along rather well and there was no prolonged struggle for independence; the result is that Malaysians still actually like us.

Another attractive legacy of colonial rule can be enjoyed in what were formerly known as the Straits Settlements

of Penang and Malacca. Modern development, which has destroyed whatever charms the old Straits Settlement of Singapore might once have had, has left both Penang and Malacca relatively unscathed. George Town on Penang Island still has what is probably the finest collection of British colonial architecture east of Suez, while the once-famous spice port of Malacca can reach back further into history with periods of Portuguese and Dutch rule.

The modern trend in the Third World countries' tourist development plans is to channel tourists into selected luxury ghettos. In Malaysia a great deal of money and effort has gone into developing the hitherto isolated and neglected east coast of the Malayan peninsula. The beaches are beautiful, the scenery sublime, the sea and the swimming idyllic. You are flown in, pampered, and flown out again (Kuoni can offer you 10 days at the Hyatt Hotel, Kuantan, for approximately £550, including return flight to London) but of course you have not experienced the real Malaysia of rural *kampongs* and mosques, Chinese pagodas, Hindu temples, lime-green paddy-fields, rubber trees and rain-forests.

For those with the time and the energy to travel, Malaysia offers singular rewards, none richer than a trip to Sarawak (pronounced Sarawa) ideally by way of a Straits Steamship passenger boat from Singapore and up the Sarawak river to Kuching. Little effort has been made to promote tourism here and the traveller has to fend for himself, but if he happens to be an Englishman he can be sure of as warm a welcome as anywhere in Asia. This is partly because the Ibans and Dyaks and other jungle-dwellers still keep up an ancient tradition of hospitality towards travellers, but mainly because for over a century Sarawak was ruled, justly and

harmoniously, by three generations of an English family, the Brookes—better known as the White Rajahs. The first Rajah, the swashbuckling James Brooke, sailed up the Sarawak river in 1839 and suppressed a local rebellion, for which he was made Rajah of Sarawak by the Sultan of Brunei. He and his successors ruled the country rather as country squires might look after a large family estate. They ensured that there was no exploitation either of the land or of its people and the worst that can be said of the White Rajahs is that they failed to develop the country.

Sarawak still seems underdeveloped by comparison with the Malayan mainland. The river and the powered dug-out still serve as the main means of communication for most of the country and many of its people, particularly the tribal people of the interior, continue to follow the traditional pattern of living. Kuching itself still has an old-fashioned 19th-century look about it with the White Rajah's palace, resembling an English cricket-pavilion, and the Toy Town Fort Margherita on one side of the river and the court and government offices on the other. But to get the best out of the country you have to go up-river and into the interior.

A fleet of express river-buses runs on each of Sarawak's major rivers. Within a few minutes you can leave the modern world behind and enter the primeval past, with the hardwood trees of the true rain-forest pressing in on both banks. Only occasionally do you see signs of habitation: Iban longhouses raised on stilts with an open verandah running along the front, with perhaps 20 families sharing a common roof. Steps lead down to the water where naked children splash about and bare-breasted women pound the dirt out of clothes.

After perhaps half a day's journey you pull in at one of the divisional ➤➤

Garuda Indonesian Airways the best in the long run



The inflight service on Garuda from London Gatwick to Indonesia, is all you would expect from one of the world's leading international airlines. Our Boeing 747s offer a 3-class system with all the charm and beauty of Indonesia on board. Travelling to the Far East or Australia is an experience, in the long run Garuda will make it the right one.



For further information contact your local Garuda Office.



Amsterdam (020-246 397) Bologna (051-276521)
Brussels (02-2191760) Frankfurt (0611-2 32956/7/8)

Hamburg (040-327459) London (434 2591)
Madrid (247 8100) Milan (02-809736/7)

Paris (562 3866) Rome (06-4755813/5)
Zurich (01-36 36 444) Stockholm-Solna (468858582)

headquarters, an isolated town with a wooden fort and a few shops reminiscent of a frontier post. If you want to go farther you have to get permission from the District Officer. You can either go on up-river, perhaps in a dug-out canoe with an outboard motor, or you can take one of the tracks leading into the jungle and start walking. Every track will eventually lead you to a longhouse and the farther you go the warmer your welcome. You will be pressed to stay and to share in a harmonious, colourful and immensely good-natured way of life as if you were an honoured guest—which is precisely what you are. Sarawak offers the stranger unique privileges that can be (and unfortunately are being) easily exploited and abused. Seen in this light the meaning of those threatening notice-boards at the airport at once becomes clear.

Charles Allen

Indonesia

Indonesia is too big for cute generalizations. A short trip will not reach far below the surface of a society still emerging from Dutch colonialism, but the visit will prove a powerful experience.

In the cities the late 20th century has been impressed on a baffled culture at top speed, converting everyday living into a cantankerous reflection of Singapore or Hong Kong, but perhaps it does not matter. Tropical sunshine can add a sudden if evanescent magic to squalor, even to high-rise American banks, but no visitor in his right mind would stay long in Jakarta.

A twin-keeled fishing boat under sail off the east coast of Sulawesi, Indonesia.

Beyond the cities the countryside waits, sweet and bright, so ravishing that those travellers who know the rest of Indonesia and still hold that the island of Bali is the most exotic place on earth are making comparisons at the highest level. Yet, perfect as it is, Bali has rivals.

The most serious rival may be Lake Toba, the largest lake on the island of Sumatra, itself, after Borneo, the largest island in a land of islands. You get there by flying to Medan, a vile city, the only one where guests are warned not to wander outside the hotel compound alone at night. After an early-morning start you go up country on a long journey of constantly increasing beauty.

At once the road plunges into a scene Gauguin might have painted; a hothouse of intense greens nubbled with blobs of red and yellow, a clammy world hemmed in by cocoa, oil palm and coffee plantations, desperately heavily populated, cacophonous with mopeds, the transport for youngsters in the money for the first time.

Village life is primitive, but no more so than anywhere else where, people have to do everything that needs doing in full view. Handsome, half-naked women wash themselves, their children and their husbands' jeans in streams cloudy with detergent while the men chat under the kapok trees or squeeze into the village cock-pit. Cock-fighting is a national pastime.

Entire families work feverishly in the fields, apparently in good humour although, on the face of it, there is not much to laugh at. No one could call the Indonesian peasant lazy.

Long stretches of the jungle are curiously artificial, full of gaudy toys like an 18th-century nobleman's folly—

teratological birds and butterflies and long-nosed monkeys with faces like money-lenders. But gradually, as the road rises into the mountains, this wilderness gives way to cultivation, to miles and miles of rice fields as orderly as time-tables. And in another hour or so Lake Toba comes into view, spanning a valley 45 miles by 15.

You crawl out of the car at the lakeside resort of Parapet, scarcely able to stand for stiffness, to be greeted by smiling servants from the hotel who bow, show you to your room—a simple, comfortable chalet—assure you that you are welcome, bow again and leave you to shower and change. In the garden the cool breeze smells of violets.

There is a certain amount to do as well as see. A motor launch will take you across to the lake-island of Samosir, where you may inspect the tombs of the ancient Batak Kings of Tomok and the houses of Simanindo whose roofs are as graceful as gondolas.

To uproot yourself from these indolent shores takes some resolve and the Indonesians are no help since their own preference is for long, intimate conversations conducted in low voices and peppered with probing questions about your private life.

Indonesia offers great scope for naturalists: there is so much to learn they can hardly count on a minute to themselves. Northern Sumatra is the home of the orang-outang, the black monkey and the agreeable gibbon. Elephants, rhinos and snakes are occasionally spotted by enthusiasts and recently, during term time, a leopard made an unscheduled appearance on the campus of Jogjakarta University. In Bali, during a performance of the monkey dance, a

bird with a wing span of 7 or 8 feet hovered overhead for half an hour. The consensus was that it was a greater spotted eagle but it looked like a minion of the Devil himself to me.

Man has been busy, too. Borobudur is said to be the biggest Buddhist temple in the world and the pilgrimage to this outstanding creation of Hindu-Javanese art is the centre of a tour of Indonesia. Kota Gede is much visited for its silverware, almost all of it hideous, and students of music can enjoy the gamelan, an acquired taste, in every temple from the Indian Ocean to the Java Sea.

At Lemo Toraja, on the island of Celebes, the dead were placed standing up, side by side in balconies cut into the hillside. You can still see them, the corpses dressed in the robes they wore when they were alive, and they stand with dried hands resting on the balustrade, or lean in some cases, as if, perhaps, they had had too much to drink. They look like members of the audience at a Covent Garden gala on its feet for the national anthem.

It was the custom in Toraja, now going out of style, for both sexes to have their teeth broken off at the gums. As I said before, Indonesia is a powerful experience.

Edward Mace

The Philippines

It was a public holiday, a hot summer's day, and the people of the town were out enjoying themselves. The streets were crowded with strollers; even more were relaxing in the large park, picnicking on the grass between the beds of salvias and boating on the lake, and the bicycle lane was packed with children. It might almost have been somewhere in Britain. The scene was actually set in Baguio City in the Philippines, where May Day, for such it was, is celebrated much as it is half a world away. There, however, the resemblance ended.

Situated high in the mountains to the north of Manila, Baguio is known as the summer capital of the Philippines. Its equable, dry climate provides respite from the steamy heat of Manila as much to the inhabitants of that city, some of whom have summer residences tucked away in the pine-clad hills round Baguio, as to visitors, who can comfortably explore the town on foot. You can lose yourself several times in the enormous central street market, whose range of goods is equal to that of any western supermarket. Silver is mined in the region and at the St Louis Mission Centre you can watch the precious metal being turned into finely worked jewelry by a team of craftsmen. On the outskirts of the town you meet one of the many reminders of the long association between the Philippines and the USA—the Camp John Hay where the Japanese signed surrender papers ending the Second World War in the Philippines. More recently it has served as a rest camp for US military personnel ➤



J. ALLEN CASH

ASIAN DREAMS

SINGAPORE/PENANG £559.00 10 DAYS

Flying Singapore Airlines 747 Super 8
Staying at the tropical setting of the "Orchid Inn" Singapore and the ideally located Casuarina Beach Hotel on the paradise island of Penang.
Or visit Malaysia's unspoilt East Coast with our Fly Drive Holiday.

BANGKOK/PATTAYA £479.00 10 DAYS

Two centre holiday featuring the superb Regent President Hotel in Bangkok and the Orchard Lodge at Pattaya Beach Resort.
Sample the "jumbo" hospitality on board Thai Airways International's 747.

HONG KONG FROM £379.00 8 DAYS

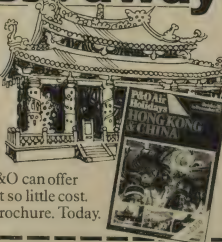
Eight city holiday with accommodation in the Crown Colony's luxurious Excelsior Hotel.
Experience the renowned in-flight service of Cathay Pacific Airways.

ASIAN DREAMS HOLIDAYS

49 Brompton Rd., London SW3 Telephone 01 584 73 12

Hong Kong 8 days only £339 away

For just a little more you can also visit China—or go on tour. P&O Air Holidays use scheduled flights with Cathay Pacific. First class hotels. You'll wonder how P&O can offer so much excellence at so little cost. Send for our colour brochure. Today.



P&O Air Holidays

Name _____
Address _____

Post today to: P&O Air Holidays, Beaufort House, 5 Borooph Street, London EC3A 7DX. Or telephone 01-247 6161

REF HK/ILN ATOL 958B

遼東旅遊

and now its sports and recreational facilities are open to the public.

From Baguio it is only an hour's drive to the South China Sea beaches on the west coast. A longer and more spectacular drive—it takes eight hours via a narrow, winding road—brings you to the northern mountain province of Banauw and one of the most impressive sights in the Philippines. These are the rice terraces, built over 2,000 years ago by the ancestors of the Ifugao tribesmen who still tend them. While mountain faces are cut into dozens of levels, with low walls to retain the water and channel it into the rice paddies. They rise to a height of 5,000 feet over some 100 square miles of country and are estimated to reach a total length of 14,000 miles. The marvel of their construction, with the tools available at the time, is parallel to that of the pyramids.

Although the heat and humidity of the capital are no inducement to remain there, the cool comforts of its luxury hotels, such as the modern Mandarin in the business district of Makati, or the long-established Manila Hotel provide more than adequate consolation.

Sprawled round the curving shore of Manila Bay, it is a large stimulating city humming with life and vibrating with the ceaseless flow of traffic, most noticeably the multi-coloured jeepneys. These highly individual vehicles, each decorated with innumerable model horses, mirrors, bells and pennants and covered with slogans, are an alternative and popular form of transport to the buses and taxis, horse-drawn *callejas* and tricycles which throng the streets.

If the jeepney is a relic of the American connexion—the original ones were modified jeeps—Manila also contains reminders of the country's earlier history. There is the walled city of Intramuros, site of the first Spanish settlement in the 16th century; Rizal Park, dedicated to the 19th-century patriot Jose Rizal, whose execution by the Spaniards triggered the growth of the independence movement; and the Chinese cemetery, founded in the 15th century, where the monuments are elaborate pavilions and where whole Filipino families live as caretakers.

Manila is situated on Luzon, largest of the 7,107 islands that make up the Philippines, but before setting off to explore any of the others you should not miss the experience of shooting the rapids at Pagsanjan or the sight of the world's smallest volcano, both places within two hours' drive of the city. The drive to Tagaytay Ridge brings you to a spot 2,000 feet above sea level from where you can take down on Lake Taal. In the middle of the lake is a small island and in the middle of the island is Taal volcano. Still active, it had its last major eruption in 1968.

The route to Pagsanjan took us past bright green rice paddies and coconut plantations. We set off along the river in a long crocodile of dug-out canoes—

2,000-year-old rice terraces cover the hillsides of Banauw in the Philippines.

two passengers and two boatmen in each—first hauled by a motor boat, past groups of women doing their washing on platforms near the bank and past lazily wallowing water buffalo enjoying a well-earned rest from their labours in the fields. Then the canoes separated and glided silently through a deep gorge, the sides thick with overhanging vegetation. When we reached the rapids each boat had to be man-handled up over the rocks by the hard-working boatmen until we got to the falls of Pagsanjan. There was a pause for a swim or a raft trip beneath the cascade and then the rapid-shooting began. It was bumpy and exhilarating by turns—and over all too soon.

On Cebu island in the Visayan group a number of beach resorts have recently been developed. It takes 70 minutes to fly from Manila to Cebu City and it is no distance from the airport to Tambuli beach resort. More remotely situated, some two hours' drive from Cebu, is Argao Beach Club. The accommodation at each is in the form of comfortable beach bungalows; each is set on a fine white sandy beach, fringed with palm trees, and beside the inviting warm blue Visayan Sea. Seafood is a speciality of the island, with two outstandingly delicious kinds of local fish, *lupa lupa* and *tanguguid*.

Margaret Davies

Sri Lanka

An abiding memory of Sri Lanka is the noise and feel of the winds as they buffet the fortress rock of Sigiriya, howling over the plains to find themselves at the bastion—the winds, which pluck with fury at the clothes and the hair of those who climb the wide stone steps, worn smooth by centuries of footsteps; the winds, which whip the dust from beneath the struggling bushes and sway

the wasps' nests on their limpet moorings; the winds, which rattle the iron staircase, corkscrewing up to the cave of painted women.

They are winds that never ceased all the time I was on Sigiriya, learning about the tortured murderer king who made the rock his palace, wondering about the life that was lived by his court and about the paintings there, which have survived for 15 centuries. His name was Kasyapa and in the fifth century he murdered his father and seized the throne. Remorse and the fear of his younger brother's vengeance caused him to flee to the rock, which soars 600 feet above the surrounding countryside, and build his palace on top of the natural granite fortress.

It is the kind of tale that Kipling or Rider Haggard would have chosen to tell, but the truth of Sigiriya is stranger than any fiction. Kasyapa stayed there for 18 years, finally descending to fight his brother—and commit suicide when the battle went against him.

Sigiriya is more or less at the centre of Sri Lanka, about 100 miles north-east of Colombo, and is likely to be on any tour a visitor undertakes. We came to it on the morning of our second day, having stayed overnight at Habarana, a dozen miles away. The Village Hotel there turned out to be one of the best we used during our days of travelling and it has to be said that accommodation on such tours can vary greatly.

There are government rest-houses offering what one brochure archly describes as "comfortable but informal accommodation", and park bungalows run by the Department of Wild Life Conservation. But most tourists will find themselves in hotels, and the price paid for the tour will obviously determine what quality of hotels the company uses. After a long day on the road—and some of the roads leave a lot to be desired—the availability of a private bathroom is worth the extra cost.

Though I do not intend this to be a dissertation on the quality of Sri Lankan hotels, I should mention that the beach resorts south of Colombo, starting at Kollupitiya and running right down to Bentota, are well served in this regard, and most visitors spend some of their time in one of them. But it would be a mistake to journey all the way to the Resplendent Land and remain on its beaches. The whole point of a holiday there is to experience something of the history and the culture of the island, and to see its remarkably fine landscapes and agricultural work.

Our journey took us through the open rice-growing countryside with its toiling buffaloes and ceaseless industry to the forests where the sawmills still use elephants to haul huge logs (and as a profitable sideline display the elephants to the passing coach trade) and eventually to the high hill country where tea-growing is the main activity.

Six thousand feet up in these green hills I sat in the lounge of the Hill Club at Nuwara Eliya, taking tea (naturally) and reflecting on the tradition of the planters and their influence over the decades that had shaped the society of these regions. The atmosphere was that of so many of the clubs that are to be found in the far-flung corners of the old Empire—the atmosphere of an England idealized by expatriates. The bound copies of *Country Life* were dated 1946 and in a way this was appropriate for Sri Lanka sometimes shows evidence of having been frozen in the 1940s and the 1950s. This is best demonstrated by the remarkable number of British cars of the period that are still in everyday use, particularly in Colombo.

But such an observation reflects only one facet of Sri Lanka. Others are associated with a longer sweep of history, and on that tour we travelled from Sigiriya to Polonnaruwa, the island's medieval capital and now the site of some impressive ruins.

Precious.
Perfect.



Just as Kasyapa's story tells of man's capacity for evil, so the story of Polonnaruwa tells of man's capacity for making an ass of himself. The king here was Parakrama Bahu I, who reigned from 1153 to 1186 and created a magnificent city of temples, shrines, parks and palaces. The folly came with one of his successors, King Nissanka Malla, who more or less bankrupted Sri Lanka trying to maintain the prestige of his capital. But even in ruin Polonnaruwa is still magnificent. Time and the jungle may have had their effects, but to stand at the Gal Vihara and see the great statues of Lord Buddha is to glimpse the grandeur of the past.

The hill city of Kandy is also on the sightseeing circuit by reason of its famous Temple of the Tooth, standing at the side of a lake which is itself part of the sacred complex. I must confess to being disappointed by the building itself, but the ritual of worship, the drums and the chanting and the offerings of flowers provided impressive evidence of faith which would alone have justified the journey to that last stronghold of the Kandyan kings.

Should you be contemplating a visit to Sri Lanka, I would urge you to travel around the island. Do not restrict yourself, as some do, to the coast. Do not believe, as some do, that the bustle of Colombo represents life as it is generally lived by the inhabitants of the island. Take the trouble to read in advance of its history so that when you arrive there you will be able to set the wonders of Sri Lanka in their proper context. And be assured that you will find plenty to wonder at. **John Carter**

India

India has a land area of more than 1¼ million square miles, over 2,000 miles separating its northernmost point from its southernmost at Cape Comorin. Even if you want to see only a small part of all this in the space of three weeks or so you must go either by air or by train.

I am a confirmed train man. Waiting at airports I saw nothing of India. Travelling by train or standing at a station I was submerged in India and in Indians, too.

The Indian railway system is the fourth largest in the world. Every day well over nine million people board 11,000 trains and are carried to 7,000 stations. And these nine million are only the fare-paying ones. It soon becomes obvious to any visitor that every Indian with a ticket seems to have a *doppelgänger* without one.

There are three sorts of accommodation on Indian trains which offer facilities for overnight travel, the best time to travel because it leaves the daytime free for sightseeing unless you are on a long journey such as Delhi-Hyderabad (two nights and a day). There is the top class which is air-conditioned, in some ways an unnecessary refinement unless

the weather is really hot. Next there is first class, which is nothing like ours. Finally there is second class, which should be left to the young—and even some of them find it a bit tough.

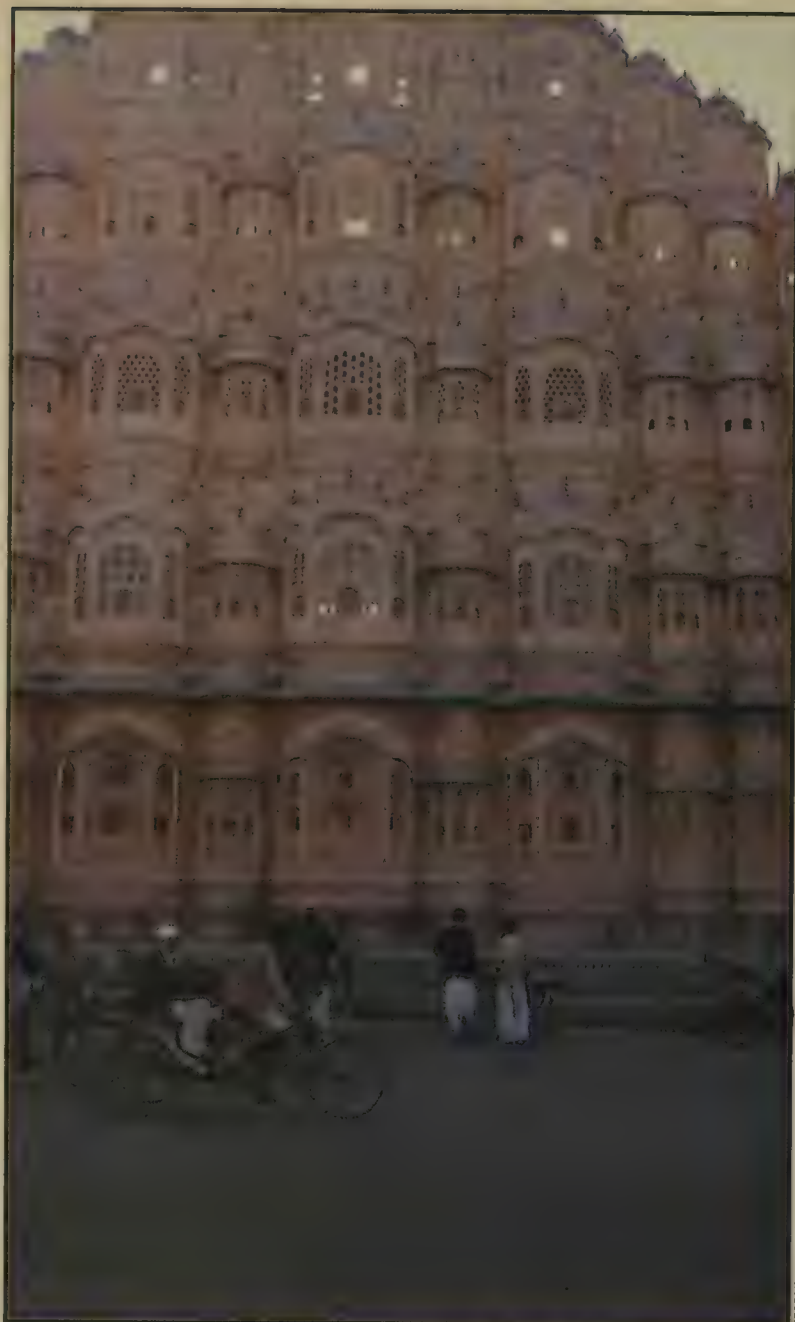
Air-conditioned cars have two- and four-berth compartments, first have anything from two to six berths, while some second-class cars convert themselves into open-caste sleeping cars with anything from 48 to 75 berths.

It is cheaper and easier to buy an "Indrail Pass" than it is to queue to buy a ticket for each journey. It must be paid for in foreign currency and can be bought outside India. It allows unlimited travel for periods between seven and 90 days in any of the three classes, according to what you pay.

As there were four of us we were able to have a four-berth compartment to ourselves and we bought a 21-day first-class ticket in Delhi. It cost just over £50. An amazing genius of the railways mapped out an itinerary for us at Baroda House, the railway headquarters, with all the arrivals and departures to the nearest minute. There were 40 of these, for all of which he notified reservations by telex around India.

His route took us to Hyderabad, to the ruins of Vijayanagar, to Goa where, on our own initiative, we joined a lovely old steamer which took us up the coast to Bombay in half a day and a night—much too short. From there we went to Khajraho, Banaras, Agra, Fatehpur Sikri and then to Jaipur, Jodhpur and Jaisalmer, on the Pakistan border. ➡➡➡

Right, the Palace of the Winds in Jaipur. Below, an elephant orphanage in Sri Lanka where young animals found straying in the forests are reared.



And you thought India was a last resort...



Amritsar - Golden Temple



Goa - Fort Aguada Beach Resort



When you've wintered in Hawaii, wine d in Cannes, sailed in the Seychelles, sunned in Antigua, what else is there to indulge yourself in?

India.

Because in India, everything is indulgent.

The sun-drenched beaches run for miles and the soft sands never seem to run out.

As if one ocean was not enough, in India you can swim in the warm waters of three.

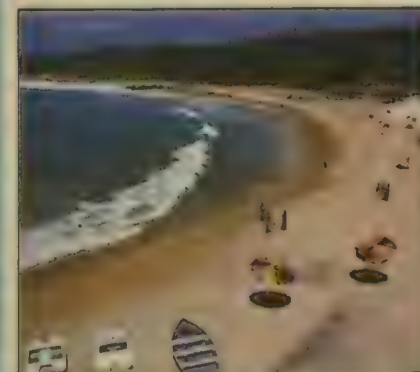
The hotels are not just hotels. They're palaces and forts and palm-fringed cottages.

All with the kind of silently superb service, even the very rich are hardly accustomed to.

And when you drag yourself away from the beach, there are ancient temples to feast your eyes on, colourful bazaars to assail the senses, wildlife sanctuaries that will amaze you with rare and different animals, and more exotic experiences than you could ever fit into a lifetime.

Indulge yourself in India.

It's everything you've been longing for. And more.



Kovalam

Please send me further information on Holidays in India

The Government of India Tourist Office,
21 New Bond Street, London, W1Y 0DY.

Name _____

Address _____

ILN/1

india

INDIA NEPAL SRI LANKA

A new programme of
exotic Cox & Kings Holidays for 1981/2 to the *Not So Far East*:

INDIA - luxury hotels, unspoilt beaches, game parks, a wealth of culture -
a world in one country.

NEPAL - a remote kingdom, the mighty Himalayas, hidden valleys, placid lakes -
the complete contrast to India.

SRI LANKA - golden beaches, tropical jungle, wildlife and monuments
of an ancient civilisation - the complement to India and Nepal.

THE MALDIVES - remote desert islands, white coral beaches,
the blue Indian Ocean.

For your copy of the Cox & Kings *Not So Far East* brochure
call 01-439 3380 (24 hours) or write to:

Founded 1758

COX & KINGS TRAVEL

46 Marshall St London W1V 2PA

ABTA ATOL 484BC

Unwind in Sri Lanka

And let your cares and worries
ebb away in the warm clear
seas of 'serendipity'.

Just a few days here

will be a tonic—

on a beach

in the shade

of whispering palms

or in air-conditioned

luxury in the heart of

Colombo, or even in a

Rest-House high in the hills.

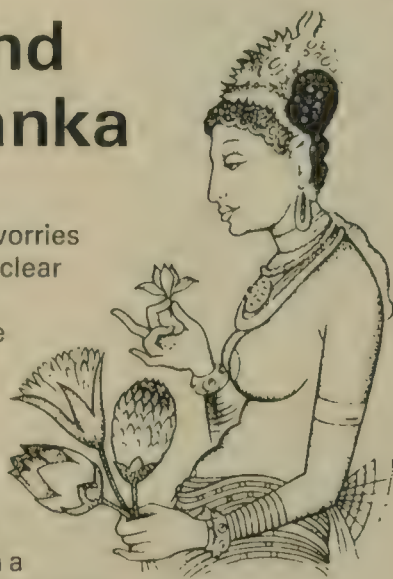
Sri Lanka has the culture, interests and
lasting beauty of thousands of years
of colourful history; the people are
happy, ever-smiling and friendly—
and all this in an air of tranquillity
under a tropical sun.

Who could want for anything more?

CEYLON TOURIST BOARD

52/54 High Holborn, London WC1V 6RB

(01 405 1195)



SOUTH AFRICA: the big holiday country

ILN/3

For colour brochures on inclusive tours to South Africa,
see your LATA travel agent, or post this coupon to:
SAA, 251-9 Regent Street, London W1R 7AD.

Name:

Address



SOUTH AFRICAN AIRWAYS

We offer you the Lion's Share.



遠東旅遊

The only snag in this vast and meticulously planned operation was that after we left Delhi none of the genius's telexes or telegrams had any effect. Actually this was our fault: Indian Railways warn that they need something like three months to set up an itinerary. As a result every change of train was a minor drama as we tried to establish our right to a seat.

Unless we wanted to stay more than a day or a night we slept either on the train or in first-class railway waiting rooms which are clean, can be locked and are equipped with beds, sheets and showers. They need to be booked in advance as they are much frequented by

Indian MPs. While travelling we ate mostly in station restaurants which serve good if somewhat monotonous Indian food at prices which work out at about 70p a head. English food, except boiled eggs, is an unmitigated disaster.

When sleeping in the train you need your own bedding, which can be hired. In winter sleeping bags and pullovers at night are needed north of Hyderabad, that is in nearly two-thirds of India. As large tracts of the country are "dry" or "semi-dry" we bought beer in liquor stores—it is incredibly expensive in hotels—as well as limes and bottles of rum to stave off the melancholy of the Indian twilight. Here are a few extracts

Facts and figures

On this page I have given a few facts about the countries covered in the preceding articles. The air fares quoted are correct on going to press but are subject to change. The excursion fares all require advance booking and have various restrictions on their application. Please check with your travel agent or the airline concerned. The inclusive holidays selected are only a few of the many currently available from the 80 or so tour companies and agencies operating to the countries featured. Where "No visa" is indicated this refers only to UK passport holders. Others should check before making any reservations. In some cases visas can take some time to obtain.

Although smallpox has been officially eradicated by the World Health Organization, there are still some countries, particularly in the Far East, that require certificates of immunization if passengers have passed through any designated infected area up to 14 days previously. The same applies to yellow fever. Some countries require cholera immunization and I would certainly recommend this in the Far East with the exception of Hong Kong and Japan. I always have a TABT (typhoid, paratyphoid and tetanus) jab when travelling in that area. Similarly anti-malarial precautions should be taken when travelling in equatorial and tropical zones except for northern Australia. But check with your travel agency and/or doctor.

COOK ISLANDS

A widely scattered self-governing dependency of New Zealand, 15 islands in all. Half-way between Auckland and Fiji. Tropical climate. Temperature around 70°F to 80°F. Rainiest period from December to March. Official language: Maori with English widely spoken. No visa required. Currency: New Zealand dollar (100 cents); £1: NZ\$ 2.22.

Getting there: Flights by Air New Zealand and Polynesian Airlines from Auckland. About 3 hours 45 minutes to Rarotonga. Return fares from Auckland: 1st class, NZ\$1,404. Economy, NZ\$936.

Inclusive holidays: None direct from UK. Seven- and 14-day tours from New Zealand.

Further information: Cook Islands Desk, Marketing Services (Tourism & Travel) Ltd, 52/54 High Holborn, London WC1V 6RL (tel 01-242 3131).

NEW ZEALAND

Consists of North Island and South Island. Population: 3,100,000, including 8 per cent Maori. Temperate climate on the whole with seasons "opposite" to those in the northern hemisphere. Summer: September to February. Temperature range 55°F to 82°F.

Northern part of North Island is much warmer. Official language: English with Maori also spoken. No visa required. Currency: New Zealand dollar. Restrictions on export of currency.

Getting there: Main services from London: Air New Zealand/British Airways via Los Angeles; British Airways/Qantas via Australia. Also excellent connecting services by Singapore Airlines. About 30 hours flying time to Auckland. Return fares: 1st class, £2,960. Full fare economy, £1,728. Excursion, £648.

Inclusive holidays: Two samples: round New Zealand including Auckland, Rotorua, Waitangi, Wellington, Christchurch, Mount Cook, Milford Sound, Dunedin. 26 days in all from London, £1,440-£1,775 (Cooks). North & South Island tour out via Singapore, then by Singapore Airlines to New Zealand. 21-day tour in New Zealand by private coach. Home via Los Angeles. Two nights each in Singapore and LA, 30 days in all, £1,895-£2,107 (Bales).

Further information: New Zealand Tourist Office, New Zealand House, Haymarket, London SW1Y 4TQ (tel 01-930 8422).

AUSTRALIA

Second largest country in the British Commonwealth. Astonishing contrasts not least in climate. Summer, November to March, hot, humid in tropical north, very hot in centre, southern states hot days, cooler nights; winter, June to August, warm days, mild nights in north; hot days, cool nights in centre; mild to cool days in south with snow on mountains. Official language: English. Visa required by all visitors. Currency: Australian dollar (100 cents); £1: Aus\$ 1.60.

Getting there: Main services from London by Qantas and British Airways. Good connecting routes by Singapore Airlines, Air India, Cathay Pacific. Flying time to Sydney about 26 hours. Return fares: 1st class, £2,923. Full fare economy, £1,542. Excursion, £524. (These are to Sydney/Melbourne. Fares would be less to Perth, Adelaide).

Inclusive holidays: Feature in a number of "Round the World" tours. Also in south-east Asia and Australasia tours. Sample Australia-only tour: Qantas to Sydney, then to Blue Mountains, Brisbane, Hayman Island, Great Barrier Reef, Melbourne. Internal travel by air and coach. 25 days in all, £1,295-£1,560 from London (Jetabout).

Further information: Australian Tourist Commission, 49 Old Bond Street, London W1X 4PL (tel 01-499 2247). (Their "Travel Planner" booklet is the most comprehensive available.)

from the extensive diaries I kept of my Indian travels.

February 12 Arrive Hospet, Karnataka. Take a bus 9 miles to the ruined city of the Vijayanagar kings who flourished from 1336 to 1565. Bus built to take 18 passengers. Has 40 on board when we leave and sitting on the engine casing, practically red-hot but the only place available, I feel like a poppadom. The city appears in an area of fantastic granite rocks, and many of the Hindu temples we were shown by a six-year-old boy are still in use. Tailed by malevolent dogs, see successively gazeboes, huge walls with almost invisible joints, astonishing pink elephant

stables. Dead-beat, meet some nice peasants who offer us papayas and let us bathe in their water conduit. Catch the 221 Up—it is easy to fall into railway jargon living like this—Guntur-Hubli passenger train at 11pm.

February 17 Bombay. Having arrived by steamer in the early morning take a boat to Elephant Island to see the caves. Huge mem-sahib-type matrons of many nations being carried up to them on palanquins. Afterwards unsuitably travel-stained to the Taj Hotel which is full of incredibly elegant and spotless people, who presumably keep that way by never leaving it.

February 26 Arrive Banaras. Cross the

Ganges in a huge rowing boat to the far bank where thousands of pilgrims are encamped on the sands, women are drying their saris in the strong breeze and holy men are ensconced in little towers. Later leave on the Upper India Express and listen to the cry of the cha wallah "Cha Garam, Garam Cha" as he walks the length of the station. It sounds like a litany. The withered hand of an otherwise invisible beggar slips in through the compartment window supplicating alms.

February 28 Arrive Jaisalmer (western Rajasthan) after a night crossing of the Thar Desert in a steam train which leaves a great plume of black smoke

trailing across the early morning sky as gazelles leap away from the train. The sun rises on Jaisalmer, unearthly, golden brown, a dream city looming on top of an enormous rock. Cavernous streets full of beautiful women, wearing long skirts and chunky jewelry, Rajput men in turbans—pink, saffron, olive green and various shades of yellow—and thousands of Jain pilgrims who have walked here from Bijapur, 67 days at 12 miles a day, men, women and children ... members of our party buy patchwork quilts, puppets, cushions with mirrors stuck to them, necklaces of silver balls, beautiful old skirts, cast-offs from the women ...

Eric Newby

JAPAN

With a population of over 110 million crammed into one fifth of the land space, it is one of the most densely populated nations in the world. Spectacular scenery. Four distinct seasons more or less parallel to the UK but with hotter summers, higher humidity and colder winters in the north. Official language: Japanese with English widely spoken in tourist areas but not elsewhere. No visa required for stays up to 180 days. Currency: Yen; £1: Y 430. Advisable to take travellers cheques in yen denominations.

Getting there: Direct flights from London over the Pole via Alaska, via Moscow and Siberia or via Middle East. Japan Air Lines (JAL) operate all three routes also British Airways (not via Moscow). Pole route most convenient. Flying time about 16 hours. Return fares: 1st class, £3,019. Full fare economy, £1,577. No excursion fares at present.

Inclusive holidays: A 19-day four-country holiday with seven days (six nights) in Japan to include Tokyo, Osaka and Kyoto. Other countries, Hong Kong, Singapore and Thailand. £1,640 escorted from London (Bales).

Further information: Japan National Tourist Organisation, 167 Regent Street, London W1R 7FD (tel 01-734 9638).

HONG KONG

A British Crown Colony. This tiny foothold on China has around five million inhabitants. A major trading and transport centre. Climate sub-tropical with hot sticky summers, late May to early September; cool winters, mid December to end of February; autumn, September to December, clear sunny days. Official languages: English and Cantonese. No visa required for stays up to six months. Currency: Hong Kong dollar; £1: HK\$ 11.80.

Getting there: Direct flights from London by British Airways, British Caledonian and Cathay Pacific. Flying time about 16 hours. Return fares: 1st class, £2,691. Full fare economy, £1,180. Excursion, £339. (Big variations here, check with airlines).

Inclusive holidays: Over 50 UK travel companies operate inclusive holidays to Hong Kong either as a single destination or part of a wider itinerary. These range from a 10-day (seven nights in HK) holiday in a new modern hotel for £440 from London to over £1,100 for two weeks in one of the colony's smartest establishments including travel.

Further information: Hong Kong Tourist Association, 14/16 Cockspur Street, London SW1Y 5DP (tel 01-930 4775).

SINGAPORE

The smallest independent nation in Asia. Crossroads of airline travel. Climate tropical with daytime temperatures around 85°F,

falling at night to a comfortable 75°F. November to January wettest months. Showers severe but brief. High humidity. Official languages: Malay, Mandarin, Tamil with English widely used. No visa required. Currency: Singapore dollar (100 cents); £1: S\$ 3.80. Not more than S\$ 1,000 may be taken in or out.

Getting there: Served by 30 international airlines of which its own Singapore Airlines is the leader. Flying time from London about 17 hours. Return fares: 1st class, £2,494. Full fare economy, £1,218. Excursion, £459. **Inclusive holidays:** A week with half board in a good quality hotel in Singapore will cost between £580 and £750 including travel from London. Many two- and three-centre holidays include Singapore along with Hong Kong and/or Bangkok, £600 to £800.

Further information: Singapore Tourist Promotion Board, 33 Heddon Street London W1R 7LB (tel 01-437 0033).

MALAYSIA

Federation of 13 states in two areas—Peninsular Malaysia and the contiguous states of Sarawak and Sabah (on Borneo). Tropical climate but cooler and breezier on coasts. Rainfall most of year. Showers short but sharp. High humidity. Official language: Bahasa Malay with English widely spoken. No visa required. Currency: Malaysian dollar (Ringgit); £1: M\$ 4.14.

Getting there: Both British Airways and Malaysian Airlines System (MAS) fly from London to Kuala Lumpur with one or two stops en route. Flying time about 17 hours. Return fares: 1st class, £2,494. Full fare economy, £1,442. Excursion, £460.

Inclusive holidays: Three centre: Malaysia, Borneo and Thailand. Two nights in Singapore, three in Kuching (Sarawak), two in Kuala Lumpur, two in the Cameron Highlands, two in Penang, three in Bangkok. Half board (with lunch on certain days). £1,298 escorted from London (Bales).

Further information: Tourist Development Corporation of Malaysia, 17 Curzon Street, London W1Y 7FE (tel 01-499 7388).

INDONESIA

The world's largest archipelago with over 13,600 islands and a population of 135 million. Mostly Muslim but Buddhists on Bali. Equatorial and tropical climate. High humidity throughout the year. Highest rainfalls December and January. Official language: Bahasa Indonesia with English spoken in tourist areas. Visa required, valid for 30 days. Currency: Rupiah (100 cents); £1: 1,140 Rups. No more than 2,500 Rupiahs may be exported.

Getting there: Through flights from London by Garuda (Indonesian Airways) and British Airways. Also by Singapore Airlines via Singapore and KLM via Amsterdam. Flying

time to Jakarta about 18 hours. Return fares: 1st class, £2,636. Full fare economy, £1,616. Excursion, £460.

Inclusive holidays: Two weeks on Bali. Direct flight London to Jakarta then to Bali. Choice of four hotels on b & b basis. £596-£760 (Kuoni). Bali Highlight: five nights on Bali, plus two in Jakarta, three each in Colombo and Singapore. Flights from London by Singapore Airlines. Excursions included. B & b. Around £840 (Oriental Magic). **Further information:** Indonesian Tourist Promotion Board, 16 Hanover Square, London W1R 9AJ (tel 01-629 4917).

PHILIPPINES

A country of 7,107 islands spread over 1,200 miles with a population of 45 million of whom nearly a tenth live in or around Manila. Climate tropical, warm to hot, high humidity. Two seasons: wet and dry; the former June to October. Best time to visit, November to March. Official language: Filipino with English and Spanish widely spoken. No visa required for stays up to 21 days. Currency: Peso (100 centavos); £1: P 14.30.

Getting there: Direct flights from London by British Airways and Philippine Airlines to Manila. Flying time about 18 hours. Also connexions via Singapore and Hong Kong. Return fares: 1st class, £2,666. Full fare economy, £1,516. Excursion, £500.

Inclusive holidays: A week in Manila with choice of two first-class hotels, with b & b. Wide range of excursions available as required. British Airways flights. £550-£640 (Speedbird). Asian Contrast: 17-day tour to include four nights each in Manila and the resort of Punta Baluarte, six nights in Hong Kong. About £600 (P & O Air Holiday).

Further information: Philippines Tourism Attaché, 199 Piccadilly, London W1V 9LE (tel 01-439 3481).

SRI LANKA

Still widely known by its former name Ceylon, this island state is a land of scenic contrasts with high mountains and a coastline that claims 1,000 miles of unspoiled beaches. Climate tropical, temperatures around 80°F, cooler in hills. Warmest March to June, coolest November to January. South-west, monsoon May to July with rain in northern and eastern areas. Official languages: Sinhala, Tamil with English widely spoken. No visa required. Currency: Sri Lankan Rupee; £1: Rs 36.50. Severe restrictions on currency export.

Getting there: Direct flights from London by Air Lanka and British Airways. Flying time about 12 hours. Return fares: 1st class, £1,783. Full fare economy, £1,033. Excursion, £400.

Inclusive holidays: One of the most popular destinations from the UK with over 30 com-

panies operating there. A typical two-week holiday on a half-board basis costs from around £450 to £650. A two-centre holiday with a week at a beach hotel and a week in Kandy costs between £555 and £615. A week-long tour (by coach) followed by a week at a top quality beach hotel costs around £590 to £620 (Kuoni). Similar ones from other companies. Some offer three weeks for the price of two at certain times.

Further information: Ceylon Tourist Board, 52 High Holborn, London WC1V 6RL (tel 01-405 1194).

INDIA

A vast sub-continent with over 600 million people and scenery that has everything except arctic wastes. Climate varies but with three distinct seasons: winter, November to March, pleasant sunny days, cool to cold in Kashmir; summer, April to June, hot to very hot but cooler in hills; monsoon, July to September, heavy rains except south-east India which gets rain November to January. Official languages: Hindi and English. No visa required. Currency: Rupee; £1: Rs 17. Export of currency forbidden.

Getting there: There are 28 travel companies arranging holidays and tours to India. The specialists are Cox & Kings, who have been closely connected with India since the 18th century. Very varied programme. Sample: Moghul India Tour to Delhi, Agra, Fatehpur Sikri, nine days with various excursions included, first-class hotels, half board, travel by air, rail and coach; fully escorted in India. £743 from London.

For railway (and nostalgia) enthusiasts a nine-day (seven-night) package including five nights on the splendid "Indian Railways Palace on Wheels" (formerly a rajah's train) to include Delhi, Jaipur, Udaipur, Agra, Jaisalmer. £750 from London (Wings).

The Indrail Pass is issued for seven, 15, 21, 30 and 60 days. Sample cost: 15 days about £40; 21 days £53; 30 days £64.

Further information: Government of India Tourist Office, 21 New Bond Street, London W1Y 0DY (tel 01-493 0769).

We should like to thank the London chapter of the Pacific Area Travel Association (PATA) plus many of its members in the various countries included in this supplement for much help and hospitality in the preparation of these articles. PATA was founded in 1931 and has 57 chapters and includes most Asian countries, the USSR, Australasia and the western regions of North America. It is a non-profit-making corporation for the development and promotion of tourism and travel in its region. Its headquarters are in Hawaii. In addition our thanks go also to Singapore Airlines and British Airways for the facilities afforded to our writers.

David Tennant

Sharing air space

by Hugh Baillie

Bird Control Units have been set up at many RAF stations to reduce the damage caused by birds striking aircraft. The author reports from Kinloss where they are trying to find new ways of scaring the birds away.

Among the diverse activities of the Agricultural Science Service of the Ministry of Agriculture's advisory service is the study of pests. Most of these pests affect agriculture, for example badgers, foxes, rabbits, coypu and rats. Among birds bullfinches are a major concern to fruit-growers, while pigeons and doves can be a problem to farmers. Research on gulls has established their part in the transmission of the human beef tapeworm: they are scavengers and often feed at sewage works.

But gulls and other birds also constitute a real danger to aircraft and for some years the Ministry has been co-operating with the aviation authorities in carrying out pertinent research on bird behaviour and on developing techniques for minimizing the danger from birds.

Birds can cause grave damage to aircraft and the worldwide cost of such damage is alarming. They have been recognized as a natural hazard since the start of flying. Propeller driven aircraft have suffered damage and there have been disasters. But the introduction of the jet engine brought a new dimension to the danger. In freak accidents a single bird has been sucked into the jet resulting in the complete write-off of the engine at a cost of about £250,000. Design modifications have reduced the likelihood of this particular incident recurring but birds can still cause major damage to jet engines.

RAF Kinloss, situated on the coast some 20 miles east of Inverness, is an ideal location for a Royal Air Force station. Its Nimrod squadrons are strategically placed for maritime operations. Their most important role is in defence of the nation's shipping, especially in the location and destruction of enemy submarines; and the sophisticated techniques must be constantly rehearsed. There are also regular patrols to the oil rigs and fishing grounds to guard our interests. Finally there is Search and Rescue: a Nimrod and its crew always on standby, ready to answer distress calls.

If Kinloss is a splendid base from which to carry out these tasks it is also a superb nature reserve. The station and its immediate neighbourhood offer an exceptional variety of natural habitats. Aircraft coming in to land from the north-west cross the coast over sand banks which harbour wading birds, terns, gulls and cormorants. Then they fly over the Forestry Commission's Culbin Forest, breeding centre for rarities such as the crested tit, across Findhorn Bay, fed by that fine salmon river, the Findhorn, where a passing osprey on a salmon-fishing mission may sometimes be seen. The Bay provides a winter home for some 5,000 greylag



A member of the Bird Control Unit examines a redshank's nest at RAF Kinloss.

geese, while in summer the waders, from a wheeling swarm of knot to the occasional bar-tailed godwit, predominate.

As the aircraft reaches the runway it passes the occasional nesting curlew or lapwing, redshank or oystercatcher and a few hundred yards over to the left is an enclave of breeding gulls (common, great and lesser black-backed, black-headed) and terns (arctic especially). Beyond are sand dunes, shelduck and more terns.

At take-off the aircraft passes dense coniferous woodland of Scots and Corsican pine on the left, which give shelter to capercaillie. Then the grass gives way to gorse and heather scrub, which harbours curlew with, in the middle, a reedy damp patch where mallard, teal and moorhen nest.

Bird control is not a novel idea. A variety of techniques, from scarecrows to bangers, has been practised. Falcons have been used—a natural solution to the problem of dispersing and scaring away other birds if it worked. Unfortunately the peregrine falcon is not only expensive, it is also undependable, particularly in the breeding season, and it may return to the wild without warning.

Furthermore the peregrine is strictly protected and replacement birds of authentically legal provenance are not easy to come by. So the use of falcons has virtually ceased.

Over the years, as the cost of damage has increased, it has become worthwhile to devote more resources to bird control measures. Full-time Bird Control Units (BCU) have been set up at many RAF stations. Each station is situated within its own peculiar ecosystem and must tackle its task according to its individual problems. Until

recently the work was co-ordinated and monitored by the Inspectorate of Flight Safety (RAF). The control of BCUs now comes under the military side of the National Air Traffic Services. Technical assistance is provided by the Ministry of Agriculture's Agricultural Science Service.

BCU members are volunteers, many of whom start unable to tell a rook from a starling. They attend a course with the Ministry of Agriculture's Aviation Bird Unit to study bird identification and behaviour and the general principles of bird control. Before long they are enthusiastic ornithologists.

Some bird-scaring techniques are well established, particularly the Very pistol and the tape recording. The pistol cartridge has two bangs; the first when the pistol is fired, the second, a few moments later. For a while this certainly moves the birds and confuses them. The tape recordings are of the distress calls of the birds to be moved, though the distress call of any species of gull will move others. Shooting is also permitted—some species such as the great and lesser black-backed are only partially protected—but this is only done as a last resort.

At Kinloss the BCU soon realized that they had to solve a complex of different problems to which there was no single, simple answer. They kept a detailed log of daily observations: nesting, flocking, flight patterns, feeding behaviour and much more. Distinct strands in the overall problem began to emerge.

At first sight the geese seemed to offer the biggest hazard, because of their numbers. During the winter months they regularly flew over the station. But

they are predictable, spending their nights on Findhorn Bay and then, shortly after dawn, taking off in spectacular skeins, chattering, and flying at about 300 feet to their daytime feeding grounds on damp agricultural land. Towards dusk they fly back to the Bay. It is a regular pattern and there is a regular response to it: the BCU inform the control tower when the flight is starting and the station runways are closed. A few minutes later the geese are past and the airfield is reopened. The same routine is followed in the evening. The station accepts the situation and the only real problem occurs when wildfowlers cause an unexpected flurry in the Bay.

Closer to the ground oystercatchers are particularly troublesome. Breeding birds regularly try to nest within feet of the runway—the pebble surround to the runway lights seems to remind them of their natural seashore nesting places. The BCU does its best to deter potential breeders but they are incredibly persistent. A member of the BCU captured and ringed one such bird and drove it 100 miles south before releasing it. He was understandably aggrieved to find it back, again endeavouring to establish a nest, a few days later.

Aircraft hardly seem to disturb birds. There is tremendous ground vibration as well as noise at the beginning of take-off but redshank nesting less than 100 yards away are unperturbed. Gulls actually seem to be attracted; can it be that the vibrations bring worms and grubs to the surface?

Gulls, particularly the scavenging herring gull and the predatory black-backed, are a special problem. They roost on the seaward edge of the airfield but often feed inland so they may fly across the runway approaches in scores and at perilously low levels. There is a scrap disposal area in a corner of the airfield and food waste used to form part of the scrap. It was like a magnet to the gulls. Food waste is now banned and the gulls are gone, but it only needs a farmer to start ploughing a mile or two inland for the gulls to cross and recross the airfield all day. The BCU keeps in touch with local farmers and usually gets advance notice of ploughing.

Bird control is not an easy problem. It is by no means simply a question of scaring birds away from the runway. Nor can solutions be found on the station alone. But the cost of bird strikes is insupportable and a good deal of expenditure is justified if bird damage can be significantly reduced. The problem is worldwide and it affects civilian as well as military flying. That is why the work being carried out by the Ministry of Agriculture must continue ●

The giant tank of Shringaverapura

by B. B. Lal and K. N. Dikshit

The director of the Indian Institute of Advanced Study, Simla, and the superintending archaeologist of the Archaeological Survey of India describe the excavation of a 2,000-year-old water tank undertaken as part of a national project.

The Indian subcontinent has already produced ancient water tanks. A well-known example is the great bath of Mohenjo Daro, dating to the third millennium BC and used for storing water brought by hand from a nearby well. This find seems insignificant in comparison with the immense tank recently discovered at Shringaverapura in the Allahabad district, Uttar Pradesh. Though the excavation is unfinished, this tank-complex already measures over 200 metres in length, nearly 10 times that of the Mohenjo Daro tank.

Its great size is not the only reason for

its importance. The hydraulic engineering skill which the Shringaverapura tank shows places it far above any other ancient example known in India. Hydraulic engineers from various parts of the country who have examined this tank in great detail claim that most of the steps and precautions taken today for river-fed water-supply tanks are the same ones taken at Shringaverapura 2,000 years ago.

The excavations at Shringaverapura, begun in 1978, under the joint auspices of the Indian Institute of Advanced Study, Simla, and the Archaeological

Survey of India, New Delhi, are part of a national project called Archaeology of the Ramayana sites.

According to the *Ramayana* of Valmiki, it was at Shringaverapura that Lord Rama, at the beginning of his 14-year exile, accompanied by Sita and Lakshmana, was ferried across the Ganga by the local Nishada chieftain. After crossing the river he stayed at Bharadvaja Ashrama. Both Shringaverapura and Bharadvaja Ashrama, as well as Ayodhya and Chitrakuta, also associated with the Ramayana story, have produced evidence of a common culture which goes back to the beginning of the 7th century BC.

The vertical cliff of the Shringaverapura mound overlooks the left bank of the Ganga, about 35 kilometres upstream from Allahabad. The fact that the river has eroded the mound shows that once it used to be farther away.

At the beginning of the Christian era when the township at Shringaverapura began to expand, its inhabitants needed an adequate water-supply. The ancient engineers decided to make use of a low-lying area between the eastern and western parts of the mound, already partly eroded, and set up a water-supply system, unique in several respects.

There is an ancient *nullah* (watercourse) which joins the river a little to the north of the Shringaverapura mound. During the rains the lower part of the *nullah* fills with water from the river. After observing this annual phenomenon, the ancient engineers dug a deep, wide channel to carry the flood-water to the low-lying area. The water was brought in turn to two deep, roughly circular chambers, cut into the natural clay, where the silt and other muck were allowed to settle. From the upper level of the second silting chamber relatively clean water passed through a 1.60 metre-wide inlet channel into the main tank-complex, constructed entirely of kiln-fired bricks. The mouth of the inlet channel has a stepped base and is flanked by two curved walls to break the force of the water as it rushed in. The inlet channel is also curved, and be-

comes wider as it proceeds inwards. When the water fell into the tank-complex it was made to cascade over a series of steps and at the point where it fell on to the bed a paving of bricks, measuring 64 by 48 by 12 cm, was provided to prevent any possible erosion.

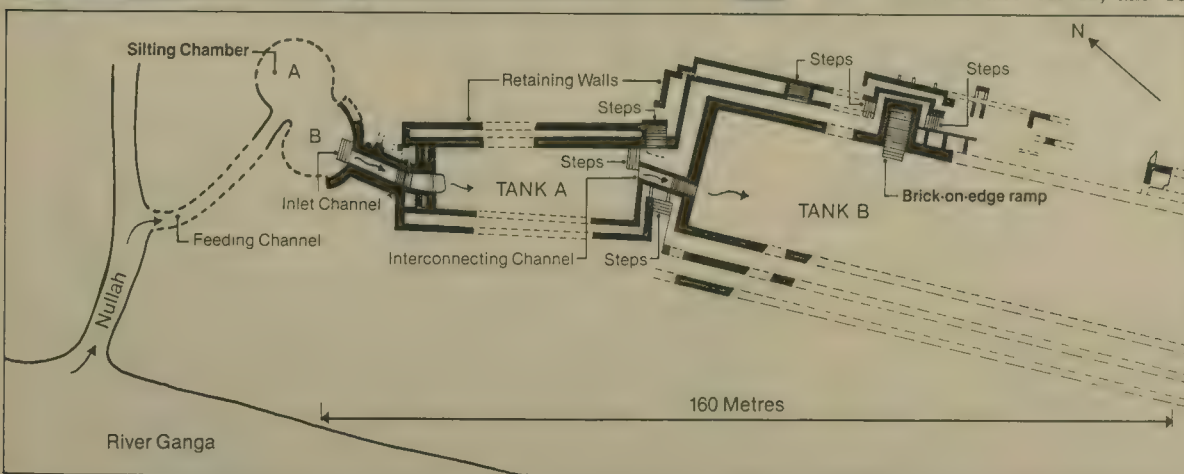
In addition to these various technical devices, the ancient engineers allowed for what is today technically known as "horizontal and vertical warping". Tank A, which received the water first, becomes wider as the distance from the inlet channel increases. This made the water spread out without bringing undue pressure on the side-walls. They are not vertical but slope back at an angle of about 11° to the vertical, reducing further the force of the incoming water. This tank measures 34 metres in length, 13 metres in width and 4 metres in depth. Like the two chambers already referred to, it also seems to have been used primarily for siltation. From its upper level fully cleaned water passed into tank B, through a channel about 5.30 metres long and 1.35 metres wide. Here, too, the water cascaded over a series of steps to reach the bottom, where again the remains of a brick-pavement have been found. Tank B is much larger than tank A, the overall width at the top being nearly 26 metres, and the depth 7 metres. It has three successively higher retaining walls, each one being constructed about 2 metres outwards from the one below it. All three are inclined to the vertical at angles varying from 10° to 13°. The lowest retaining wall alone has as many as 49 courses, reaching a height of 3.20 metres.

It would appear that tank B was the main one, for in it we have discovered three separate staircases each leading down to the water-level. At another place two flights of facing steps were found; these descend to a level where a ramp, built of bricks set on their edges, continues to the bottom of the tank.

Besides meeting the prime need of water-supply, tank B seems to have been used for religious purposes as well. Many terracotta figurines of a goddess holding a child in her arms, probably Hariti or her equivalent, have been found in it. These figurines appear to have been ceremoniously immersed.

Although tank B has already been excavated to a length of about 120 metres, its end has not yet appeared. The work will continue for at least one more season to find it and to locate the waste weir through which excess water must have flowed out.

One final fact remains to be noted: the main tank, B, was not only carried down to sub-soil water-level but in its bed several wells were also sunk to allow sub-soil water to rise more easily. This arrangement of interlinking the stored water with sub-soil water was obviously made to ensure an adequate water supply even during the dry summer months.



Top, tank B, showing the channel from tank A with steps over which the water would have cascaded. In the foreground are two wells, which connected the bed of the tank with sub-soil water. Above, a sketch plan of the Shringaverapura tank.

Designing for comfort with economy

by Stuart Marshall

There is no alchemist's stone or magic wand that will transmute the gas-guzzling large car into a fuel-sipping economy model. But the motor industry is sparing no effort to reduce the thirst of what one might call typical businessmen's transportation—roomy, multi-cylinder cars with the comfort and near silent performance that count for so much on long journeys.

As the 1980s merge into the 1990s, a car with 2 litres of cylinder capacity will be reckoned big-engined. But it will perform just as well as current models with 3 or more litres of multi-cylinder engine. That is because it will be much lighter, its engine will burn fuel far more effectively and electronics will have taken over many driving functions.

One of the manufacturers showing the way toward microchip motoring is Mercedes-Benz. Their latest large cars, the New Type S saloons and the 380 and 500 SEC coupés derived from them, have reached a stage of fuel efficiency that would have seemed unrealistic only a year or two ago.

The first thing Mercedes-Benz did was to make the car "slippery" in shape so that it would create the minimum of aerodynamic drag. (At 80 mph, 70 per

cent of the engine power does nothing except push the air aside.) Then the engine—a massive 3.8 litre or 5 litre V8—had to be "dried out". The main principle was to make it run as slowly as possible, whether idling in traffic or cruising at 2 miles a minute on the *autobahn*. Electronic controls on the fuel injection system have allowed the big V8 to tick over at a mere 500 rpm when the car is standing still, reducing its thirst in town traffic by 25 per cent compared with its predecessor.

Next, its four-speed automatic transmission pulls an exceedingly high top gear; 30 mph equals only 1,000 engine revolutions per minute. It always tries to go into the highest gear the engine will pull properly, given that smooth performance cannot be compromised.

If you pay due regard to our speed limits, the 3.8 coupé would return about 26 mpg and the 5 litre, 24.5 mpg in normal use. That, as any large car owner will confirm, is exceptional economy.

But Mercedes-Benz promise to do even better in a few years' time. At the Frankfurt Show last September they displayed a prototype large car of the late 1980s. Its engine will be smaller: a V6 turbo-diesel or even a gas turbine. Its fuel consumption—and just as important its maintenance costs—will be 30 per cent lower than today's levels.

Radical redesign of the cylinder head of the V12 engine has made the Jaguar XJ-S coupé and the XJ-12 saloon far less thirsty without spoiling the flow of silken power. The incoming fuel and air mixture is swirled together so efficiently that the V12 runs at the extraordinarily high compression ratio of 12.5 to 1. (Most high performance cars have engines of between 8.5 and 10 to 1.) The iron-willed XJ-S driver who keeps within sight of the 70 mph motorway limit will find 20 mpg-plus is possible. I did not quite make that, but the 17 mpg I returned over 300 memorable miles was a great advance on the 13-14 mpg of my last-but-one drive in the XJ-S.

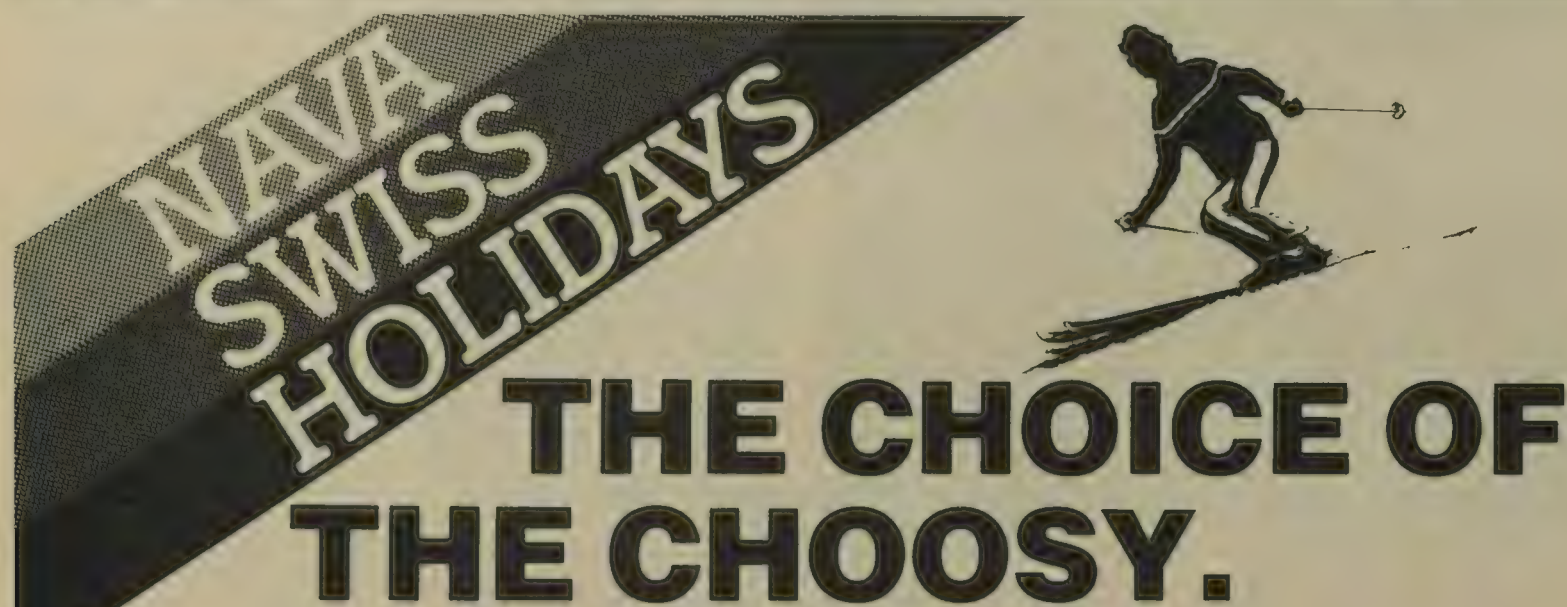
If anyone wants to know what kind of engine the next, lighter Jaguar saloon will have, think of a V12 cut in half.

At a less exalted level, very high gearing with manual transmission can work wonders, providing the driver is encouraged to make the most of it. Volkswagen have taken a lead here. Their Formel (for Formula) E provides owners with a four-speed gearbox plus an ultra-high top in which the car is actually slower than in fourth. Economy aids including a light that tells you when to change up, a needle that warns if you are pressing the accelerator too hard, allow the owner of the latest Golf hatchback with 1100cc petrol engine to

achieve almost 40 mpg in town and over 54 mpg at a steady 56 mph cruise. The diesel Golf with Formel E is better still—47 mpg in town and nearly 63 mpg at 56 mph. VW's Frankfurt eye-catcher was a family car for a few years hence, evolved from the Golf with a three-cylinder turbo-diesel that promises 70 mpg in average use.

These are only some examples from many. BMW have adopted electronic systems that save fuel and reduce servicing costs. The engine's revolutions are counted, mile after mile; so are the number of cold starts. Then a micro-computer works out when an oil change is required. The high-mileage, mainly motorway user needs far fewer oil changes than the once-a-week-to-the-golf-club type of owner.

Renault's new R9, due here in March, is to be widely available with a five-speed gearbox; so is the little Fiat 127 in its latest guise. Fewer revolutions mean more miles to the gallon. One tends to forget that BL were pioneers with the Maxi, which had a five-speed box with overdrive top at the beginning of the 1970s. Sadly, it also had an awful gearshift. But the latest BL car—the Triumph Acclaim, which is really a UK-manufactured Honda Ballade—has a five-speed box with as nice a shift as money can buy.



NAVA SWISS HOLIDAYS

THE CHOICE OF THE CHOOSY.

A luxury apartment in the French-speaking village of St. Luc, centre of some of the finest skiing and walking in Switzerland, could be yours this winter.

Built to the highest standards, and fitted with every conceivable aid for your personal comfort, Nava Holiday apartments offer you complete freedom to enjoy your holiday in this delightful part of Switzerland.

If independence and luxury are your holiday ideals, send for one of our free brochures today.

Please send me details of your luxury apartment holidays in Switzerland.

Name

Address

NAVA Holidays 25 St. Georges Road
Cheltenham, Glos. GL50 3DT
Tel: Cheltenham (0242) 29376 Telex: 437219



Craftsmen's choice

by Ursula Robertshaw

The opening exhibition at the Crafts Council's new gallery and centre in Lower Regent Street, beginning on January 13, is called *The Maker's Eye*. It is a survey of the crafts, with particular emphasis on objects made in the last 10 years, chosen by acknowledged masters of craft who include the great potter Michael Cardew, John Makepeace, one of our most renowned furniture makers, jeweller David Watkins, textile designer Enid Marx and Michael Brennand-Wood, embroiderer.

Increased—sometimes enforced—leisure has led more and more people to want to make things with their hands, to use skill and imagination to create objects of use and beauty; and in turn this has led to a more informed appreciation not only of the technical difficulties of the various crafts, and the application



Porcelain bowl by Mary Rogers. Top left, table clock by Michael Lloyd. Top, tapestry cushion by Jeannette Kilner. Left, chair by Neville Neal.

needed to achieve a high standard, but also of "the maker's eye", granted only to a few, which can see the finished, exceptional object in the raw clay, the block of wood, the sheet of silver.

We illustrate four of the objects in the exhibition. Neville Neal's chair, made of ash with a rush seat, was chosen by furniture-maker Alan Peters. He is attracted by "the simplicity of such objects, derived from their function, combined with the most logical and economic methods of making, often developed over centuries". Neville Neal is essentially a chair-maker and such craftsmen, says Peters, "by limiting their sights to a few specialized products, develop in a lifetime that perfection of technique and eye which raises their work almost to a spiritual level".

Alan Peters also selected Mary Rogers's exquisitely delicate porcelain bowl, spiralled in green with semi-matt white glaze and decorated with oxides.

Jeannette Kilner's Silver Jubilee cushion has a cotton tapestry centre and

a hand-knotted wool border. It was chosen by Malcolm Parsons, himself a maker of fashion accessories. He is attracted by "a sort of graceful light-heartedness, supported by the skill, knowledge and commitment that have gone into the making". He loves, he says, wit in objects.

Michael Lloyd's table clock with sun, moon and stars, is of hand-raised silver, oxidized, with gold inlay and chased decoration. The mechanism is by Richard Good. It was chosen by John Makepeace who has gone for "items that are plainly marvellous to use, that seem to point in appropriate directions for the future and where, by apparently simple means, objects with some kind of inner strength have resulted from a keen sense of communion between maker and medium."

Have nothing in your home, William Morris advised, that you do not know to be useful and believe to be beautiful. He would have approved the choices made for this exhibition.

"We are a nation of short memories"

(WINSTON CHURCHILL)



Medallion struck by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company in January 1945 to commemorate the two "Battles of London" in 1940 and 1944. Packed in handsome presentation cases the medallions were sold on behalf of the Royal Air Force Benevolent Fund and have since become collectors items.

After 36 years World War II is just a memory for many of us and a whole new generation cannot even remember.

But each one of us, whether we lived through the war or not, owes a debt to the men and women of the RAF. 72,000 died and many thousands more were left disabled — mentally and physically.

The Royal Air Force Benevolent Fund still helps those who served, their widows and dependants. Each year we are spending more than £2,500,000 and demands on us are increasing as age and infirmity overtake the survivors. Inflation too, imposes an increasing burden on our resources.

We need your help now and for the future. Please remember the Fund in your Will. We gladly give advice on legacies, bequests and covenants.

Every donation we receive means we have more to give. If you know of anyone in need and who might qualify for help from the Fund please put them in touch.



Royal Air Force Benevolent Fund
67 Portland Place, London W1N 4AR
(Tel: 01-580 8343)

Registered under the War Charities Act 1940 and the Charities Act 1960
Registration No. 207327

BOOKS

A man of style

by Robert Blake

Harold Nicolson, A Biography, Volume II

by James Lees-Milne
Chatto & Windus, £15

Harold Nicolson was a remarkable figure. I never thought that he was very nice, but he was a marvellous speaker. He addressed an Oxford undergraduate club in my rooms in Christ Church in the early 1950s on the subject of Curzon. I had thought that in *Some People* and *Curzon, the Last Phase* he had said all that he could about that famous and controversial statesman. Not at all; he discoursed for some 45 minutes and held his audience entranced. He had to a high degree, whether in voice or on paper, a wonderful gift of clarity and style. He wrote and spoke beautiful English. It is interesting to contrast two royal biographies — both of top calibre — Nicolson's *George V* and John Wheeler-Bennett's *George VI*. Each is scholarly, conscientious, accurate and as candid as it is possible to be within the conventions. Both are essential material for historians, but Nicolson is a pleasure to read, Wheeler-Bennett is a duty.

The second volume of this excellent biography, which is written in a style fully worthy of its subject, begins with Nicolson's departure from the Foreign Office and entry into the world of journalism under the auspices of Lord Beaverbrook. Harold Nicolson was, as the author states in Volume I, a vigorous homosexual, "not passionate but very lustful". But he was more discreet than another Beaverbrook journalist, Tom Driberg, whose *nostalgie de la boue* made him open to blackmail and who had to be rescued by his employer. Nicolson preferred social equals who, however rocky financially, played the game according to upper-class rules. His career as a journalist was not happy and he soon departed from the *Evening Standard*. He then plunged into the politics of Oswald Mosley's "New Party" which at that time was not the Fascist affair that it later became. Nicolson, who fought and lost the Combined English Universities Seat in 1931, was disillusioned at an early stage but his ambition to enter Parliament, somehow, under some auspices, never diminished. In the end, despite financial insecurity and political vacillation, he was elected in 1935 as National Labour Member (with Conservative support) for West Leicester.

Thus began the 10 happiest years in his life. His regret at diminishing opportunities for sexual adventures, the effect, so he believed, of portliness and middle age, was counter-balanced by membership of the "best club in Europe". Mr Lees-Milne, who has a

great gift of evoking time and place, writes: "It was a sort of Elysium. He loved the Gothic setting, the endless corridors and galleries, the mock medieval frescoes, the declamatory busts and statues, the leather chairs and settees, the waxed and varnished wainscoting, the dim yellow lights and the crepuscular shadows as though one were perpetually groping in a Victorian fog."

It was remarkable that he got elected at all, for no one was more hopeless at the hustings, and his wife Vita Sackville-West, an unconscious early practitioner of women's lib, refused to go near the House of Commons. He was much distressed but in fact it was in all probability just as well; if she had gone there his tiny majority of 87 might not have been achieved at all.

Nicolson never made a success of Parliament. He lived in Cloud Cuckoo Land. He had hoped to be Oswald Mosley's Foreign Secretary. The New Party lost every seat it contested. He delivered a successful maiden speech on the Hoare-Laval Pact but he made an ass of himself seconding the Address in Reply to the King's Speech in 1936 by fulsome praise of Ramsay MacDonald on what is traditionally a non-political occasion. He became Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Information in 1940, but was sacked in July, 1941. He was in love with James Pope-Hennessy who was having an affair with Guy Burgess. Mr Lees-Milne has little doubt that Burgess "extracted from Harold inside information which he passed on to his masters in Moscow". In the landslide of 1945 Nicolson lost his seat. He could hardly have expected to win, but his nostalgia for Parliament was so great that he switched to the apparently winning party and contested a by-election in North Croydon for Labour in 1948. It was the wrong moment to change sides. The Conservative candidate succeeded in converting a majority of 600 into one of 12,000.

Nicolson's great hope had been for a peerage from Attlee. He cherished this from 1945 onwards, though it is hard to see why, for he did not even join the Labour party until early in 1947. There was euphoric family discussion about the title. Lord Sissinghurst would not do. His friends would call him Lord Panshurst. Nor were the names of fields around Sissinghurst suitable — Frogsmead and Plague-spot, for example. Vita suggested that another called Lower Bottom might be more appropriate. Nothing came of it, and the KCVO which followed his life of George V seems to have irked rather than pleased its recipient.

In fact Nicolson would have made an admirable independent peer with much to contribute on foreign policy, education and the environment. But he was not a man of action. He was a diarist, raconteur and author. He enhanced life for his friends, readers and listeners. He was a "good thing", and in this volume his biographer has done him full justice.

Recent fiction

by Sally Emerson

The Hotel New Hampshire

by John Irving

Jonathan Cape, £6.95

Beyond the Pale

by William Trevor

Bodley Head, £6.95

A Separate Development

by Christopher Hope

Routledge & Kegan Paul, £6.95

John Irving's successor to *The World According to Garp* is a rambling, inventive, fairground of a novel, crowded with extraordinary characters and events. At the centre is the family who in the course of the book start up three very different hotels, the second of which, in Vienna, is full of prostitutes while the third ends up as a rape crisis centre, unknown to their blind father who believes he is running an exclusive resort hotel.

As in *Garp*, Irving keeps returning, a little wearily, to the subjects of bears and rape. The principal female character is the wilful, beautiful elder daughter, Franny, who is raped by three of her schoolfellows when she is 16. Her younger brother John, the narrator, who is in love with Franny, witnesses the episode. But many years later John and Franny have their revenge on the leader of the gang. In a brilliant scene, the leader is persuaded that he is about to be sexually assaulted by a bear on heat and he leaves the hotel room where the charade is enacted a quivering wreck. The wait for the revenge on the rapist and the possibility of Franny and John consummating their incestuous relationship are two of the strands which keep the tension going. The relationship is well-portrayed: we care about both characters and their sexual escapades.

Again and again John Irving returns to the subjects of time and of living in the future. He quotes the last page of *The Great Gatsby* ("Gatsby believed in the green light, the orgiastic future that year by year recedes before us") to express the hopefulness of Father, always thinking his hotels are just about to make money, and the hopefulness of the whole novel.

The Hotel New Hampshire is at times hilarious and always entertaining. But Irving is trying too hard to be brilliant and has ended up with a hectic, cluttered novel without the emotional energy to sustain it. The book has too much of an air of invention and too little of reality. It is fantasy, not myth.

William Trevor takes things much more gently but his effect is more powerful. His stories in *Beyond the Pale* tell of the pain beneath the surface. Unlike John Irving, he never overstates. Little by little in each story we see that the propriety, the ordinariness, of characters is a façade. Nothing is as it seems.

A man who appears to be a perfect husband is in fact a paedophile, a cheery couple at a Sunday drinks party on an English lawn have a half-alive drug-addict son in the back bedroom at home, a wholesome chap in advertising turns out to have a huge collection of pornographic films. As William Trevor writes in the title story, "Chaos and contradiction . . . were hidden everywhere beneath nice-sounding names." With compassion he explores the woes and heartaches beneath those enviably normal-seeming faces of other people.

William Trevor describes people and places expertly, conjuring up a mood in a few lines: "Canon Moran carried the letter from his daughter into the walled vegetable garden and leaned against the side of the greenhouse, half sitting on a protruding ledge, reading the letter again. Panes of glass were broken in the greenhouse, white paint and putty needed to be renewed, but inside a vine still thrived, and was heavy now with black ripe fruit." Once we have the externals comfortably before us, he swoops deeper into private matters.

Beyond the Pale is an excellent collection of stories, variable in place but not variable enough in mood. It is a pity that they are all quite so solemn.

Christopher Hope's *A Separate Development* has won the David Higham award for a first novel. The first half is an account of the adventures of Harry Moto, growing up among the white ruling class. His obsession with his flat feet, the "breasts" on his chest, his red, wiry hair and his slightly dark skin are often very funny. Christopher Hope, a poet well known in South Africa, writes with wit and control. In the second half, after an episode when he is accused of rape (like John Irving, Christopher Hope harps on rape) he steals off into the underbelly of South Africa, becoming a "coloured" and working at a variety of menial jobs. The novel gives a brilliant picture of South Africa and contains much spirited prose. However the narrator, Harry, nowhere explains why he should want to move so dramatically from white society to black. In his white phase he is not especially political or concerned. The character of Harry is not fully developed but Christopher Hope's anger against apartheid and his feeling for his country come through loud and clear.

Geoffrey Madan's Notebooks

Edited by J. A. Gere and John Sparrow
Oxford University Press, £7.95

This is a book for the lovers of aphorism, odd or unexpected humour, and curious information. Geoffrey Madan (1895-1947) was a collector of such pleasures, and kept notebooks full of them. The sort of reflection that appealed to him was that Samuel Butler placed Dante among the Seven Humbugs of the World solely on the ground that Tennyson admired him, and that Lamb spelt plumb-pudding (so) because it sounded fatter and more suetty.

A Who's Who of blue plaques

by James Bishop

The Blue Plaque Guide to London

by Caroline Dakers

Macmillan, £7.95

The blue plaques that adorn houses in which many distinguished and well-known, as well as some forgotten, people lived are one of the minor attractions of London. They form a ceramic gossip column to fire the imagination or stir the memory of bus passengers and others stuck in or making their way through the city's streets, and they enliven the front of even the drabest building. The idea was first put forward by William Ewart, MP, in 1863, in the hope that such plaques might provide "an agreeable and instructive mode of beguiling dull and not very rapid progress through the streets". The first plaque, which was in honour of Lord Byron (at 24 Hollies Street, since demolished), was put up in the following year by the Royal Society of Arts. The scheme was taken over by the London County Council in 1901, and is run now by the GLC, and there are in London today 438 plaques which have been erected with the authority of one or other of these official bodies. There are also a good many others erected by individuals or societies or other enthusiasts, for there is nothing to stop anyone erecting a plaque.

The GLC however has some very definite requirements. The person to be honoured must have been dead for 20 years or have passed his 100th birthday, must be regarded as eminent in his sphere by a majority of members of the person's own profession or calling, should have made some positive contribution to human welfare or happiness, should have his name known to the well-informed passer-by (which is not necessarily the man on the Clapham omnibus), and should have performed work worthy of recognition.

This book comprises a collection of some 600 plaques, listed alphabetically under the names of their subjects, with the addresses, text of the plaque and a brief biography of the person concerned. Sometimes the plaques are shared (1-3 Robert Street in the Adelphi commemorates not only Robert Adam, who built it, but also Thomas Hood, John Galsworthy, Sir James Barrie "and other eminent artists and writers" who lived at that address). Sometimes plaques record a site rather than the building now on it (Humphrey Repton's house in Romford is commemorated by a private plaque erected on the Lloyds Bank that now occupies the site). Sometimes the identity of the honoured would surely defy even the best-informed passer-by, though their entries are not the less interesting for that.

The author has compiled a fascin-

ating record of some of London's former residents, and it is good to learn, from Sir John Betjeman's preface, that the task of selecting further candidates for this honour is still happily engaging the Historic Buildings Advisory Committee of the GLC. In his brief introduction Betjeman asks the question "Does Donald McGill, who designed so many naughty seaside postcards, qualify as an artist worthy of a plaque?" He does not give the answer, though the question evidently occupied the Committee for some time. Readers of this book may discover for themselves that a plaque to the "postcard cartoonist" was erected, with GLC blessing, on McGill's house in Bennett Park, SE3, in 1977.

The Complete Clerihews

by E. Clerihew Bentley

Oxford University Press, £5.95

Edmund Clerihew Bentley was born in 1875. He was author of *Trent's Last Case* and a number of less remembered books, was for many years a leader writer of the *Daily Telegraph*, and was, according to his son Nicolas, "extraordinarily reserved" and "a hopeless hypochondriac". Nothing that he achieved in life, again according to his son, gave him more pleasure than the fact that the word clerihew has been included in the Oxford Dictionary and thus has become part of the English language. In his introduction to this volume Gavin Ewart defines the clerihew as "a humorous pseudo-biographical quatrain, rhymed as two couplets, with lines of uneven length more or less in the rhythm of prose".

Bentley wrote his first clerihew at the age of 16, and it is suggested that he never bettered this first example:

"Sir Humphrey Davy
Abominated gravity.
He lived in the odium
Of having discovered Sodium."

His contemporary at St Paul's, G. K. Chesterton, at once illustrated this clerihew and many others of the 140 contained in this collection. The other illustrations are by Victor Reinganum, the author himself, and his son. Not everyone will agree that Bentley's first was as good as any he ever wrote. The quality is variable, but it is a delight to have the complete collection to choose from, and to be reminded that Bentley remains the master of his own creation.

The Rise and Fall of a Regency Dandy

by T. A. J. Burnett

John Murray, £9.50

Scrope Berdmore Davies was a friend of Byron, a scholar but also a drinker and a reckless gambler who squandered a fortune and died in poverty, having fled abroad to escape his creditors. In 1976 a trunk belonging to him was discovered in the vaults of Barclays Bank in London, and in it were found a bundle of letters from Byron together with other personal papers. These now form the basis of this memoir.

HOW TO DOUBLE YOUR MONEY in just 6 years!

Now you can double your money in six years with a Lombard Deferred Income Deposit.

How it Works

With this scheme, you can choose a deposit period of 3, 4, 5 or 6 years. It is a fixed period deposit with the payment of income deferred until maturity.

The examples below show how your Deferred Income Deposit will grow.

Maturity Values After	3 Years	4 Years	5 Years	6 Years
£5,000 becomes	£7,000	£8,000	£9,000	£10,000
£7,000 becomes	£9,800	£11,200	£12,600	£14,000
£13,000 becomes	£18,200	£20,800	£23,400	£26,000

MINIMUM DEPOSIT £5,000

All added income is paid without deduction of tax

Anniversary Option

Our Anniversary Option gives you the opportunity to review the period of your deposit. You may wish to change to a shorter period of deposit of not less than 3 years or to a longer period of not more than 6 years — we only ask for three months notice prior to the anniversary date.

If you would like to know more about our Deferred Income Scheme, send off the coupon below for a free copy of our brochure without obligation.

**Lombard
North Central**
Deposit Accounts

Lombard North Central Limited,
Department 308,
17 Bruton St., London W1A 3DH
Telephone: 01-409 3434

Please send me details of your Deferred Income Scheme

Name: _____

Address: _____

A member of the National Westminster Bank Group whose capital and reserves exceed £1,800,000,000.

MONEY

Paying for pensions

by John Gaselee

The self-employed, partners, or people not included in an occupational pension scheme have in the past had rather a raw deal in connexion with pension planning. There were strict limitations on the amount which could be contributed towards a personal pension.

In recent years, though, there has been some easing of the position. Now anyone in that category can contribute each year up to 17½ per cent of net relevant earnings and, however much is contributed, qualify for full relief of tax.

That payment must be made to an insurance company for an approved pension policy, but the insurance company's fund will operate on a tax-free basis. For those able to make large contributions, or for the partners of a partnership, a number of life offices will set up separate funds the investment of which is effectively controlled by the individuals themselves. That, however, does not mean that your own self-invested fund will put up a better performance than one managed solely by an insurance company's full-time investment managers.

Anyone with freelance earnings in addition to a pensionable job can contribute the appropriate proportion of these towards an extra pension at retirement. This is a fine way of saving, bearing in mind the tax relief on the contributions, the tax-free roll-up in the insurance company's funds, and the fact that when you choose to take the pension (at any time between 60 and 75) part of it can be exchanged for a tax-free cash sum. The balance counts as earned income for tax purposes.

Most personal pension policies accumulate a cash fund which, when you decide to take the pension, is used to buy an annuity from whichever insurance company is offering the best terms at the time. If a profit-sharing policy is chosen, reversionary bonuses, declared from time to time, increase the cash sum and cannot subsequently be withdrawn. The value of a unit-linked policy fluctuates in line with the underlying investments. If it looks as though the market might fall, gains can usually be consolidated by moving into a "cash" fund.

A policy which accumulates a cash sum is fine, so long as interest rates (and thus annuity yields) are high when you need the pension. That is not a foregone conclusion, and so the Scottish Provident Institution is one of few offices to concentrate on a contract which guarantees the level of pension from the outset. As bonuses are declared they increase the level of pension, and that cannot subsequently be reduced.

Generally, for anyone without dependants it is best to choose a contract where there is no return if you die before taking the pension. That will result in the highest pension—because some people

will die and their contributions will help to swell the pensions of the survivors.

For those who want their families to receive something in the event of their premature death insurance companies have customarily offered a return of premiums, either without interest or with interest at, say, 6 per cent per annum. More recently a number of insurance companies have said that in the event of death they will return the value of the policyholder's fund at the time—which is likely to be very much more than the amount given by the other method if a policy has been running for more than a short while.

Another change in legislation is that provision can be made for any return in this way to pass under trust to anybody else, thus avoiding any capital transfer tax liability.

Apart from that, if the full 17½ per cent of net relevant earnings is not contributed towards a pension, any balance, up to a maximum of 5 per cent of net relevant earnings, can be contributed towards a special life policy. Here again, full relief of tax can be claimed on the premium. There is, however, a problem if you should no longer have net relevant earnings (either because of a change of job, or, perhaps, through ill health). Gresham Life Assurance Society was one of the first companies to offer an option so that anyone in that position could switch to a normal life assurance policy—irrespective of his or her health at the time.

Most life policies for the self-employed and others in non-pensionable employment are written as term assurance, to provide a capital sum in the event of death. Some, however, are written in "family income benefits" form to provide income, free from tax, over a pre-determined period. These policies can also be written under trust to avoid capital transfer tax.

The old-established London Life Association, which does not pay commission either to intermediaries or to its own staff, issues a policy which will for a fixed annual premium pay a fixed pension to a policyholder's widow for her lifetime. Since, however, this is a profit-sharing contract, bonuses increase the level of pension, both before and after it becomes payable.

One drawback to arranging life cover in this way is that legislation prevents a policy running beyond the age of 75. To overcome this the Scottish Equitable Life Assurance Society issues a complementary policy which, until the age of 75 (while the other policy is in force), provides low cover. When 75 is reached there is a significant increase in the sum assured and the policy participates in profits—back-dated to inception. Although this "top-up" policy qualifies for only normal life assurance premium relief, it can be written on a trust basis for capital transfer tax purposes in the usual way ●

End of an era

by Patrick Moore

At the end of September Professor Sir Bernard Lovell retired as Director of the Nuffield Radio Astronomy Laboratories, Jodrell Bank—site of the world's most famous radio telescope. His retirement marked the end of an era. Sir Bernard had been Director ever since the observatory was established and without his energy and skill the great 250 foot "dish" would never have been built.

Radio astronomy began half a century ago but it was only during the war that major developments took place. Radar was being developed and it was found that the apparatus used for tracking German aircraft was being jammed. Deliberate interference was suspected, but before long it became clear that the interference was due to emissions from the Sun. Bernard Lovell was one of the early investigators and after the war he continued with the work at Jodrell Bank where preliminary equipment was set up.

By now Lovell was aware of the potentialities of radio astronomy and after much thought he made a revolutionary proposal. He suggested building a fully-steerable radio telescope 250 feet in diameter. His idea was met with considerable scepticism and several engineering firms said bluntly that the project was impossible. Finally Dr H. C. Husband, a well-known engineering expert, went to Jodrell Bank and was much less pessimistic. He described the problem as being no greater than that of putting a swing-bridge over the Thames at Westminster. The original cost was estimated at £250,000 but before long it became clear that this had been a serious underestimate. Lovell kept silent and by the time, in his own words, his "iniquities were discovered", the telescope was reasonably well advanced.

There were endless crises. Design modifications to overcome the problem of vibration cost £100,000 and as the total cost mounted the Public Accounts Committee ordered an investigation. Due to a misunderstanding it was (quite wrongly) inferred that there had been insufficient liaison between Lovell and Husband, and Lovell was presented with a bill for £333,000 which he was in no position to pay.

Then came an amazing stroke of luck. On October 4, 1957, the Russians launched the first artificial satellite, Sputnik 1, and the barely completed Jodrell Bank telescope obtained a magnificent trace of the carrier rocket. At once the Press, which had been antagonistic, changed its tune and almost overnight Lovell was transformed from an eccentric spendthrift into a national hero. Money was still short but finally, in 1960, Lord Nuffield came to the rescue with a cheque for £50,000, sufficient to clear the deficit and to allow the real

scientific work to begin.

The Sun was found to be a radio source, which was predictable enough, but most of the sources lay far beyond the Solar System. Some were associated with what at first seemed to be faint bluish stars. In 1963 it was found that the objects were not stars at all. They were immensely luminous and immensely remote, shining more powerfully than any galaxies, and racing away from us at velocities which reached an appreciable fraction of the speed of light. They were called "quasars". Even today they remain something of a mystery, though it is more and more thought to be likely that they are the nuclei of very active galaxies. Undoubtedly they are the most distant objects known to us and without radio astronomy they would never have been tracked down.

In 1967 the radio astronomy team at Cambridge traced some completely different sources which seemed to be "ticking" rapidly and regularly. The initial discovery was made by Miss Jocelyn Bell (now Dr Jocelyn Bell-Burnell) and caused a great deal of excitement. For a few days it was even suggested that the sources might be artificial. This intriguing theory was soon discarded and it was found that the "pulsars" are old stars which have exploded as supernovae, leaving behind them tiny, superdense bodies made up of neutrons. Today hundreds of pulsars are known, but only two have been identified with optical objects, so here, too, radio methods are all-important. Then there is the weak radiation coming from all directions which is believed to be the remnant of the "big bang" in which the universe was created perhaps 15,000 million years ago.

Radio astronomy is now world-wide. Though not all radio telescopes are of the "dish" type they are all used for essentially the same purpose. A second large paraboloid has been installed at Jodrell Bank and advances are being made rapidly but there is trouble ahead. Civil and military radio interference is becoming more and more obtrusive and Lovell says that unless something is done radio astronomy from Earth will become impossible within the next 50 years.

The only solution is to take radio astronomy out into space and plans are already being made, though they are still at an early stage. The far side of the Moon would be an ideal site as it is shielded from any transmissions from Earth.

This lies in the future. Meanwhile, from his retirement Sir Bernard Lovell has every reason to feel satisfied with his work as Director. He opened up a new branch of research without which modern scientists would feel very much at a loss. When the history of 20th-century research comes to be written Lovell will surely be remembered as the Isaac Newton of radio astronomy ●

For dried displays

by Nancy-Mary Goodall

Flower arrangements can be a problem in winter. I find I get bored with pot plants, bowls of bulbs and bought flowers and there are times when dried flowers are a useful alternative. In the hands of experts they can be most beautifully arranged. Some ordinary garden flowers dry well and are known not to lose their colour, but the process is complicated. Larkspur dries easily if picked when fresh.

It is more exciting to grow flowers that are dry by nature, the so-called everlasting or immortelles which have crackly petals like stiff paper. They are easily grown, either in a border among other flowers or in rows in the kitchen garden; you also need an attic or large warm cupboard to dry and store them, hanging in bundles upside down. The majority of everlastings are annuals and come from Australia, that strange, half-desert country where the native plants seem to have blown in from another world. One can imagine them springing up after the rains, their papery petals giving them enough protection from heat and drought to set seed before they die off.

The best known is the straw flower, *Helichrysum bracteatum*, which is often sold in made-up arrangements in shops. If grown for florists the flowers are picked singly just before they reach perfection, dried face up on racks and later mounted on wires; but for large floral arrangements you can cut sprays of flowers and buds, pick off the leaves and bunch and hang them to dry in the ordinary way. There are now tall and dwarf forms in a wide range of colours, red, white and pink as well as the expected orange and yellow. *Helichrys*ums are half-hardy so the seed should be sown in seed compost under glass in February or March and the seedlings pricked out into boxes, hardened off and planted out in May.

Also half-hardy and needing the same treatment are two more Australian everlastings, the sand flower, *Ammobium alatum*, with silvery, yellow-centred flowers on stiff stems 18-24 inches high, the best forms having flowers nearly 2 inches across; and the blue lace flower, *Didiscus caeruleus*, 18 inches, with lavender blue flowers reminiscent of scabious, which is sometimes grown as a pot plant for the cool greenhouse but can be planted out in warm corners from May.

Globe amaranth is the old, poetic name of a plant now boringly called *Gomphrena globosa*. It comes from India and has rounded flowers that look something like large clover heads in purple, rose and white. It should be cut and dried before they are fully open. A purple form that goes by the name of Buddy is a popular pot plant and needs a 5 inch pot to develop properly.

Amaranthus caudatus, love-lies-bleeding, has tiny flowers, dark red or green, crowded in long tassels like bundles of lambs' tails. They are not papery but will dry and are so effective that you can use them alone in a big arrangement.

The prettiest of the immortelles, once again from Australia, are the helipterums, sometimes still offered for sale under their old names rhodanthe and acroclinium. *Helipterum manglesii* (rhodanthe) is a graceful plant with fragile pink or white flowers about 1 foot high; *H. roseum* (acroclinium) has large double pink or white daisy flowers with yellow centres. It is worth looking for these in the seed catalogues under all three names. They are hardy annuals and can be sown directly into the soil where they are to grow.

Sea lavender, *Limonium sinuatum*, 1-2 feet, is another hardy annual, pretty and popular. The colour range of the flat heads runs through white, yellow, pink, mauve and dark lavender blue. *Xeranthemum annuum*, like limonium from the Mediterranean, is another annual to be sown *in situ*. It has been known in British gardens for 400 years and has crisp, double daisy flowers in purple, rose, lilac and white.

Another annual, not strictly an everlasting but far too decorative to leave out, is *Molucella laevis*, known as the bells of Ireland. The 2 foot flower spikes are grown not for the flowers, which are small and white, but for the apple green cup-shaped bracts that surround them in neat tiers. If cut in summer and dried hanging down these will by the time you need them have turned to a most elegant ivory shade. Treat as half-hardy, or sow outside in May.

Now comes a group of perennial plants that well deserve a permanent place. *Catananche caerulea major* is sometimes called the Cupid's dart because it was brewed up in love potions. The blue flowers, much the same size as annual cornflowers, must be picked when they open or they will fade. Also perennial are the pearly everlastings with greyish foliage and small papery white flowers, *Anaphalis margaritacea*, 1-1½ feet high, from North America, *A. triplinervis*, 1 foot, from the Himalayas and *A. yedoensis*, 2 feet, from Japan, all invaluable late summer plants.

Finally here are a few plants to be handled with caution—or panache. The perennial *Physalis franchetii*, or Chinese lanterns, has tiny flowers that turn into those well known inflated tomato-red seed pods, each with a single fruit inside; and biennial *Dipsacus fullorum*, the fullers' teasel, and honesty, *Lunaria annua*, with its moonlike white satin pods—not easy subjects to arrange. But if you know the knack with Pampas grass, cortaderia, which is to take it apart and wire the fluffy sprays to strong straws, they fill in the outline of a dried arrangement very well ●



HOW

HOW (of Edinburgh)
only address

2-3 PICKERING PLACE
ST. JAMES'S STREET
LONDON, SW1A 1EA

Telephone & Telegrams:
01-930 7140

SILVER-GILT DISH

Arms: Bathurst impaling Apsley
London 1700 By P. Harache
Weight 187 ozs 19 dwts
Diameter 24 ins

The Illustrated London News Picture Library

houses one of the finest collections of social history photographs and illustrations in the country, from 1842 to the present day. We provide a speedy and efficient service for authors, publishers and all media.

For further details apply:

ILN Picture Library,

4 Bloomsbury Square, London

WC1A 2RL

Telephone 01-404 4300



THE BURLINGTON MAGAZINE

Annual Subscription Rates

United Kingdom £54 post free

North America (air speeded delivery) \$162

Rest of World £60 post free

Orders should be addressed to:

The Burlington Magazine
4 Bloomsbury Square, London WC1A 2RL



Fine Art Auctioneers & Valuers since 1796

POSTCARDS & CIGARETTE CARDS

Wednesday 23 December at 12 noon

Including cards by Kirchner, Mucha, Louis Wain, Harry Payne and others.
Viewing: Day prior 9 am-4.30 pm and morning of sale until 11 am

Illustrated Catalogue £1 by post

For further information please contact Hugo Marsh Ext 332

7 Blenheim Street, New Bond Street, London, W1Y 0AS. Telephone: 01-629 6602.

Members of the Society of Fine Art Auctioneers

CHESS

Child's play

by John Nunn

A pleasant feature of chess tournaments is the wide range of ages among competitors. Lively 60-year-old players do battle with precocious youngsters on even terms; the greater calculating power of the latter is balanced by the cunning and experience of their seniors. At the lower end of the spectrum chess shares with music and pure mathematics the property of giving rise to prodigies. The likely reason for this is that all three areas are self-contained formal systems which relate only slightly to other aspects of life. In contrast, for example, it is not enough to have a large vocabulary and a perfect knowledge of grammar to produce a great work of literature. Experience of life is also an essential ingredient.

There have been a number of famous prodigies in the past, such as Capablanca, who was the strongest player in Cuba by the age of 12, or Reshevsky, who astonished people by giving simultaneous displays at the age of eight. In so far as performances separated in time by 70 years can be compared, it seems that with the possible exception of Reshevsky, who was a unique phenomenon, the top young players of today are capable of matching earlier results. Kasparov from the USSR and England's own Nigel Short, for example, both reached master strength by the age of 14, which compares well with Capablanca. Such comparisons are, however, rather deceptive, in that the opportunities for competitive play in Cuba at the turn of the century were far less than in contemporary Britain or Russia, and Capablanca's real strength developed only when he moved to the United States and encountered top-class opposition.

Capablanca went on to become world champion and Reshevsky at his peak was one of the best four players in the world. Will today's prodigies follow in their footsteps and reach the top? Kasparov is already thought to be the most likely challenger for the world championship when the next match takes place in 1984, but as Nigel Short is still only 16 it is rather early to predict his future. Without the state support given to his Soviet rivals it will be a tough struggle for him.

A recent book, *Nigel Short: Chess Prodigy* (Faber & Faber, £7.95 hardback, £3.95 paperback), charts his progress from the age of seven, when he learnt the game, up to 1981. The author is David Short, Nigel's father, but the games which make up the bulk of the book are well annotated by Welsh international George Botterill. Some interesting sidelights are thrown by Nigel's father on the problems of bringing up a son who is often at the centre of media attention. The Fleet Street reporter who asked Nigel to "look arrogant for the

camera" epitomizes the more unpleasant aspects of such public interest.

The following game, played during 1976 in Manchester, shows how a highly talented 11-year-old plays. White's opening is over-ambitious, but when Black does make a mistake it is ruthlessly punished.

N. Short J. Farrand
White Black
Chigorin Defence

1 P-Q4 P-Q4
2 P-QB4 N-QB3
3 N-QB3 PxP
4 P-Q5?!

White should certainly have preferred the solid and strong 4 N-B3.

4 ... N-K4
5 P-B4?

An experienced master would never have played such a move. White kicks the Black knight around, but at the cost of creating gaping holes behind the advanced pawns. 5 B-B4 or 5 Q-Q4 would have maintained equality.

5 ... N-N5
6 P-K4 P-K4
7 P-B5 N(1)-R3
8 Q-R4ch B-Q2
9 QxBP

This method of regaining the pawn was more or less forced or else Black plays ... B-B4 with strong threats against White's king.

9 ... P-QB3
10 B-Q2 P-QN4?

10 ... R-B1! was much stronger, since if the queen moves away the bishop can occupy QB4.

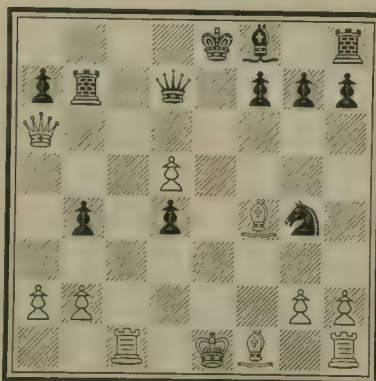
11 Q-K2 P-N5
12 PxP BxP
13 Q-R6! Q-Q2?

Black plays to win a pawn but quickly runs into trouble. 13 ... Q-N3 was better.

14 N-Q5 NxBP
15 R-B1 N-Q5
16 N-KB3 BxN

If 16 ... R-B1 then 17 NxN PxN 18 B-QN5 wins.

17 PxN R-N1
18 NxN PxN
19 B-KB4 R-N2



20 R-B7!

Simple but attractive. If 20 ... RxR then 21 B-QN5 wins.

20 ... QxR
21 BxQ RxB
22 P-Q6 Resigns

Banana-skin hands

by Jack Marx

Possibly the bridge-playing man-in-the-street, if such a person can be said to exist, imagines that international championships are invariably solemn affairs. No doubt the players intend to treat them with due seriousness, but even at this level mishaps do occur when the spectators at least will be overcome by hilarity, though one of the contesting sides will feel in no mood for it and the other too polite to display it.

These hands occurred at the European Championships held in Athens in 1971, though even after this lapse of time it might be considered unkind to disclose the identity of the teams concerned. In one match one of the Norths tried in vain to project an image of a major two-suiter onto the mind of an uncomprehending partner.

♠ A Q 7 4 2 Dealer West
♥ K Q 8 6 5 Love All
♦ void
♣ K 8 4

♠ 9 5 ♠ 10 6
♥ 10 7 ♥ A 4 2
♦ A K Q J 10 8 7 ♦ 9 6 5 3
♣ Q 7 ♣ A 9 6 3

♠ K J 8 3
♥ J 9 3
♦ 4 2
♣ J 10 5 2

West	North	East	South
3NT	4♣	4♦	5♣
No	5♦	No	6♣
No	6♦	END	

West's opening was the so-called "gambling no-trump", based on a long minor and little or nothing besides. Four Clubs is the recognized counter for a take-out, but unfortunately it never seemed clear to South who was cue-bidding whose suit. The contract went nine down for a loss of 450, though as it turned out the loss was not as great as it might have been.

West	North	East	South
1♦	DBL	2♦	2♠
4♦	4♠	5♦	No
No	5♠	DBL	END

Starting from a lower level this North-South easily found their spade fit, but were driven too high for comfort. Placing West with Club Ace on his opening bid, South misguessed in this suit and went one down for the loss of 50.

♠ A Q J 10 8 4 2 Dealer South
♥ 6 2 North-South
♦ void Game
♣ Q J 10 5

♠ 9 7 6 5 3 ♠ K
♥ A J 5 4 ♥ K Q 10 8 7 3
♦ A K 9 ♦ Q 7 6
♣ A ♣ 8 3 2

♠ void
♥ 9
♦ J 10 8 5 4 3 2
♣ K 9 7 6 4

The first North-South must have felt confident that they could not lose on the

hand.

South	West	North	East
No	1♣	4♠	5♥
No	6♥	DBL	No
No	RDL	END	

North's double was a "Lightner", demanding an unusual lead, defined as any suit but one bid genuinely by his own side, or a trump, and South was not hard pressed to find the needful diamond. At trick two he ruffed North's Spade Ace and gave his partner another diamond ruff. Plus 600 seemed a good enough score for a side heavily outnumbered in high-card points, but this is what happened at the other table.

South	West	North	East
No	1♣	2♠	DBL
No	No	No	

As at the first table, West's opening was an artificial "Big Club", but East's Double was purely conventional, conveying at least eight points but less in controls than one Ace and one King or three Kings. To West game for his own side seemed somewhat doubtful, so he passed confident of a good plus score from vulnerable opponents not wholly in control of their own spades. Sadly for him the plus score went to the enemy, who took nine tricks for a score of 870.

This last hand was a truly bizarre affair when it transpired that the safest course for declarer would have been a two-fold finesse for the missing Queen of trumps though in opposite directions.

♠ K 4 2 Dealer North
♥ A Game All
♦ A K Q 6 4
♣ Q 10 6 2

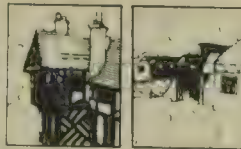
♠ Q 8 7 6 ♠ 3
♥ Q J 10 7 ♥ K 9 6 4
♦ 8 3 ♦ 10 9 7
♠ K 9 4 ♠ A J 8 5 3
♠ A J 10 9 5
♥ 8 5 3 2
♦ J 5 2
♣ 7

North	1♦	2♣	3♠	No
South	1♠	2♦	4♠	

Dummy perforce won the heart lead and South saw that, granted a normal diamond break, he could afford to lose a trump trick. Needing to retain control of hearts, he was prepared to lose it at once by leading a small spade from dummy to his Jack. However, the Jack won, so he led his small trump to dummy's King and was now ruined. The best he could do was to ruff one heart in dummy and lose a trump, two hearts and a club.

It never became clear whether West's holding up his Queen of trumps was a brilliant stroke of cunning or mere inadvertence, but South was the first to admit that he could have made certain of his contract by next leading his Spade Ten and letting it run. If, as normally would happen, East's Queen wins, the trump King is still in dummy to guard the hearts, and South's own trump holding is sufficient to take care of everything else. As the cards lie, this play will produce 11 tricks

It's all a matter of taste.



Send now for our Colour brochure

Lythe Hill Hotel.

The two of us.

'Auberge de France'
XIV Century French restaurant.
Period bedrooms.

'L'Entente Cordiale'.
English cooking.

28 luxury bedrooms and suites.

Lythe Hill Hotel,
Petworth Road,
Haslemere, Surrey.
Haslemere S1251
Telex 858402.

Egon Ronay. A Prestige Hotel
H.T.A. Commended Hotel.

Ancestry

Debrett's Peerage Ltd. will happily place its 200 years experience at your disposal and trace your ancestors.

Everyone has Ancestors

Please write for our free 12 page booklet, which will answer most of the questions you want to ask about our world-wide services.

Ask too about our special Irish Ancestry Service

Debrett

DEBRETT ANCESTRY RESEARCH

Dept L2, 78 Parchment Street
Winchester, SO23 8AT,
England.

Dept L2, 106 Pembroke Road,
Dublin 4, Ireland.

Dept L2, Suite 303E
200 Park Avenue
New York
N.Y. 10017.

The better value holiday

with fully inclusive excursions

1982 Continental & British Tours

For the first time Cotters quality Coach Tours are available direct from London (as well as Glasgow & Edinburgh) to romantic places, throughout Europe and a host of British destinations.

No hidden extras; we include as standard so much that other companies often charge as extras — like fully inclusive excursions, high class hotels, all meals en route, full board at most centres — that's why Cotters have been famous for quality and value for over 50 years.

Send for your FREE brochure — pick *Paris, *Austria, *Italy, *Rhine, *Holland, *Switzerland and many more or one of our British tours.

Write to Dept. ILN

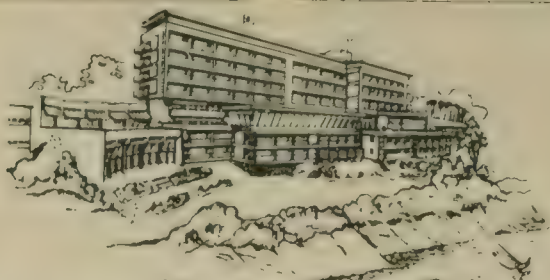
COTTER TOURS

279 Lillie Road, LONDON SW6 or
30 Crimea Street, GLASGOW G2 8PW
and at Edinburgh.

Please send me your free colour brochure

Name

Address



For Gracious Living

On the special occasions or that really relaxing holiday, stay at The Imperial overlooking glorious Torbay.

The Imperial's spacious modern décor, internationally famed cuisine and leisure facilities will meet your every wish.

Imperial Events

Art and Antiques Weekends, Gastronomic Weekends, Garden Lovers' Weekends, Golf Instructed Holidays, Musical and Health programmes.

Write for general Brochure (KA) or special events leaflet (KB).

The *Imperial* Torquay
Tel: 0803 24301

Trusthouse Forte Hotel

You may be surprised to see an American travel organization advertising in these pages; but many of our programmes are unique, and no other company in the world has the knowledge, experience and audacity to arrange them:

Tours Cruises and Expeditions

Unless you find it convenient to join our small, expertly led groups of discerning travellers in the United States, we will be glad to arrange for you to meet us en route in London for our treks and safaris in **Nepal, Rajasthan and Tanzania**; in Copenhagen for the **Greenland Dog-Sledging Expedition**; in Montreal for our tour to view **seals and bears**; and in South America for our superb programmes to the **Galapagos Islands and Peru**.

Please contact us for detailed brochures of the tours, cruises and expeditions in which you are interested — we are only a telephone call away, or three days by airmail:

HANNS EBENSTEN TRAVEL, INC
705 WASHINGTON STREET, NEW YORK, NY 10014
TELEPHONE (212) 691 7429



BY APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN
LIFT MANUFACTURERS

BARRON HOME LIFTS



Ring or write to us
about a lift for YOUR home.

**BARRON & SHEPHERD
LTD (Dept ILN)**

134, King Street,
Hammersmith, London W6 0QL
Telephone 01-748 0311

P&O come up trumps.

With two fabulous **Bridge Cruises on Canberra** can you think of a better way to spend a holiday than to combine your favourite pastime with a P&O cruise?

Bridge fanatic or enthusiastic beginner — you'll enjoy the company and instruction of a resident team of bridge experts, Nico Gardener, Freddie North and Geoff Connell. There are lectures, bridge sessions, tournaments and events of all kinds with trophies and prizes.

But there's more to a P&O

Bridge Cruise than just playing bridge. On the Canberra, flagship of the P&O fleet, the food is superb, the service immaculate...and the pools,

bars and amenities quite outstanding.

For further details, see your travel agent or send the coupon.



Post to: Sue Hudson,
P&O Cruises, Beaufort House,
St. Botolph Street London EC3A 7DX
Tel: 01-283 8080 (ext 3298)
Please send me more details about the special
1982 Bridge Cruises

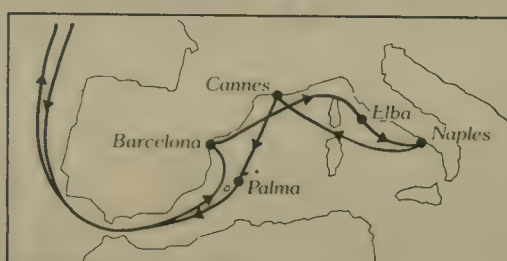
Name _____
Address _____

Postcode _____
ILN/IL

**P&O
Cruises**



Cruise 205, May 28 — June 11. 14 nights from £587.



Cruise 214, September 25 — October 9. 14 nights from £572.

BRIEFING

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

LONDON MISCELLANY

MIRANDA MADGE

Jan 2-30. **The philately of the Cayman Islands** from 1889 when a post office was opened at Georgetown, Grand Cayman, to the present day. Stanley Gibbons Gallery, 399 Strand, WC2. Mon-Fri 9.30am-4.30pm, Sat 10am-noon.

Jan 7-16, 10am-7pm, Thurs until 9pm. **Model Engineer exhibition.** Exhibits ranging from aeroplane kits constructed by 8-year-olds to grandfather clocks; also steam trains to ride on, films & a boat pool. Wembley Conference Centre, Middx. £2, OAPs & children £1.50.

Jan 7-17. **Boat Show.** Huge array of boats, free sailing, water-skiing & wind-surfing lessons, musical fashion spectacles. Earls Court, SW5. Mon-Fri 10am-8.30pm, Sat & Sun until 7pm. Jan 7 & 8 £5 (including catalogue), children £2.50; Jan 9-17 £2.30, children £1.20; Jan 11-15 after 5.30pm, £1, children 50p.

Jan 8, 6pm. **Edward Bond** reads his own poems, stories & plays. Lyttelton, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1. £1.50.

Jan 8, 15, 22, 29. **Jock McFadyen**, artist-in-residence, opens his studio to the public. National Gallery, Trafalgar Sq, WC2, 10.30am-1pm, 2-5pm.

Jan 12, 6.30pm. **Master Class** given by Dr Manfred Dreher on the automatic polishing of jewelry & silverware. Goldsmiths' Hall. Tickets £3, from Chris Walton, Goldsmiths' Hall, Foster Lane, EC2.

Jan 19-22, 26-29, 3.30pm. **Films about Japan & the arts of the Edo period:** Jan 19-22, *The Edo Stage* featuring extracts from a Kabuki comedy & a Bunraku (puppet) comedy, *Coloured Nabeshima ware*; Jan 26-29, *The Kites of Japan*, *The scroll of time: a visual history of Japan*. British Museum, Great Russell St, WC1.

Jan 31. **Chinese New Year**, celebrations to usher in the Year of the Dog. A dragon dances to the sound of drums & wishes shopkeepers a happy new year, Newport Place, WC1 & surrounding area from 1pm onwards.

Places to visit

Arts Council Poetry Library
9 Long Acre, WC2 (379 6597). Tues-Sat 10am-5pm, Thurs until 7pm. Quiet first-floor rooms contain loan & reference copies of 20th-century poetry ranging from Yeats to Spike Milligan. You may borrow books or sit & read them there.

Avery Hill Winter Gardens
Bexley Rd, Eltham. Three great greenhouses, the central one with a dome 90ft high, shelter a profusion of plants: pineapples, elephant's ears, a Chinese palm over 100 years old, flowers, ferns & cacti. Tues-Fri 1-4pm, Sat & Sun 11am-4pm.

Leighton House
12 Holland Park Rd, W14 (602 3316). Mon-Sat 11am-5pm. Exotic interior with an Arab Hall in which a fountain plays, drawings by Lord Leighton, paintings by Sir Edward Burne-Jones & pottery by William de Morgan. Closed Jan 1.

London Dungeon
34 Tooley St, SE1 (403 0606). Daily 10am-4.30pm. A historically correct museum of horrors. In enormous slimy vaults underneath the arches at London Bridge station are life-size scenes of witches & torture. Best for bloodthirsty over-10s. £2.50, OAPs & children £1.25; Sundays 10am-12.30pm, half price.

Rangers House
Chesterfield Walk, Blackheath (853 0035). Daily 10am-4pm. The house was built about 1694 & in 1749 was enlarged by Lord Chesterfield, renowned for his sage letters to his son. Now on show is the Suffolk collection of Jacobean & Stuart portraits & Old Master paintings.

FOR CHILDREN

Dec 29-Jan 2. **Children's Centre** provides quizzes, worksheets & the opportunity to look through a microscope or make a bark rubbing. Natural History Museum. 10.30am-12.30pm, 2-4pm. Closed Dec 24-26, Jan 1.

Until Jan 3. **Young artists of the Commonwealth.**



The dragon dances in Gerrard Street: Chinese New Year is celebrated on January 31.

AT THE BOAT SHOW this month, you can find out what it feels like to water-ski, at the National Gallery on Fridays you can penetrate the studio of Jock McFadyen to ask him about his work, and on January 31 you can go to Chinatown to see the Chinese new year welcomed in. Avery Hill Winter Gardens were praised in 1890 for making their creator, Colonel J. T. North, and his family "independent of outdoor exercise during inclement weather" and a trip to Eltham will afford you this luxury as well.

□ A treat for a child could be a visit to the Commonwealth Institute to hear a story and see paintings by children from Commonwealth countries. Professor Percy Press II and Dog Toby will be at Bethnal Green Museum.

□ Stockhausen makes his first London appearance for five years when he talks about and demonstrates musical metamorphoses. Lectures organized by the National Trust discuss Oxford, Cambridge and Persia; and the heads of various departments at the Museum of London review their achievements in the first five years of the Museum.

Children's paintings showing the diversity of talent & culture within the Commonwealth; also a special display of work by disabled children. Commonwealth Institute, Kensington High St, W8. Mon-Sat 10am-5.30pm, Sun 2-5pm, closed Jan 1. Until Jan 7. "... seen but not heard ..." Gallery trail & quiz on the theme of children. Versions for the under-7s, 7- to 13-year-olds & 13- to 90-year-olds. National Gallery, Trafalgar Sq, WC2. Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm. Closed Dec 24-26, Jan 1.

Until Jan 7, Mon-Thurs 11am & 1.30pm. **Sir Thomas Gainsborough personified:** the artist demonstrates how he painted *The Morning Walk* & asks the audience to help him with tasks such as mixing the pigments. National Gallery.

Until Jan 8. **"All that glisters".** Gallery trail to find out where & how objects shine in paintings. Best for those over eight. Tate Gallery, Millbank, SW1. Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm. Closed Dec 24-26, Jan 1.

Until Jan 21. **Light Finger**, a Christmas fantasy presented by the Rational Theatre Company. A science-fiction comedy which shows the problems encountered by an alien naturalist who comes to earth intending to collect the Natural History Museum & take it back with him for exhibition at the Pan Galactic Centre. Natural History Museum, Cromwell Rd, SW7 (589 6323). Mon-Sat 2.30pm, Sun 3pm. £1.50, children 75p, pre-bookable from the museum. No performances Dec 24-26, Jan 1, 11.

Jan 2, 11.15am & 3pm; Jan 3, 2.30 & 4pm. **Stories from around the world.** Commonwealth Institute, Kensington High St, W8.

Jan 2, 2.30pm. **Traditional Punch & Judy** presented by Professor Percy Press II with Dog Toby in attendance. Bethnal Green Museum.

Cambridge Heath Rd, E2.

Jan 3, 2.45pm. **The Wonderful World of Percussion**, a family entertainment by James Blades. Purcell Room, South Bank, SE1 (928 3191).

Jan 4-8, 10.15am & 2.15pm. **Christmas Holiday workshop.** Children are invited to make a three-dimensional wall plaque of a double-decker bus. £2 including admission to museum. London Transport Museum, Covent Garden, WC2. Open daily 10am-6pm. £1.60, children 60p.

Jan 24, 2.45pm. **Tinderbox:** stories & music with an Afro-Caribbean-Latin-American flavour presented by David Moses & friends. Purcell Room. Jan 31, 3.15pm. **Gerard Benson & Jean Phillips** tell the stories of *Brer Rabbit* & the *Tar Baby*, *Snow White* & *The Three Little Pigs*. Purcell Room.

LECTURES

ART WORKERS' GUILD

6 Queen Sq, WC1 (837 3474). Jan 20, 7.30pm. **Sir Gerald du Maurier**—last of the actor-managers. Matthew Norgate.

MUSEUM OF LONDON

London Wall, EC2 (600 3699). Jan 19-29, 1.10pm. **Five years on**, senior museum staff review of the first five years of the Museum: Jan 19, *The prehistory & Roman department*, Hugh Chapman; Jan 20, *The medieval department*, Brian Spencer; Jan 21, *The costumes & textiles department*, Kay Staniland; Jan 22, *The Tudor & Stuart department*, Rosemary Weinstein; Jan 26, *The department of urban archaeology*, Brian Hobley; Jan 27, *The modern department*, Colin Sorensen; Jan 28, *The conservation department*, Arthur Trotman; Jan 29, *The Greater London archaeology department*,

excavations in west London, Jon Cotton.

Jan 26, 6.30pm. **After My Fashion**, John Packer, managing director of Reid & Taylor who produce woollen cloth. Tickets £3 from the costume department, cheques should be made out to the Museum of London Costume Group Working Party.

NATIONAL THEATRE

South Bank, SE1 (928 2252).

Jan 6, 6pm. **John Schlesinger**, director of *True West*, talks about his work. £1.50.

Jan 14, 6pm. **Karlheinz Stockhausen** gives a lecture demonstration: *Musical Metamorphoses*. £1.50.

PHOTOGRAPHERS' GALLERY

5 Great Newport St, WC2 (240 5511).

Jan 12-Feb 16, 7.30pm. **Ways of looking at photography:** the 20th century, lectures by Margaret Barker: Jan 12, *The influence of technology on photographic imagery*; Jan 19, *Colour photography—realism & idealism* (6.30pm at the Science Museum, includes viewing of the exhibition *Chasing Rainbows*); Jan 26, *Between the wars: the glittering spectacle*; Feb 2, *The changing role of portraiture*. Tickets £1.50, members, OAPs & students £1, £5.50 for series of six from the Gallery in advance.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF ARTS

8 John Adam St, WC2 (839 2366).

Jan 20, 6pm. **Publishing: a vital national & international asset**, Clive Bradley.

Jan 21, 6pm. **Nursing—a shared ideal:** the Commonwealth experience, Margaret Brayton. Free tickets from J. M. Robertson, RSA.

SOUTH BANK, SE1 (928 3191). Jan 15, 6pm. **Music of eight decades:** Nigel Osborne talks about Carter, Lloyd, Casken, Berio & himself, all represented in a concert the same evening. £1.50. Waterloo Room, Festival Hall.

National Trust lectures: Jan 18, *Oxford & Cambridge: an architectural appreciation*, Alec Clifton-Taylor; Jan 25, *Living with the desert: some Persian solutions*, Elizabeth Beazley; 6pm. £1.30. Purcell Room.

Jan 28, 6.15pm. **Celebrities on the South Bank 4:** **Paul Toller** talks to Bryan Crimp about his life & career, with recorded musical illustrations. £2.20. Waterloo Room, Festival Hall.

TATE GALLERY

Millbank, SW1 (821 1313).

Jan 2, 3, 9, 10, 16, 17, 23, 24, 30, 31, 2.30pm. **Painting of the month:** David Bomberg's *"In the hold"*, various lecturers.

Jan 3, 3pm. **Children of the imagination**, Laurence Bradbury.

Jan 4, 11am, 1pm. **Modern painting & literature**, readings by Richard Humphreys: Jan 4, *Extracts from Wyndham Lewis & Ezra Pound*; Jan 11, *An evening with Monsieur Teste* by Paul Valéry.

Jan 26, 1pm. **Two views of landscape:** Long & Boyle, Michael Compton.

Jan 27, 6.30pm. **Directions in English & European mural painting**, Graham Cooper.

Jan 28, 1pm. **Indistinctness in Turner: fault or forte?**, Cecily Lowenthal.

Jan 5-28, 6.30pm. **Films made in the mid-60s** showing how film makers were affected by the interest fine artists showed in popular art: Jan 5, *Modesty Blaise*; Jan 7, 21, *A Bigger Splash*; Jan 12, *Once Upon a Time in the West*; Jan 14, 28, *The Paolozzi Story*; Jan 19, *Blow Up*; Jan 26, *Barbarella*.

WHITECHAPEL ART GALLERY

Whitechapel High St, E1 (377 0107).

Jan 6, 1pm. **Sculpture in the 1970s**, Stuart Morgan.

Jan 13, 1pm. **The lure of abstraction in late-1950s sculpture**, Lynne Cooke.

Jan 20, 1pm. **British design developments from the 1939 Paris Exposition to the Festival of Britain**, James Holland.

WIGMORE HALL

Wigmore St, W1 (935 2141).

Jan 2, 5.15pm. **The Classical style**, Antony Hopkins, with illustrations by members of the Thames Chamber Orchestra. £1.

TRACING YOUR FAMILY HISTORY?

If you need professional help, turn to the team of genealogists with most experience world-wide.

For efficiency and economy in HERALDRY and FAMILY HISTORY send all known details for FREE estimate, to:

**ACHIEVEMENTS
OF NORTHGATE**
Canterbury
CT1 1BAJ
or tel. Dr. Swinfield
(0227) 62618



ST. GODRIC'S COLLEGE

Secretarial Courses
Language Training
Business Studies
Liberal Arts Course
Resident and
Day Students

2 Arkwright Road,
London NW3 6AD
Telephone: 01-435 9831
Telex: 25589

PARSONS GREEN REPRODUCTIONS LTD.

147 Lower Richmond Road
Putney, London SW15
Telephone 01-788 3616

Executive model £237, & Home £179.



A Filing Cabinet from our range
of yew and mahogany furniture
Illustrated Price List on Request

LET THE GIN BE



BRIEFING

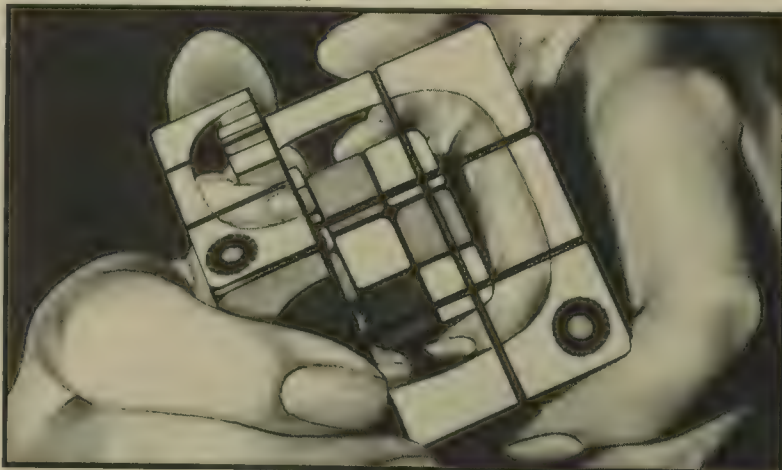
TELEVISION ELKAN ALLAN

THE ADVENT of video has quickly challenged the traditional use made of television sets. Although 95 per cent of all pre-recorded tapes are either of old (or, increasingly, not-so-old) movies or of television programmes edited into tape form, there are already a few that have been made specially for video.

Two new cassettes out this month are of particular interest because they could exist only on tape. Most of the cassettes in shops and rental libraries merely provide a domestic and handy means of viewing films and TV programmes you missed, although I have been fascinated by Carnaby Video's advertising approach: "Now enjoy on video cassette the films you loved on general release" (not, that you never got around to seeing for one reason or another). But these two would not work in their present form either in the cinema or even as conventional television programmes.

Rewind 3 is the third, and easily the best, of Catalyst's enterprising hour-long magazines which go on the front of two hours more of recordable tape and can be wiped off to give you a conventional three-hour blank. Catalyst sold 40,000 of their first two issues and deserve to sell more of this one at £12.95, which works out at only £1 or £4 more (depending on where you buy your tape) than tapes which are all-blank. You can get them through all Thorn EMI outlets.

Catalyst has crammed 25 revue-type items into the wipeable hour and while, like all revues, it contains misses as well as hits, I cherished a marvellous send-up of pointless Beach Boyish lyrics by the HeeBeeGeeBees called "Meaningless Songs", which I shall be most reluctant to overlay with some other recording, and a sassily sub-titled performance of a speech from Shakespeare's *Henry VI* by John Barrymore. Biggest disappointment is a poorly observed skit on *Psycho* by Pamela Stephenson (why no shower scene?) and, while the excerpts from tapes by Billy Connolly and Kenny Everett may encourage you to get the full version (from Thames and Chrysalis, respectively), they put me off.



You Too Can Do the Cube helps you solve the maddening puzzle. The Rubik craze may have peaked, but I was still glad to be shown exactly how to do it by Penguin's splendidly fluent best-selling teenager Patrick Bossert. In a lavish production, considering the limitations of the subject, Goldcrest Television spent £20,000 on life-sized models and detailed graphics to back up his explanations. They use the fact that it is on tape by telling you when to freeze the frame for yourself and encouraging you at various points to go back over bits. If anything will ever teach me how to twiddle the colours back to their proper positions (and I doubt if anything will) this should do the job—£28.50 on VHS only.

PICK OF THE MONTH

Programme previews carry details of dates and channel only. Transmission times are not available when the *ILN* goes to press.

Jan 1. *The Talking Whale* (ATV)

Well, not quite talking, perhaps, but certainly whistling. That is how Gudrun, an Orca whale previously seen in producer Robin Brown's earlier documentary, *The Gentle Killers*, communicates with her trainer. There is a thrilling moment when she first tells him to do as he is told. Filming in America & at the European Association of Marine Mammals in Harderwijk, Holland.

Jan 3. *So You Want to Stop Smoking* (BBC 1)

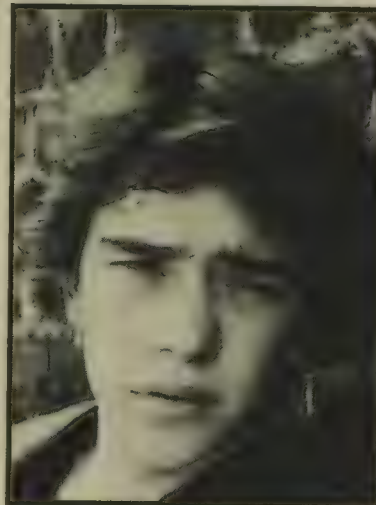
First of six 10-minute encouragements from Dr

Miriam Stoppard, who herself gave up. She sets out to help constructively & gently, rather than scare you. You watch her jolly along a group of givers-up, & there is back-up material available from the Council for Health Education.

Jan 4, 6. *The Star Maker* (ITV)

Rock Hudson as a Roger Vadim figure in a four-hour American drama about a director who has the knack of turning unknown actresses into superstars. But when they fall for him he grows tired of them & looks for a new challenge.

Also (on Jan 4) the start of Yorkshire's serial, *Airline*, which flies behind the BBC's *Buccaneer* in tracing the yarn of an RAF pilot going into the air haulage business.



Todd Carty plays Tucker: January 5.

Jan 5. *Grange Hill* (BBC 1)

This compulsive if repulsive slice of comprehensive life returns with emphasis on new intake from the local primaries. So many of the previous cast had either grown too old for credibility or wanted out—including Beryl Bainbridge's fanciable red-haired daughter—that they have started all over again.

Also, *England's Greens and Peasant Land* (BBC 1), a comedy play about the battle over a motorway.

Jan 6. *The Treasure Seekers* (BBC 1)

The start of classic E. Nesbit children's book done as a six-episode serial, with Eleanor Bron.

Jan 7. *County Hall* (BBC 2)

First of 13-part serial about a young man entering local politics, by *Grange Hill*'s creator, Phil Redmond.

Jan 8. *Bizarre* (ITV)

The title's right, for once. This is, indeed, a bizarre affair. It is a revue which was made in Canada for American network showing, with a cast of cabaret performers led by John Byer. It was rejected on the grounds, they say, of its naughtiness, & finally found a home on one of the cable networks. I saw it at this year's Edinburgh International Television Festival &, while I was mildly intrigued at the unusual sight of sketches the point of which was for ladies to remove their garments & reveal their naked bosoms, I was less than amused by the rather flat humour. ITV have bought 24 programmes in the series, which seems excessive.

Also, *The Fall Guy* (ITV). You might have caught the frantic pilot last month, about a stunt man (Lee Majors) who doubles as a freelance catcher of wanted bail-jumpers. This is the first of a weekly series, mercifully shorter in length.

Jan 10. *Wood & Walters* (ITV)

Victoria & Julie, that is—the female Laurel & Hardy act as seen in the delicious *Talent* & slightly less flavoursome follow-ups. Wood is the plump, cynically bemused one, who writes all those clever lyrics (& used to perform them on *That's Life*). Walters is the dark, rangy one, who made a West End hit in *Educating Rita*. This is to be a mixture of songs & sketches.

Also, *The Computer Programme* (BBC 1), a how-to course for those tackling the push-button marvels.

Jan 13. *The Bell* (BBC 1)

A strong cast (Ian Holm, Kenneth Cranham, Bryan Pringle, Richard Pearson, Rachel Kempson) in a four-part dramatization of the Iris Murdoch novel set in a lay religious community in a country house—in Gloucestershire in the book, in Warwickshire in the filming.

Jan 18. *Telemontage* (BBC 2)

French television items, presented in a way to help people improve their language-learning; first of eight.

Jan 24. *Couples* (BBC 1)

Third in a series each taking two couples—some conventionally spliced, others living more unorthodox joint lives—& examining how conventions are changing. This one, called *Complicated Families*, examines the effects of children from previous liaisons.

SPORT

FRANK KEATING



John Hipwell clears for the Australians: a date against England at Twickenham.

"HOW DID the middle classes manage for a Twickenham before Twickenham was built?" Thus once asked our distinguished restaurant columnist, John Morgan, with that mischievous Celtic twinkle in his eye. (Don't ever imagine, by the way, that his total table talk is of *crème brûlée* or buck-shot peas. It is impossible for him to get through any meal without at least one mention of rugby football with each course.) Anyway, January trumpets in those enduring, annual pagan festivals, the British Isles rugby union internationals, when five great cities are *en fête* for "the match". And winters like this, when a leading touring side is here, are a bonus indeed. On January 2 the middle classes will assemble at Twickenham, when the Australians play the last international of their tour against England. The visitors will end their trip with a festive flourish against the mixed-bag stars of the Barbarians at Cardiff the following weekend. The "domestic" season starts on January 16 at Edinburgh's misty Murrayfield and Dublin's crackerjack cockpit where the first Championship visitors this time are, respectively, England and Wales.

□ Another game the British "invented" which has spread with a will to even more distant world outposts than rugby football is table tennis. Inscrutable all-comers will be pinging and ponging at the English open Championships at Crawley from January 7 to January 9, sponsored, as ever, by the game's longtime benefactors, the Norwich Union.

□ Basketball was *not* invented by Victoria's muscular Christians. A youth leader called Naismith formulated some rules and organized the first ever game at the YMCA in Springfield, Massachusetts, on January 20, 1892. Oddly enough the game is catching on quite fast in Britain of late, instance the din that will be generated during January at Crystal Palace, Leicester and Cambridge.

HIGHLIGHTS

BASKETBALL

Dec 30-Jan 3. **Philips World Invitational Club Tournament**, Crystal Palace, SE19.

Jan 23. **Asda National Cup Final**, Granby Halls, Leicester.

Jan 31. **The Masters'**, Kelsey Kerridge Sports Centre, Cambridge.

DARTS

Jan 9-16. **World Professional Championships**, Jollees Night Club, Stoke-on-Trent, Staffs.

FENCING

Jan 16, 17. **Martin Edmunds Cup**, ladies' foil team championship, de Beaumont Centre, 83 Perham Rd, W14.

Jan 23, 24. **Epée Championship**, de Beaumont Centre.

FOOTBALL

London home matches:

Arsenal v Liverpool, Jan 9; v Leeds United, Jan 30.

Brentford v Huddersfield Town, Jan 2; v Bristol Rovers, Jan 16; v Fulham, Jan 23.

Charlton Athletic v Luton Town, Jan 16.

Chelsea v Cardiff City, Jan 9; v Shrewsbury Town, Jan 30.

Crystal Palace v Sheffield Wednesday, Jan 9; v Queen's Park Rangers, Jan 30.

Fulham v Doncaster Rovers, Jan 2; v Lincoln City, Jan 9; v Chesterfield, Jan 30.

Millwall v Wimbledon, Jan 9; v Chester, Jan 30.

Orient v Derby County, Jan 16.

Queen's Park Rangers v Wrexham, Jan 16.

Tottenham Hotspur v Middlesbrough, Jan 16.

Watford v Newcastle United, Jan 16.

West Ham United v Tottenham Hotspur, Jan 9; v West Bromwich Albion, Jan 30.

Wimbledon v Carlisle United, Jan 16; v Swindon Town, Jan 23.

GYMNASTICS

Jan 16. **Daily Mirror Champions' Cup**—the top 12 British gymnasts, six men & six women, Albert Hall, SW7.

HOCKEY

Jan 9, 10. **International Indoor Tournament**

(women), Meadowbank, Edinburgh.

HORSE RACING

Jan 1. **World Wide Assurance New Year's Day Hurdle**, Windsor.

Jan 2. **John Barr Hurdle**, Ayr.

Jan 9. **Tote Northern Hurdle**, Haydock Park.

Jan 16. **Pintail Chase**, Newcastle-on-Tyne; **Lambert & Butler Premier Chase Final**, Ascot.

Jan 23. **Peter Marsh Chase**, Haydock Park; **Brooke Bond Oxo National Handicap Chase**, Warwick.

Jan 30. **West of Scotland Pattern Novices' Chase**, Ayr; **William Hill Yorkshire Handicap Chase**, Doncaster; **Tote Double Chase**, Cheltenham.

RUGBY UNION

Internationals:

Jan 2. **England** v **Australia**, Twickenham.

Jan 9. **Barbarians** v **Australia**, Cardiff.

Jan 16. **Scotland** v **England**, Murrayfield; **Ireland** v **Wales**, Dublin.

London home matches:

Blackheath v **Saracens**, Jan 1; v **Harlequins**, Jan 9;

v **London Scottish**, Jan 16.

Harlequins v **Wasps**, Jan 23; v **London Scottish**, Jan 30.

London Irish v **Richmond**, Jan 9; v **Pontypool**, Jan 17; v **New Brighton**, Jan 30.

London Scottish v **Gloucester**, Jan 2; v **Rosslyn Park**, Jan 9; v **London Welsh**, Jan 23.

London Welsh v **Bedford**, Jan 1; v **Bath**, Jan 9; v **Leicester**, Jan 30.

Richmond v **Gosforth**, Jan 16; v **Saracens**, Jan 30.

Rosslyn Park v **Blackheath**, Jan 3; v **Esher**, Jan 15; v **Army**, Jan 27.

Saracens v **Ebbw Vale**, Jan 2; v **Metropolitan Police**, Jan 9; v **Bath**, Jan 23.

Streatham/Croydon v **Old Whitgiftian**, Jan 9.

Wasps v **Richmond**, Jan 2; v **Liverpool**, Jan 9; v **Gosforth**, Jan 30.

SNOOKER

Jan 26-31. **Benson & Hedges Masters'**, Wembley Conference Centre, Middx.

So sophisticated has the nation become about snooker, now in its glorious technicolour heyday, that a month ago I heard two tellyviewers taking bets on "How many times per frame will Davis miss his waistcoat pocket with the chalk?" There are other variations for gamblers too: a lot to do with Hurricane Higgins's intake of the sponsors' product.

SQUASH

Jan 8-10. **Home International Championships** (women), Manor Squash Club, Ilkeston, Derbys.

Jan 23-29. **British under-23 Open Championship**, Wembley Squash Centre, Middx.

TABLE TENNIS

Jan 7-9. **Norwich Union Open International Championships**, Crawley Leisure Centre, Sussex.

TENNIS

Jan 5-10. **Barratt World Doubles Tennis Championships**, Birmingham International Arena, National Exhibition Centre, Birmingham.

Four men & a net. One of the sadnesses in this age of singular superstars (& superbrats) has been the seeming decline of one of the great glories of lawn tennis—the quicksilver reactions, with rapier, cudgel & wit, of tennis doubles. Addicts who agree should hurry along for this orgy of quartet playing.

WINTER SPORTS

Jan 5, 6. **British Land Company Ski Slalom**, Val d'Isère, France.

Jan 7. **British Land Company British Alpine Ski Championship Downhill**, Val d'Isère.

Jan 18-25. **British Nordic Ski Championships**, Zwiesel, W Germany.

Jan 19-30. **Beneagles Perth Open Curling Championship**, Perth Ice Rink, Tayside.

The Scots' "ain game", which they claim to be the oldest competitive game in these islands. Scottish fur traders introduced it to Canada after the Siege of Quebec & the Royal Montreal Curling Club (1807) is the oldest official sports club founded on American soil (they say). The Canadians remain the best players.

Jan 28-Feb 7. **World Ski Championships**, Schladming, Austria.

Wimbledon tennis 1982

This year's Lawn Tennis Championships are to be held from June 21 to July 4. Application forms for tickets from the All-England Lawn Tennis Club, Church Rd, SW19 enclosing sae. Completed forms must be returned before January 31.

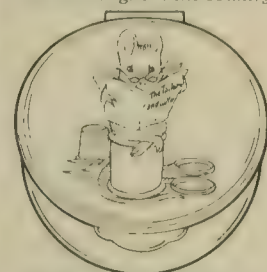
ENGLISH PAINTED ENAMELS

The World of Beatrix Potter

Beatrix Potter's books have been loved by generations of children and by adults too. In them she combines a deceptively simple prose, which conceals a dry humour, with illustrations in the best English watercolour tradition. She describes her charming animal characters with shrewd economy and depicts them with the precise and homely detail that children always love.

Crummles & Co. have been granted an exclusive license by Beatrix Potter's publishers, Frederick Warne & Co. Ltd., London, to depict some of her paintings on a series of enamel boxes. This delightful group of enamels, made and hand-painted in the tradition of the old 18th Century English Enamels is a charming collection commemorating the work of the Artist and Author.

They are part of the Crummles range of hand-painted enamels which are available from selected outlets throughout the country.



The mouse in the Tailor of Gloucester sitting on a cotton reel with a little sketch of the Tailor's street in Gloucester on the reverse of the lid.

Size 4.5cms. diam. Price £23.85.



Johnny Townmouse — decorated inside the lid with a drawing of Timmy-Willie, his country counterpart.

Size 4.5cms. diam. Price £23.85.



Jeremy Fisher fishing on the lake in the rain. On the reverse of the lid he digs for worms.

Size 4.5cms. diam. Price £23.85.



Crummles & Co.

2 Cromer Road Poole Dorset
Tel: (0202) 766877



Karlheinz Stockhausen: a lecture-demonstration this month and a spring date with *Inori*.

THE BBC SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA is offering a subscription giving 25 per cent discount on ticket prices for seven concerts at the Festival Hall. The series, which forms part of the orchestra's spring season, includes performances of Elgar's *The Apostles* conducted by Rozhdestvensky, a Beethoven programme under Barshai and several 20th-century pieces including the first British performance of Stockhausen's *Inori*, conducted by the composer.

□ Highlights of the month: New Year's Day Strauss Concert at the Albert Hall; recitals by Julian Bream and Elena Obratsova at the Wigmore Hall; Brendel, Tortelier and an RPO Dvorak concert at the South Bank.

CLASSICAL MUSIC GUIDE

ALBERT HALL

Kensington Gore, SW7 (589 8212).
Jan 1, 7.30pm. **London Symphony Orchestra**, conductor Georgiadis. Music by the Strauss family.

Jan 10, 7.30pm. **New Symphony Orchestra, Band of the Coldstream Guards**, conductor Tausky; Alan Schiller, piano. Tchaikovsky, Sleeping Beauty suite, Piano Concerto No 1, Marche militaire, Capriccio italien, Overture 1812 with cannon & mortar effects.

Jan 17, 7.30pm. **Wren Orchestra**, Massed Choirs from London, Nottinghamshire & Yorkshire, conductor Farncombe; Wendy Eathorne, soprano; Re-Yang Kim, mezzo-soprano; Thomas Edmonds, tenor; Raimund Herinx, bass. Handel, Messiah.

Jan 24, 7.30pm. **New Symphony Orchestra**, conductor Hopkins; Anthony Goldstone, piano. Schubert, Ballet music Nos 1 & 2 from Rosamunde; Grieg, Piano Concerto; Mendelssohn, Overture, Scherzo & Nocturne from A Midsummer Night's Dream; Mozart, Symphony No 41.

Jan 27, 7.30pm. **BBC Symphony Orchestra**, conductor Wand; Margaret Marshall, soprano. Schubert, Symphony No 8 (Unfinished); Strauss, Four Last Songs; Beethoven, Symphony No 6 (Pastoral).

Jan 31, 7.30pm. **English Chamber Orchestra**, Philip Ledger, conductor & harpsichord; Jose-Luis Garcia, piano. Mozart, Eine kleine Nachtmusik, Symphony No 40; Vivaldi, The Four Seasons.

ST JOHN'S

Smith Sq, SW1 (222 1061).

Jan 4, 1pm. **Zvi Zeitlin**, violin; **Clifford Benson**, piano. Schubert, Fantasy in C D934; Schönberg, Phantasy; Ravel, Tzigane.

Jan 5, 7.30pm. **Capricorn**; Ian Partridge, tenor. Macnaghten Concerts 50th Anniversary III. Bulter, Poor Jenny; Payne, Paraphrases & Cadenzas; Hellewell, Metamusic; Grange, On this bleak hut; Vaughan Williams, Ten Blake Songs; Knussen, Triptych. (Preceded at 6.30pm by The Composer & the Audience—a discussion with John Buller & Oliver Knussen. 50p.)

Jan 9, 7.30pm. **London Welsh Orchestra**, Gwalia

Male Choir, conductor Holden; Gwawr Owen, harp; the Young Welsh Singer of the Year. Programme includes Cherubini, Requiem in D minor. Jan 11, 1pm. **Martino Tirimo**, piano. Debussy, Pour le piano; Schubert, Sonata in A minor D845. Jan 13, 7.30pm. **Wren Orchestra**, conductor Judd. Schubert, Symphony No 6; Mendelssohn, The Fair Melusina; Beethoven, Symphony No 4.

Jan 18, 1pm. **Bruno Giuranna**, viola; **Ian Brown**, piano. Glinka, Sonata Movement in D minor; Britten, Lachrymae Op 48; Schubert, Sonata in A minor (Arpeggione).

Jan 20, 7.30pm. **Regent Sinfonia, London**, conductor Vass; Deirdre Lind, oboe; Anthony Robson, recorder; Graham Ashton, trumpet. Handel, Concerto Grosso in F Op 6/2, Oboe Concerto in G minor; Vivaldi, Recorder Concerto in C; Bach, Brandenburg Concerto No 2; C.P.E. Bach, Symphony in G WQ183.

Jan 21, 1.15pm. **Isabelle Flory**, violin; **Robin Colvill**, piano. Paganini, Cantabile Op 17; Elgar, Sonata in E minor; Falla, Suite populaire espagnole.

Jan 23, 7.30pm. **Singcircle, Circle**, conductor Rose. Ligeti, Aventures, Nouvelles aventures; Xenakis, Nomos, Mikka; Muldowney, In Dark Times; Casken, Music for the crabbing Sun.

Jan 25, 1pm. **Anton Weinberg**, clarinet; **Raphael Wallfisch**, cello; **Peter Wallfisch**, piano. Janacek, A Tale for cello & piano; Berg, Four Pieces Op 5 for clarinet & piano; Brahms, Clarinet Trio in A minor Op 114.

SOUTH BANK

SE1 (928 3191).

(FH=Festival Hall, EH=Queen Elizabeth Hall, PR=Purcell Room)

Jan 3, 3pm. **Daniel Blumenthal**, piano. Beethoven, Sonata in E Op 109; Brahms, 16 Waltzes Op 39; Busoni, Sonatina No 6; Debussy, Two Preludes: Ce qu'a vu le vent d'Ouest, La fille aux cheveux de lin, Etude pour les cinq doigts; Liszt, Vallée d'Obermann, Fantasia quasi Sonata, Après une lecture du Dante. EH.

Jan 3, 7.30pm. **London Concert Orchestra**, conductor Dods; Malcolm Binns, piano. Gershwin, An American in Paris, Rhapsody in Blue, I Got Rhythm, Variations, Selections from Lady Be Good, Symphonic Picture, Porgy & Bess. FH.

Park Lane Group Young Artists & 20th-century music series: Jan 4, **Mark Van De Wiel**, clarinet; **Robert Lockhart**, **William Howard**, pianos; **Paul Barritt**, violin. Lutoslawski, Alwyn, Webern, Weir, Swayne, Stravinsky; Jan 5, **Trio Cannello**; **David Mason**, piano. Stravinsky, Childs, Fricker, Swayne, Amy, Crosse, Maxwell Davies, Finnissy, Grainger; Jan 6, **Timothy Hugh**, cello; **Sian Edwards**, **Bryan Evans**, pianos; **Cathryn Pope**, soprano. Poulenc, Finnissy, Messiaen, Swayne, Schönberg, Stravinsky; Jan 7, **Bochmann String Quartet**; **Mario Conway**, piano accordion. Schmidt, Tate, Soprani, Nordheim, Finnissy, Prokofiev; Jan 8, **John Kenny**, trombone; **Catherine Wyn-Rogers**, contralto; **Lillian Adams**, piano. Globokar, Bartók, Nicholson, Berg, Schönberg, Druckman, Finnissy, Poulenc; 7.30pm. PR.

Jan 5, 7.45pm. **London Orpheus Orchestra & Choir**, conductor Gaddam; Jacquelyn Fugelle, soprano; Kerry Brown, contralto; James Anderson, tenor; David Wilson-Johnson, bass; Leslie Pearson, organ. Celebration of the 80th birthday of Princess Alice, Duchess of Gloucester, Patron of the Choir, in the presence of the Princess. Cruft, Te Deum; Mozart, Incidental music Thamos, King of Egypt; Haydn, Mass in D minor (Nelson). EH.

Jan 8, 7.45pm. **Lindsay String Quartet**; **Imogen Cooper**, piano; **Rodney Slatford**, double bass. Mozart, Quartet in C K465 (Dissonance); Beethoven, Quartet in F Op 18 No 1; Schubert, Quintet in A D667 (Trout). EH.

Jan 10, 3pm. **Lindsay String Quartet**. Schubert, Quartet in D minor D810 (Death & the Maiden); Beethoven, Quartet in F Op 135. EH.

Jan 12, 7.30pm. **Angela Brownridge**, piano. Beethoven, Chopin, Dvorak, Balakirev, Scriabin. PR. Jan 12, 7.45pm. **Medici String Quartet**. Haydn, Quartet in D Op 76 No 5; Schubert, Quartet in A minor D804; Ravel, Quartet in F. EH.

Jan 13, 7.30pm. **Susan Drake**, harp; **Alison Pearce**, soprano. Songs by Britten, Rubbra, & harp solos by Parish-Alivars, Zabel. PR.

Jan 13, 7.45pm. **City of London Chamber Orchestra, Anglia Opera Chorus**, conductor McIntosh; Wendy Eathorne, soprano; Nigel Robson, Jack Irons, tenors; Richard Wigmore, bass. Stanley, Solo Cantata, Concerto Grosso No 1; Handel, Acis & Galatea. EH.

Jan 15, 7.45pm. **London Sinfonietta**, conductor Zagrosek; Teresa Cahill, soprano; David Wilson-Johnson, bass-baritone; Sebastian Bell, flute; Gareth Hulse, oboe; Christopher Van Kampen, cello; John Constable, harpsichord. Carter, Sonata for flute, oboe, cello & harpsichord; Osborne, I am Goya; Lloyd, Waiting for Gozo; Casken, Firewhirl; Berio, Chemins IV. EH (Preceded by a talk by Nigel Osborne about these composers. 6pm, FH Waterloo Room. £1.50).

Jan 16, 7.30pm. **Simon Gilbert**, baritone; **Geoffrey Vince**, piano. Ravel, Trois mélodies Hébraïques, Don Quichotte à Dulcinée; Duparc, Pergolesi, Donizetti, Verdi, songs. PR.

Jan 16, 7.45pm. **Medici String Quartet**; John Bingham, piano. Haydn, Quartet in E flat Op 64 No 6; Mozart, Quartet in B flat K458 (The Hunt); Brahms, Piano Quintet in F minor Op 34. EH.

Jan 16, 8pm. **Royal Philharmonic Orchestra**, conductor Tausky; Howard Shelley, piano. Tchaikovsky, The Nutcracker, Piano Concerto No 1, Romeo & Juliet, Suite Swan Lake, Overture 1812. FH.

Jan 17, 3.15pm. **Alfred Brendel**, piano. Haydn, Sonata in D Hob XVI/51; Mozart, Sonata in A minor K310; Schubert, Sonata in A D664; Berg, Sonata Op 1; Schumann, Fantasy in C Op 17. FH.

Jan 17, 7pm. **Christodoulos Georgiadis**, piano. Schönberg, Chopin, Berg, Webern, Skalkottas. PR.

Jan 17, 7.30pm. **London Philharmonic Orchestra**, conductor Kuhn; David Nolan, violin. Tchaikovsky, Polonaise & Waltz from Eugene Onegin, Symphony No 4; Stravinsky, Violin Concerto in D. FH.

Jan 18, 7.45pm. **The King's Singers in Concert**. Programme to be announced. EH.

Jan 18, 8pm. **Young Musicians Symphony Orchestra**, conductor Blair; Josephine Barstow, soprano. Strauss, Festival Prelude, Four Last Songs, Alpine Symphony. FH.

Jan 19, 8pm. **London Symphony Orchestra**, conductor Del Mar; Barry Tuckwell, horn;

Douglas Cummings, cello. Mayer, Shivanataraj; Strauss, Horn Concerto No 2, Don Quixote. FH. Jan 20, 8pm. **London Mozart Players**, conductor Blech; John Lill, piano; Ifor James, horn. Beethoven, Piano Concerto No 5 (Emperor); Mozart, Horn Concerto No 3; Schubert, Symphony No 6. FH.

Jan 21, 7.45pm. **Scottish Chamber Orchestra**, conductor Maksymiuk; Paul Tortelier, cello; Teresa Cahill, soprano. Haydn, Symphony No 47; Schumann, Cello Concerto; Benjamin, A Mind of Winter; Dvorak, Serenade for strings. EH.

Jan 21, 8pm. **Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, Huddersfield Choral Society**, conductor Hughes; Bernadette Greevy, mezzo-soprano; Robert Tear, tenor; John Shirley-Quirk, bass. Elgar, The Dream of Gerontius. FH.

Jan 22, 7.45pm. **Northern Sinfonia of England**, conductor Vassary; Vanya Milanova, violin. Haydn, Symphony No 84; Kodály, Summer Evening; Haba; Nonet Op 32; Mendelssohn, Violin Concerto in E minor. EH.

Jan 22, 8pm. **London Symphony Orchestra**, conductor Francis; Uto Ughi, violin. Beethoven, Violin Concerto; Brahms, Symphony No 1. FH.

Jan 23, 7pm. **English Chamber Orchestra, London Choral Society**, conductor Cleobury; Felicity Lott, soprano; Alfreda Hodgson, contralto; Robin Martin Oliver, counter-tenor; Robert Tear, tenor; Willard White, bass. Handel, Messiah. FH.

Jan 23, 7.45pm. **Handel Opera Orchestra & Chorus**, conductor Farncombe; Gillian Sullivan, soprano; Charles Brett, counter-tenor; Martyn Hill, tenor; Ian Caddy, baritone. Handel, Anthem for the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, Dettingen Te Deum; Rameau, In convertendo, Quam dilecta. EH.

Jan 24, 7.15pm. **The English Concert**, Trevor Pinnock, director & harpsichord; Simon Standage, violin. Telemann, Suite Don Quixote; Bach, Harpsichord Concerto No 1 BWV1052; Vivaldi, The Four Seasons. EH.

Jan 24, 7.30pm. **London Symphony Orchestra & Chorus**, conductor Previn; Barbara Hendricks, soprano; John Shirley-Quirk, baritone. Mozart, Symphony No 29; Brahms, A German Requiem (in German). FH.

Jan 25, 7.45pm. **Bernard d'Ascoli**, piano. Messiaen, Le baiser de l'enfant-Jésu; Ravel, Valses nobles et sentimentales; Franck, Prelude, Chorale & Fugue; Liszt, Sonata in B minor. EH.

Jan 25, 8pm. **Royal Philharmonic Orchestra**, conductor Frémaux; Marguerite Wolff, piano. Prokofiev, Symphony No 1 (Classical); Liszt, Piano Concerto No 1; Mendelssohn, Symphony No 4 (Italian); Ravel, Suite No 2 Daphnis & Chloé. FH.

Jan 26, 8pm. **London Philharmonic Orchestra**, conductor Barshai; Anne-Sophie Mutter, violin. Pärt, Cantus in Memoriam Benjamin Britten; Mozart, Violin Concerto in G K216; Shostakovich, Symphony No 10. FH.

Jan 27, 5.55pm. **Hugh McLean**, organ; **Christopher Hyde-Smith**, flute. Blow, Bach, Krebs, Healey, Martin, Reger. FH.

Jan 27, 7.45pm. **English Chamber Orchestra**, conductor Bedford; Cathy Berberian, Gabriel Woolf, speakers. Celebration of the 80th birthday of Sir William Walton. Walton, Two pieces from Henry V, Sonata for strings, Façade Suites 1 & 2. EH.

Jan 27, 8pm. **Academy of St Martin-in-the-Fields**, conductor Marriner; Cecile Ousset, piano. Haydn, Symphony No 96; Gershwin, Piano Concerto in F; Schumann, Symphony No 4. FH.

Jan 28, 8pm. **Royal Philharmonic Orchestra**, conductor Dorati; Rudolf Firkusny, piano. Dvorak, Slavonic Dances Op 72 Nos 1, 8, 7, Piano Concerto, Symphony No 6. FH.

Jan 29, 8pm. **Monteverdi Orchestra & Choir**, conductor Gardiner; Isabel Buchanan, soprano; Diana Montague, Linda Finnie, mezzo-sopranos; Laurence Dale, tenor; Stafford Dean, bass. Mozart, Mass in C minor K427, Requiem Mass. FH.

Jan 30, 7.45pm. **Steinitz Bach Players**, London Bach Society, conductor Steinitz; Ann Mackay, soprano; Paul Esswood, counter-tenor; Michael Goldthorpe, tenor; John Noble, bass; John Constable, organ. Bach, Cantatas: Was mein Gott will, das g'scheh'allezeit BWV111, Wer mich liebet, der wird mein Wort halten BWV59, Gott ist

uns're Zuversicht BWV197 (Wedding Cantata), Suite No 3 BWV1068. *EH*.

Jan 31, 3pm. **Amadeus Quartet**. Beethoven, Quartets in D Op 18 No 3, in E flat Op 74 (Harp), in B flat Op 130. *EH*.

Jan 31, 7pm. **Landini Consort**, director Syrus. Ecco la Primavera! Medieval love songs by Landini & Ciconia, with anonymous dances & instrumental arrangements. *PR*.

Jan 31, 7.15pm. **London Concert Orchestra**, conductor Dods; Ifor James, horn. Handel, Water Music; Mozart, Horn Concerto No 4, Symphony No 41 (Jupiter); Rossini, Overture The Italian Girl in Algiers. *EH*.

Jan 31, 7.30pm. **Royal Philharmonic Orchestra**, **Brighton Festival Chorus**, conductor Dorati; Sheila Armstrong, soprano; Helen Watts, contralto; Robert Tear, tenor; Norman Bailey, bass. Beethoven, Symphonies No 1, No 9 (Choral). *FH*. **WIGMORE HALL**

Wigmore St, W1 (935 2141).

Jan 2, 7.30pm. **Thames Chamber Orchestra**, conductor Dobson; Katie Clemmow, oboe; Deirdre Dundas-Grant, bassoon. Corelli, Concerto Grosso in G Op 6 No 8; Vivaldi, Concerto for two violins, Bassoon Concerto in A minor, Concerto in C for two oboes; Albinoni, Oboe Concerto in D minor Op 9 No 2; Marcello, Two Concertos from La Cetra; Handel, Concerto Grosso in G Op 6 No 1. (Preceded at 5.15pm by talk The Classical style by Antony Hopkins with illustrations by members of the Thames Chamber Orchestra. £1).

Jan 6, 7.30pm. **Elena Obratsova**, mezzo-soprano; **Vaja Chachava**, piano. Russian songs.

Jan 8, 7.30pm. **Paul Roberts**, piano. Janacek, In the Mist; Debussy, Preludes Book I; Bartók, Sonata (1926); Ravel, Le tombeau de Couperin.

Jan 9, 7.30pm. **Nash Ensemble**; **Elizabeth Gale**, soprano. Mozart, Horn Quintet in E flat K407; Arensky, Piano Trio in D minor Op 32; Stravinsky, Songs with chamber ensemble; Rimsky-Korsakov, Piano & Wind Quintet in B flat.

Jan 10, 7.30pm. **Fitzwilliam String Quartet**; **Alan**

Hacker, clarinet. Blake, Clarinet Quintet; Borodin, Quartet No 2; Brahms, Clarinet Quintet in B minor Op 115.

Jan 12, 7.30pm. **Curtis Watson**, baritone; **Jeremy Brown**, piano. Programme includes songs by Rachmaninov, Schubert, Wolf, Tchaikovsky.

Jan 16, 7.30pm. **Songmakers' Almanac**; **Felicity Lott**, soprano; **Graham Johnson**, piano. Songs by Wolf portraying female characters, & his letters to Vally Frank, Frieda Zerny & Melanie Köchert.

Jan 18, 7.30pm. **Susan Mason**, contralto; **David Mason**, **Caroline Palmer**, pianos. Ginastera, Sonata; Liszt, Gnomenreigen, Mephisto Waltz No 1; Seiber, Four Greek Folk Songs; Purcell, Schubert, Strauss, Chabrier, songs.

Jan 19, 7.30pm. **Raphael Wallfisch**, cello; **Linn Hendry**, piano. Danzi, Bach, Schumann, Bartók, Dvorak, Rossini/Castellnuovo-Tedesco.

Jan 22, 24, 7.30pm. **Julian Bream**, guitar. Programme to be announced.

Jan 23, 7.30pm. **Gabrieli String Quartet**. Mozart, Quartet in E flat K428; Crosse, Quartet Op 47; Beethoven, Quartet in B flat Op 130.

Jan 24, 3.30pm. **Beaux Arts Trio**. Beethoven, Piano Trios in B flat Op posth, in E flat Op 70 No 2; Tchaikovsky, Piano Trio in A minor Op 50.

Jan 27, 7.30pm. **Gérard Souzay**, baritone; **Robin Bowman**, piano. Fauré, Hahn, Schubert, Chabrier, Debussy, Tchaikovsky, R. Strauss, songs.

Jan 28, 7.30pm. **Academy of Ancient Music**, Christopher Hogwood, director & fortepiano; Patrizia Kwella, soprano; Catherine Mackintosh, violin; Mark Caudle, violoncello. Haydn, Settings of British folksongs, Piano trios & German songs, with selections from Haydn's notebooks & letters.

Jan 29, 31, 7.30pm. **Gérard Souzay**, Master classes in French art songs, German Lieder & French operatic arias.

Jan 30, 7.30pm. **Jean-Philippe Collard**, piano. Fauré, Theme & Variations in C sharp minor Op 73, Nocturne No 6; Debussy, Suite Bergamasque, L'isle joyeuse; Tchaikovsky, Dumka Op 59; Rachmaninov, Variations on a Theme of Corelli Op 42.

POPULAR MUSIC

My first resolution for 1982 is that I must not be too uncharitable about 1981—and with good reason. I suspect that for popular music the two years will be very much alike. Political awareness in rock will grow ever sharper as recession and nuclear fears continue. Reaction against this uncomfortable reality—more “new romantics”, more fantasy, more bizarre fashions, more escapism—will flourish just as it began to in 1981. In the meantime hundreds of artists will sing and play simply trying to be good or successful (or both) without worrying whether they are fashionable or “relevant”.

So perhaps some reflections on 1981 are the right way to approach 1982. Besides, you may still have some record tokens, or other seasonal gains, to spend on albums.

“In Hoagland” (Bald Eagle Records, would you believe?) is one of 1981's later delights which could make bigger news this year. A superbly tailored collection of Hoagy Carmichael classics, beautifully sung by Annie Ross and Georgie Fame, it is an album meant to be expanded into a theatre show. If that happens it could become another of those potent *musical* musicals which have dazzled London over this past year. I mean shows like *My Fair Lady*, *Oklahoma*, *One Mo' Time* and *Cats* whose basic strength derives so much from the quality of the music.

How few successful London musicals in recent years (apart from Andrew Lloyd Webber's) have, however, possessed newly written scores. After the *rapprochement* of the late 1960s-early 70s (*Hair*, *Godspell*, etc) rock in particular has virtually deserted the conventional theatre to make its own theatre, from the standard light-and-video shows of major rock bands through to extravaganzas

like Pink Floyd's “The Wall”, an arena smash-hit in 1981 and the subject of a movie in 1982.

Whether their scores were old or new, stage musicals provided some of 1981's best records. The “Cats” double album (Polydor CATX 001) is marvellously rewarding, even if you miss the dancing. From Broadway I warmly recommend “Lena Horne: The Lady and Her Music” (Qwest Records) which captures, in performance, the show built around the great singer. Her voice has never been more vibrant or passionate or conquering at any stage in her long career.

The past year was a good one for women singers generally, especially for Randy Crawford, whose “Secret Combination” (Warner Bros) confirmed her as the finest soul-jazz star to emerge in at least five years. Kim Carnes (“Mistaken Identity”, EMI), Sarah Vaughan (“Songs of the Beatles”, Atlantic) and Carmen McRae (“Live At Bubba's”, Kingdom Jazz) also scored high.

Among the groups with “street credibility”—jargon for rock with direct social and political comment—The Beat (“Wha'ppen”, Go Feet Beat Records) and The Clash (“Sandinista”, CBS) were the most potent of 1981. But I would not look to any of the newish synthesizer bands, “romantic” or otherwise, for the year's best keyboards record. Interesting as Human League, Ultravox, Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark *et al* may be, the old master Vangelis licked them all with his (wordless) series of tone poems for the movie *Chariots of Fire* (Polydor).

This month's live concerts are dominated by the extended visit of Barry Manilow. By February the circuit will be in full swing again.

DEREK JEWELL

London Festival Ballet

Sponsored by
National
Westminster
Bank

The Nutcracker

Music by Tchaikovsky

Christmas Season
26 Dec 1981 - 13 Jan 1982

Eves 7.30, Mats 3.00

Tickets £8, £7, £6, £5, £4, £3

Good Party Reductions

O.A.P.'s seats at £4 for all

mats up to & including

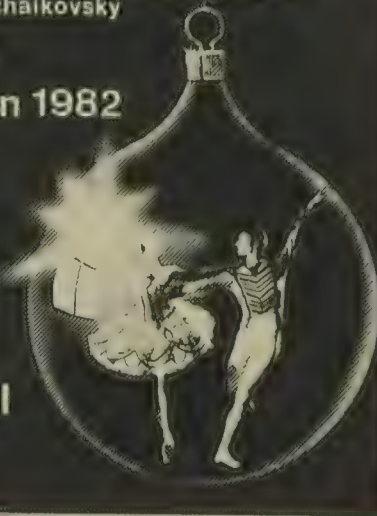
2 Jan (subject to availability)

Greater London Council

Royal Festival Hall

General Manager: Michael Kaye

01-928 3191



To book space in THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS BRIEFING

ring Richard Williams or Eirlys Bowen
01-404 4300

or write to Briefing Advertising
4 Bloomsbury Square, London WC1A 2RL

KENYA

THE
PHOTOGRAPHERS,
BIRDWATCHERS,
GAMEVIEWERS,
PARADISE.

SAFARI CAMP SERVICES

run tailor made exclusive luxury
safaris from Nairobi. 20 years
experience in Kenya.

Details:

S.C.S. Box 44801 Nairobi

or

for a high quality package deal
see us in Thomas Cook & Kuoni
brochures.

SELLING JEWELLERY OR SILVER?

HAYES, the famous Hatton Garden Jewellers,
offer you the following **RECORD** prices.

£100-£25,000 for fine Diamond, Emerald,
Ruby or Sapphire Rings, Brooches, Bracelets,
Necklaces, Earrings or Watches.

Up to £500 for smaller Rings, Gold Cigarette
Cases, Pocket Watches, Chains, Bracelets, etc.

£25-£1,000 for Silver Tea-sets, Trays,
Cutlery, Candlesticks, Cake-stands, Sports-cups,
etc.

£100-£1,000 for £5 Pieces and Gold Coin
Sets.

Valuations by Qualified Expert (Fellow Gem-
mological Association). If you cannot call
personally, send your parcel by registered post. It
will be quite safe and you will receive an
immediate CASH OFFER with no obligation to
sell.

M. HAYES & SONS

Diamond House,
37 Hatton Garden, London EC1N 8EB
(3rd floor) Tel. 01-405 8177

School Fees Your Child's Future.

By planning now you could save up to
65% on future fees. We are able to offer a
personal service tailored to individual
needs, which is free and without
obligation. Contact:

School Fees Advisory Service,
London House, 42 Upper Richmond Road W.
Barnes, London SW14 8DD Telephone 01 876 0102



BALLET

URSULA ROBERTSHAW



Dame Ninette de Valois, founder of the Royal Ballet: a foreword to history.

THE ROYAL BALLET's official history, published in their 50th anniversary year, has won two of the 1981 Photolitho Magazine Awards—one for photosetting and one for black-and-white photographs. *The Royal Ballet: the first 50 years*, by Alexander Bland (Threshold Books/Sotheby Parke Bernet, £17.95) is an invaluable reference book put together with scholarship, style and love. Ninette de Valois, as is only proper, contributes the wise foreword, in which she refers to the need for modifying the organization of classical ballet "with a detachment producing a calm contemplation of any temporary moments of stagnation as it passes on to the next move". *Reculer pour mieux sauter*, in fact; advice which presumably the Royal Ballet has been taking for the last 18 months. We await the next leap forward.

Two major productions are already promised for this new year. Christopher Bruce is preparing a new work for Ballet Rambert, to be premiered during their Sadler's Wells season from March 11-27; it will be danced to two Weill/Brecht pieces, Mahagonny Songspiel and Das Berliner Requiem, and will comprise two-thirds of an evening's programme. And another *Lac* is swanning into view, to join SWRB's. This one, for London Festival Ballet, is produced by John Field, designed by Carl Toms and has the Act III character dances choreographed by Maria Fay. The gala opening is to be on May 25 at the London Coliseum.

Scottish Ballet have been given the honour of presenting the first British production of Cranko's *Romeo and Juliet*, with Jurgen Rose's designs. The première, at the Theatre Royal Glasgow, is on March 31.

LONDON CITY BALLET

Palace Theatre, Watford (92 25671). Repertory includes première of Maina Gielgud's *Ghoules & Ghosties*, danced to Debussy's *La boîte à joujoux*. Jan 18-23.

LONDON FESTIVAL BALLET

Festival Hall, South Bank, SE1 (928 3191). *The Nutcracker*, choreography & production Ronald Hynd, music Tchaikovsky, designs Peter Docherty. Dec 26-Jan 13.

TAMARA McLORG & dancers

Trident Hall, Park Row, SE10 (317 8687). World première of *Sketches*. Jan 23.

ROYAL BALLET

Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, WC2 (240 1066 cc 836 6903).

Triple bill, Jan 5, 7, 13, 23, 28, 29: *Les Patineurs*, choreography Ashton, music Meyerbeer, casting to be announced; *My Brother, My Sisters*, choreography MacMillan, music Schönberg, Webern; with Penney, Eagling, Collier, Jan 5, 13, 28; with Porter, Jefferies, Ellis, Jan 7, 23; with Brindt, Page, Collier, Jan 29; *Elite Syncopations*,

choreography MacMillan, music Joplin; with Park, Wall, Jan 5, 29; with Penney, Deane, Jan 7, 28; with Collier, Hosking, Jan 13, 23.

The Sleeping Beauty, choreography Petipa, music Tchaikovsky; with Park, Eagling, Jan 8; with Penney, Wall, Jan 11.

Manon, choreography MacMillan, music Massenet; with Park, Eagling, Coleman, Jan 16, 25; with Penney, Dowell, Wall, Jan 19; with Porter, Eagling, Deane, Jan 20; with Collier, Wall, Jefferies, Jan 27.

Out of town

NORTHERN BALLET THEATRE

Opera Theatre, Royal Northern College of Music, Manchester (061-273 6283).

Cinderella, choreography de Warren, music Strauss, designs Farmer. Jan 5-16.

SADLER'S WELLS ROYAL BALLET

Theatre Royal, Glasgow (041-331 1234).

Swan Lake, choreography Petipa, Ivanov, Wright, production Wright, Samsova, designs Prowse; *Solitaire/Card Game/Paquita*. Jan 25-30.

OPERA

MARGARET DAVIES

OPERA FACTORY LONDON is a new company, founded and directed by David Freeman, which will make its début in January at the Drill Hall, 16 Chenies Street, WC1. In a four-week season they will perform Harrison Birtwistle's *Punch and Judy*, a work based on the puppet play but which is not suitable for children, and *The Beggar's Opera* by John Gay. By working together for a number of years the group aims to develop a style of production in which physical and dramatic, vocal and musical expression all contribute. The eight singers will be accompanied by the Endymion Ensemble, with Howard Williams and Paul Daniel as music directors.

English National Opera have acquired new rehearsal premises in Hampstead in the former Decca Recording Studios, now renamed Lilian Baylis House in honour of the company's founder. The premises contain two large rehearsal studios, one smaller one, coaching rooms and sufficient space to accommodate the wardrobe department.

ENGLISH NATIONAL OPERA

London Coliseum, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (836 3161 cc 240 5258).

Der Rosenkavalier, conductor Mackerras with Lois McDonall as the Marschallin, Sally Burgess as Octavian, Richard Van Allan as Ochs. Jan 2.

La traviata, conductor Elder, with Josephine Barstow as Violetta, Dennis O'Neill as Alfredo, Malcolm Donnelly as Germont. Jan 6, 9, 14, 19.

Die Fledermaus, conductor Prikopa, with Penelope MacKay as Rosalinda, Geoffrey Pogson as Eisenstein, Marilyn Hill Smith as Adele, Adrian Martin as Alfred. Dec 31, Jan 7, 8, 12, 15, 20, 27, 30.

Aida, conductor Mackerras, with Elizabeth Vaughan as Aida, Kenneth Woolman as Radames, Margaret Kingsley as Amneris, John Rawnley as Amonasro. Jan 13, 16, 21, 23, 28.

The Marriage of Figaro, conductor Judd, with John Tomlinson as Figaro, Eilene Hannan as Susanna, Lois McDonall as the Countess, Neil Howlett as the Count, Sally Burgess as Cherubino. Jan 22, 26, 29.



David Freeman: Opera Factory founder.

OPERA FACTORY LONDON

The Drill Hall, 16 Chenies St, WC1. Advance booking at London Coliseum; on the day from Drill Hall.

Punch & Judy. Jan 4, 5, 11, 12, 17, 19, 25, 31.

The Beggar's Opera. Jan 7, 8, 9, 14, 15, 16, 18, 21, 22, 23, 24, 27, 28, 29, 30.

ROYAL OPERA

Covent Garden, WC2 (240 1066 cc 836 6903).

Don Giovanni, conductor Kuhn, revival of last season's new production, with Ruggero Raimondi as Giovanni, Geraint Evans as Leporello, Makvala Kasrashvili as Anna, Stefka Evstatieva as Elvira, Stuart Burrows as Ottavio, John Tomlinson as the Commendatore. Jan 2, 6, 9, 12, 15.

Il trovatore, conductor Bonyngne, with Joan Sutherland as Leonora, Elena Obratsova as Azucena, Franco Bonisoli as Manrico, Yuri Masurok as Conte di Luna. Jan 1, 4.

Les Contes d'Hoffman, conductor Delacôte, with Plácido Domingo/William Lewis (Jan 14) as Hoffmann, Luciana Serra as Olympia, Geraint Evans as Coppélius, Josephine Veasey as Giulietta, Thomas Allen as Dappertutto, Leona Mitchell as Antonia, Nicola Ghiuselev as Dr Miracle. Jan 14, 18, 22, 26, 30.

Out of town

OPERA NORTH

The Bartered Bride, *Orpheus in the Underworld*, *Rigoletto*.

Grand Theatre, Leeds (0532 459351 cc). Until Jan 16.

SCOTTISH OPERA

L'Egisto.

Theatre Royal, Glasgow (041 331 1234 cc 041 332 9000). Jan 13, 16, 19, 21, 23.

The Pearl Fishers.

Carnegie Hall, Dunfermline (0392 20108). Jan 15. Gardyne Theatre, College of Education, Dundee (0382 22200). Jan 29, 30.

Review

English National Opera unearthed a definite gem, if only a semi-precious one, in Gustave Charpentier's *Louise*, a work which had not been professionally performed in this country since 1936 until its recent revival at the Coliseum. First given at the Opéra-Comique in 1900, it received 943 performances there in 50 years and appealed to audiences who could identify with the characters who were their contemporaries. Its heroine, Louise, is in love with a poet, Julien, whom her parents forbid her to marry. She goes to live with him, but when her father falls ill is prevailed on by her mother to return home temporarily. Her father recovers but wants her to remain; they quarrel, he drives her out of the house and too late realizes that he has lost her to Paris which he accuses of stealing his child. For it is Paris—its attractions, its squalor, the charm it exerts—which is the real subject of the work, as portrayed in the dawn street scene, with its sketches of the ordinary people, and in the dressmaker's workshop where Louise is employed, and from which she flees to join Julien. Following their ecstatic love duet, sung in the house in Montmartre where they enjoy a brief period of happiness, there is an over-long episode of the crowning of the muse of Montmartre before Louise's mother interrupts the proceedings. It is here that one began to feel the passage of time—the opera ran for over four hours. Colin Graham's production admirably caught the bitter-sweet flavour of Charpentier's "musical novel" and René Allio's sets gave us a Paris skyline which avoided familiar landmarks and a realistic interior where the family supper was served.

Valerie Masterson portrayed the vulnerable heroine with sensitivity and conviction and sang the score's best-known number, "Depuis le jour", with melting lyricism. John Treleaven's Julien was ardently sung but lacking in poetry. Katherine Pring and Richard Van Allan were excellent as Louise's sharp-tongued mother and doting but uncomprehending father. The French conductor, Sylvain Cambreling, obtained a finely balanced performance from the orchestra and handled the large cast with authority.

ART

EDWARD LUCIE-SMITH

JANUARY is traditionally a slack season for new exhibitions, but two interesting shows to open this month are the Carel Weight retrospective in the Diploma Galleries of the RA, and the show of work by the witty Dutch conceptualist Ger van Elk at the Serpentine. It seems a pity that Weight's exhibition may be overlooked because it coincides with the massive "Great Japan" exhibition in the main rooms below. He is one of our most skilful manipulators of large and complex compositions involving many figures, and much of his work has an irresistible oddity and humour.

□ At the Riverside Studios there is a show devoted to that type-figure of the 1930s and 40s, Humphrey Jennings. He is now best remembered as a filmmaker, but was also a gifted painter and poet. He died, much too young, in 1950. The show includes a great deal of documentation which has not previously been available, and attempts to place the man in his historical setting.

□ Still continuing, and well worth seeing, are the imaginatively designed "Splendours of the Gonzaga" at the V & A and the Lutyens and Sickert exhibitions at the Hayward.

□ Ancient Babylon is on its way back. The always trendy Centre Pompidou in Paris offers until February 1 a spectacular show of architecture in unbaked earth. The exhibition combines a historical survey with projects for the future. It spans work in 30 countries on five continents. The reason for the revival of interest in this method of building is, of course, the continuing energy crisis and today's ecological concerns.

□ A book to look out for is the *Roland Penrose Scrapbook*, published by Thames & Hudson at £18. Sir Roland declares he is unable to write the formal book of memoirs expected of him and this, described by the publisher as "an autobiographical collage", is offered instead. Penrose has been the friend of almost everybody important in the international Modern Movement, and especially of Picasso and of leading surrealists like Miró, Max Ernst and Eluard. Words and a mass of candid photographs show the great men at work and at play.



Carel Weight self-portrait, 1977: on show upstairs at the Royal Academy.

□ I continue to admire the courage of publishers of de luxe editions. Academic Press have just published volume I of *The Banksias*, a magnificent botanical book devoted to an antipodean genus named after the 18th-century botanist Sir Joseph Banks, who accompanied Captain Cook on the *Endeavour*. The artist is the Australian draughtsman Celia Rosser, and the price for this first volume is a stiff £965.

GALLERY GUIDE

THOS AGNEW

43 Old Bond St, W1 (629 6176). Mon-Fri 9.30am-5.30pm, Thurs until 7pm. **109th watercolour exhibition**, including works by Turner, Girtin & Gainsborough. Jan 18-Feb 19.

BLOND FINE ART

33 Sackville St, W1 (437 1230). Mon-Fri 10am-6pm, Sat 10am-1pm. **Gallery artists: Jock McFadyen, Timothy Hyman, Paul Griffin & Ingrid Kerma**. Jan 4-23.

COURTAULD INSTITUTE

Woburn Sq, WC1 (580 1015). Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2-5pm. Closed Dec 24-26, Jan 1. **Princes Gate Collection of Old Masters**. The fabulous collection of Old Master paintings & drawings made by Count Seilern & steered to the Courtauld after many legal difficulties. There are wonderful sketches by Rubens & G. B. Tiepolo, two masterpieces by Pieter Bruegel the Elder, & the most important single item is the triptych by the Master of Flemalle which marks the birth of Netherlandish panel painting. Until Sept. £1; OAPs, students & children 50p.

FINE ARTS SOCIETY

148 New Bond St, W1 (629 5116). Mon-Fri 9.30am-5.30pm, Sat 10am-1pm. **James Cowie (1886-1956)**, a Scottish Arts Council Touring Exhibition. Portraits, landscapes, still lifes & group compositions of schoolchildren are accompanied by preparatory drawings & studies. **Edward Barnsley**, furniture made in the Barnsley workshop 1920-81. Jan 25-Feb 19.

NIGEL GREENWOOD

41 Sloane Gardens, SW1 (730 8824). Mon-Fri 10am-6pm. Closed Dec 24-28, Jan 1. **Marc Chaimowicz**—one of the most elegant & unexpected of younger British artists, equally good at installations, performances, & more-or-less conventional art objects. Until Jan 31.

HAYWARD GALLERY

Belvedere Rd, SE1 (928 3144). Mon-Thurs 10am-8pm, Fri & Sat 10am-6pm, Sun noon-6pm. Closed Dec 24-27, Jan 1. **Sir Edwin Lutyens**. Lutyens' wayward & individual genius was out of favour, especially with architectural pundits, while the International Style held sway. Now he is back with something of a vengeance, & tower-blocks have fallen into disrepute, taking with them Le

Corbusier & his peers. **Late Sickert, 1927-42**. Another example of the way in which the whirligig of time brings its revenges. Sickert's late paraphrases suddenly seem to be among the most modern things he did, & use of photographs as source-material puts him on the same footing as many idols of the past few decades. Until Jan 31. £1.50; OAPs, unemployed, students, & everybody all day Mon & Tues-Thurs 6-8pm 75p.

INSTITUTE OF CONTEMPORARY ARTS

The Mall, SW1 (930 0493). Tues-Sat noon-9pm. **Art & the Sea**, a major exhibition comprising work shown at eight art galleries around the British coast during 1981. Jan 7-Feb 7. 40p temporary membership.

JAPANESE GALLERY

66D Kensington Church St, W8 (229 2934). Mon-Sat 10am-6pm. Closed Dec 25-27, Jan 1-3. **Kacho-ga (birds & flowers) prints**. Until Feb 28.

FRANCIS KYLE GALLERY

9 Maddox St, W1 (499 6870). Mon-Fri 10am-6pm, Sat 11am-5pm. Closed Dec 25-Jan 2. **Edwin Lutyens**: a celebration by 10 English artists. Contributions from artists including Paul Hogarth, Sir Hugh Casson & Daniel Martin, ranging from watercolour miniatures to a fantasy in the Lutyens manner made to celebrate the royal wedding. Until Jan 20.

MARLBOROUGH

6 Albemarle St, W1 (629 5161). Mon-Fri 10am-5.30pm, Sat 10am-12.30pm. **John Piper**: Tudor picturesque, landscapes & other buildings. Until Jan 9.

NATIONAL GALLERY

Trafalgar Sq, WC2 (839 3321). Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm. Closed Dec 24-26, Jan 1. **Second sight**: Mantegna's *Samson & Dalila* alongside *Beach Scene* by Degas. Until Jan 10.

NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY

2 St Martin's Pl, WC2 (930 1552). Mon-Fri 10am-5pm, Sat until 6pm, Sun 2-6pm. Closed Dec 24-26, Jan 1. **Thomas Carlyle 1795-1881**: a centenary exhibition. Whistler's famous portrait from Glasgow, plus other portraits by Ford Madox Brown, Millais, G. F. Watts & the great photographer Julia Margaret Cameron. Until Jan 10. **The Imperial Tobacco Portrait Award Exhibition**. The winning portrait & selected entries from



Portrait of Annibale Chieppio, possibly by Rubens: in Gonzaga at the V & A.

the second year of this competition which aims to encourage young people to specialize in portraiture. Until Feb 22.

ANTHONY d'OFFAY

23 Dering St, W1 (629 1578). Mon-Fri 10am-5.30pm, Sat 10am-1pm. **Gilbert & George**, postcard sculptures. Jan 12-Feb 6.

PORTAL GALLERY

16A Grafton St, W1 (493 0706). Mon-Fri 10am-5.45pm, Sat 11am-2pm. Closed Dec 25-28, Jan 1. **Portal Pig**—60 gallery artists interpret the theme. Until Jan 15.

PRIMROSE GALLERY

50 Chalcot Rd, Primrose Hill NW1 (586 9218). Mon-Sat 10am-5.30pm, Sun 10am-4pm. Illustrations for books published by the Andersen Press, including work by **Ralph Steadman**, **Michael Foreman** & **Tony Ross**. Until Jan 31.

QUEEN'S GALLERY

Buckingham Palace, SW1 (930 4832). Tues-Sat 11am-5pm, Sun 2-5pm. Closed Dec 23-25, Dec 29. **Canaletto**, paintings, drawings & etchings from the Royal Collection. Canaletto's crystalline realism has fascinated generations. George III

bought the best, & here they are in a model exhibition. Until Feb. 75p; OAPs, students & children 30p.

RIVERSIDE STUDIOS

Crisp Rd, W6 (748 3354). Tues-Sun noon-8pm. **Humphrey Jennings 1907-50**. Jan 7-Feb 14.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS

Piccadilly, W1 (734 9052). Daily 10am-6pm. Closed Dec 21-27. **The Great Japan Exhibition**, part II of this massively magnificent survey of the most decorative epoch of Japanese art, 17th to 19th centuries. £3; OAPs, students & children £2. season ticket £7.50. Until Feb 2. **Carel Weight RA**, a retrospective of his work from 1929-81. Jan 9-Feb 14.

ROYAL INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS

66 Portland Place, W1 (580 5533). Mon-Fri 10am-6pm. Closed Dec 25-Jan 3. **Architectural lettering: a reassessment**. An exhibition to suggest ways in which lettering can be incorporated in the design of a building. Until Jan 28.

SERPENTINE GALLERY

Kensington Gardens, W2 (402 6075). Daily 10am-4.30pm. Closed Dec 24-28. Open Jan 1 noon-4.30pm. **Craigie Aitchison**. Here is a painter with a very special talent. The smudged, thinly painted forms need careful scrutiny, which reveals an almost uncomfortable intensity of feeling. The religious paintings are particularly personal. Until Jan 24. **Ger van Elk**, sculptural works. Jan 30-March 7.

TATE GALLERY

Millbank, SW1 (821 1313). Mon-Sat 10am-6pm. Sun 2-6pm. Closed Dec 24-26, Jan 1. **Patrick Caulfield**. Caulfield combines "classic modern" influences—Gris, Mondrian, Léger—with some of the paraphernalia of Pop Art. Until Jan 3. 60p; OAPs & students 30p. **Recent prints by six British painters**—Stephen Buckley, Robyn Denny, Howard Hodgkin, John Hoyland, Richard Smith & John Walker. Until Feb 14. **Approaches to landscape**. Recent works by Conrad Atkinson, John Hilliard, Richard Long, Mark Boyle & Hamish Fulton showing innovative treatments of the traditional art of portraying landscape. Until Feb 7. **Turner & the Sea**. Watercolours from the British Museum & two oils from the

MUSEUMS

KENNETH HUDSON

SHOULD A museum editorialize? Should its displays reflect its opinions and attitudes? Must it always show its enthusiasms and never its hates? Such questions are rarely raised. They appear to be taboo. I suggest, however, that objectivity, in museums as in any other branch of education or entertainment, is a form of cowardice.

The problem is well illustrated by at least four of this month's exhibitions—Aerial Propaganda Leaflets at the Imperial War Museum, London's Flying Start at the Museum of London, The Art of *Radio Times* at the Victoria and Albert, and Beaverbrook's England at the Museum of Modern Art, Oxford. All four deal with worthwhile themes, present interesting and unhackneyed material and are capable of arousing strong passions. But in each case the presentation appears to have been calculated to cause the minimum of upset or annoyance. "Thou shalt not tease, infuriate or stick thy neck out, except by buying trendy piles of art bricks" remains the first rule of museum-keeping. It is rarely broken.

□ The Boilerhouse Project opens its first exhibition at the V & A on January 18. The project was the idea of Terence Conran and is intended to stimulate industry and designers by collecting and displaying important industrial artifacts, such as prototypes and drawings. The long-term aim is an industrial design centre with a permanent but changing collection, of use to professional designers as well as of general interest.

MUSEUM GUIDE

Admission free unless otherwise stated. Most museums are closed over Christmas & on New Year's Day.

BETHNAL GREEN MUSEUM OF CHILDHOOD

Cambridge Heath Rd, E2 (980 2415). Sat-Thurs 10am-6pm, Sun 2.30-6pm. **Ventriloquism: the Valentine Vox Collection.** The history of ventriloquism, particularly in the 19th & 20th centuries. Figures, playbills & photographs tell the story. Toys, books & games relating to ventriloquism are also included. Until Feb 2. **Spirit of Christmas.** Tableaux & pictures on five themes: the ancestry of Santa Claus, the journey of the Three Wise Men, the Christmas carol, winter weather & its pleasures, Christmas food & feasting. Until Feb 2. **America at Play: Toys from the Detroit Antique Toy Museum.** Toys c 1870-1950. Patriotic bell toys, trains & teddy bears, Kellogg's free offers from the 1920s. Until Feb 28.

BRITISH LIBRARY

British Museum, Gt Russell St, WC1 (636 1544). Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2.30-5pm. **Saint Edmund Campion (1540-81).** An exhibition to mark the tercentenary of the death of the Roman Catholic martyr. Until Feb. **Japanese popular literature 1600-1868.** Novels, stories, poetry, essays & guide books illustrated with woodblock prints. Until June 27. **Famous books in science.** A selection of publications which have been significant in the history of science including a Renaissance encyclopaedia of zoology by Conrad Gesner & the discoveries of Newton, Boyle, Einstein & Rutherford. Until Jan 31.

BRITISH MUSEUM

Gt Russell St, WC1 (636 1555). Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2.30-5pm. **Goya's Prints.** The Tomas Harris Collection, now in the possession of the Museum. Until Jan 24. **Heritage of Tibet.** History & culture of Tibet, illustrated by items from the collections of the Museum, the Museum of Mankind & the British Library. Until May 2. **Medieval Limoges: Masterpieces from the Keir Collection.** Enamels 12th-14th centuries. Until Jan 30.

COMMONWEALTH INSTITUTE

Kensington High St, W8 (602 3252). Mon-Sat 10am-5.30pm, Sun 2-5pm. **Life in Cities—Urban Development.** Aspects of city life & its fascination. The movement of people within cities. An audio-visual programme supported by graphics. Jan 11-March 26.

HORNIMAN MUSEUM & LIBRARY

London Rd, Forest Hill, SE23 (699 1872). Mon-Sat 10.30am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm. Open Jan 1. **The Dolmetsch Collection of Musical Instruments.** Early European instruments & instruments made by Arnold Dolmetsch & currently being acquired by the Museum. Until Apr 30.

IMPERIAL WAR MUSEUM

Lambeth Rd, SE1 (735 8922). Mon-Sat 10am-



St Edmund Campion: at the British Library.

5.50pm, Sun 2.30-5.50pm. **Aerial Propaganda Leaflets.** The role & development of propaganda material dropped from balloons, airships & aeroplanes, especially in the two world wars. Until Jan 17. **Armoured Warfare.** A photographic exhibition illustrating the development of armoured fighting vehicles, particularly in the British Army. Until Apr 24. **Cecil Beaton War Photographs, 1939-45.** Taken in Britain, the Western Desert, the Middle East & China. Until Oct 10. 60p, OAPs & children 30p.

LONDON TRANSPORT MUSEUM

39 Wellington St, WC2 (379 6344). Daily 10am-6pm. Open Jan 1. **Building a reputation: London Transport architecture during the last 120 years.** Until May 31. £1.60, children 80p.

MUSEUM OF LONDON

London Wall, EC2 (600 3699). Tues-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm. **London's Flying Start.** London was an important centre of the aircraft industry in its early days. This exhibition is concerned with the firms involved & with their products. Until May 9. 60p, OAPs & children 30p.

MUSEUM OF MANKIND

6 Burlington Gdns, W1 (437 2224). Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2.30-6pm. **African Textiles.** Textile production in Africa, illustrating each stage in the process of producing cloth. There are also exhibits showing decoration & the traditional alternatives to woven textiles. Until Dec 31. **Asante: Kingdom of Gold.** Gold & the part it has played in the history of the Asante people. Until 1983. **Hawaii,** past & present life & culture. Until 1983. **The Solomon Islanders,** their lifestyle, be-

liefs & history. Until 1983.

NATIONAL ARMY MUSEUM

Royal Hospital Rd, SW3 (730 0717). Mon-Sat 10am-5.30pm, Sun 2-5.30pm. **The Tiger of Malaya: Field Marshal Sir Gerald Templer (1898-1979).** The life of a many-sided soldier who, in addition to a distinguished career, took an active interest in the National Portrait Gallery, the National Trust & the Historic Churches Preservation Trust. Until May 31.

The first 35 sections of **Captain William Siborne's model of Waterloo** have been restored & are now on permanent display in the museum. The model, made in the 1830s, shows the stage the battle had reached by 7.15pm on June 18, 1815. There are thousands of tiny soldiers, only $\frac{1}{4}$ inch high. Siborne spent eight months mapping the site so that every tree & fence should be correctly represented. Restoration by members of the British Model Soldier Society will take three years to complete.

NATIONAL MARITIME MUSEUM

Romney Rd, Greenwich, SE10 (858 4422). Tues-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-5.30pm. **Hooking, Drifting & Trawling.** Five centuries of the British fishing industry. Until Feb 28. **The Imperial War Ship: Greenwich & Japanese Naval Architecture.** Three models of Japanese warships presented to the Royal Naval College in 1910 in thanks for help in building up the Imperial Japanese Navy. Until March 31.

NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM

Cromwell Rd, SW7 (589 6323). Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2.30-6pm. **Museum in Focus.** Exhibition of colour photographs showing what goes on behind the scenes in the Natural History Museum. Until Jan 31.

SCIENCE MUSEUM

Exhibition Rd, SW7 (589 3456). Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2.30-6pm. **A Hundred Years of Domestic Electricity.** Includes scale models of power stations ranging from the one built in Deptford in 1887 to the Berkeley Nuclear Station of 1962; also three kitchens fitted with appliances from the 1930s, 1950s & 1980s & exhibits showing the development of micro-electronic controls, electric motors & modern lighting. Until Feb 28. The **electricity & magnetism gallery** has been renovated to include a reconstruction of a 19th-century electrical laboratory, a large section on electrical measuring instruments & working demonstrations which allow the visitor to make a simple cell work or watch the effect of an electric current on a compass needle.

VICTORIA & ALBERT MUSEUM

Cromwell Road, SW7 (589 6371). Sat-Thurs 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm. **The Boilerhouse Project:** art & industry, a century of design in the products you use. Jan 18-March 2.

Out of town

HM SUBMARINE ALLIANCE

Gosport, Hants (070 17 29217). Daily 9.30am-4.30pm. Closed Dec 24-Jan 3. This submarine was designed for Second World War Pacific patrols but was not finished until 1947. She was modernized & streamlined in 1960 & was in operation until 1973. Visitors can walk around & see her exactly as she was when in service. £1.20, children 60p.

BRIGHTON MUSEUM & ART GALLERY

Church St, Brighton, E Sussex (0273 603005). Tues-Sat 10am-5.45pm, Sun 2-5pm. **Sussex Artists.** Annual exhibition of works by artists, sculptors & photographers living or working in Sussex. Until Jan 17.

LEICESTERSHIRE MUSEUM & ART GALLERY

96 New Walk, Leicester (0533 554100). Sat-Thurs 10am-5.30pm, Sun 2-5.30pm. Closed Dec 25, 26, Jan 1. **Tribal Encounters.** Over 300 ethnic objects collected by David Attenborough: wooden sculpture from West Africa & elaborate gable masks, adorned with shells & feathers, from the islands of the South-West Pacific are particularly featured. Until Feb 21.

RUSSELL-COTES ART GALLERY & MUSEUM

East Cliff, Bournemouth, Dorset (0202 21009). Mon-Sat 10.30am-5.30pm. Open Jan 1. **Treasures of Japan,** in conjunction with The Great Japan Exhibition at the Royal Academy. Until March 20. 20p, children 5p.

EDWIN POLLARD GALLERY

A Very Prosperous New Year to all our Clients.

23 CHURCH ROAD,
WIMBLEDON VILLAGE,
SW19 5DQ
Tel: 01-946 4114
Open Tue-Sat 10-6

SPECIALISTS IN QUALITY PICTURE FRAMING

Restoration of oil paintings and prints.

48 hour service.

500 contemporary original prints.



29 EARLHAM STREET
LONDON WC2H 9LE
01-836 1904
76 BISHOPSGATE
LONDON EC2
01-628 6899

THE HORNIMAN MUSEUM LONDON ROAD FOREST HILL, SE23

01-699 2339

'THE DOLMETSCH COLLECTION'

Until 30 APRIL 1982

Early European musical instruments, some made by ARNOLD DOLMETSCH, being acquired by the Museum.

Ready to wear £150 – Trees £25
Personal attention to post orders.
Please send for brochure.

41 Duke Street, St James's,
London SW1.
Tel: 01-930 1623



WILDSMITH
& CO

established 1847

KENSINGTON

NEW TOWN HALL

Thurs & Fri 11am-8pm
Saturday 11am-6pm

65 Stands (fully booked)
mostly 1870 datelined

ADMISSION £1. CAR PARK
TRADE FREE IN BASEMENT

January 14-16

4th Annual

WEST LONDON ANTIQUES FAIR



Enquiries: TEL 04447-2514

BRIEFING

SALEROOMS URSULA ROBERTSHAW

A TOBACCO BOX by Paul Lamerie, estimated at £25,000, is the highlight of Phillips's sale of silver and plate on January 22. It measures 12 cm long and carries a Latin inscription recording that it was the gift of Robert Fellowes to Samuel Parr. Both men were supporters of Queen Caroline, the estranged wife of George IV. The box is dated 1723.

□ More silver is included in Sotheby's sale of Russian works of art on January 25, including a samovar, 48 cm high, Moscow, c 1890, and a curious *trompe l'oeil* parcel gilt salt, Moscow, 1866, in the form of a corn goddess standing over what looks like a sack filled with corn surmounted by sheaves of wheat (see picture below).

□ During this comparatively quiet time in the salerooms, it behoves collectors to improve their expertise. Two recently published books will help in this. *Miller's Antiques Price Guide 1982* (Mitchell Beazley, £9.95) gives 10,000 price ranges for all kinds of antiques, each accompanied by a photograph. Contents range from treen and tools to bronzes and buffets. This book gives the broad view. For the finer points, and incidentally for a really good read, *The Best of Antique Collecting* (Antique Collectors' Club, £8.95) is an anthology of articles which have appeared in *Antique Collecting* between September, 1979, and September, 1981. Included are several "Conversations of a Vetting Committee", in which the experts literally take to pieces items of faked furniture and expose them, mercilessly but amusingly, for what they really are. There are specialist articles on all kinds of objects, such as Tunbridge ware, silver napkin rings and Meerschaum pipes.

The following is a selection of sales taking place in London this month. Readers are advised to check details of viewings & catalogues. Wine sales appear on p 81.

BONHAM'S

Montpelier St, SW7 (584 9161).

Jan 7, 14, 21, 28: 11am, Oil paintings; 2.30pm, European furniture.

Jan 12, 26, 11am. Silver.

Jan 13, 11am. Watercolours.

Jan 15, 29, 11am. Ceramics & works of art.

Jan 20, 10.30am. Furs.

CHRISTIE'S

8 King St, SW1 (839 9060).

Jan 4, 2pm. Silver.

Jan 5: 10.30am, European glass; 2pm, Jewelry, Furs & costumes.

Jan 6: 10.30am & 2pm, European pictures; 10.30am, Carpets & objects of art; 1pm, Furniture; 2pm, Arms & armour.

Jan 7: 10.30am, Oriental works of art; 2pm, Scientific instruments, domestic & other machines, European ceramics.

Jan 8, 10.30am. Printed books, atlases & maps.

CHRISTIE'S SOUTH KENSINGTON

85 Old Brompton Rd, SW7 (581 2231).

Jan 5, 2pm. Furs, linen, lace & costume.

Jan 6, 2pm. Arms & armour.

Jan 7, 2pm. Scientific instruments.

Jan 12, 2pm. Staffordshire portrait figures, pot lids, commemorative & blue-&-white ware.

Jan 12, 19, 2pm. Costume & textiles.

Jan 14, 2pm. Cameras & photographic equipment.

Jan 15, 2pm. Dolls.

Jan 21, 2pm. Toys, trains, train sets & games.

Jan 22, 2pm. Postcards, cigarette cards & printed ephemera.

Jan 26, 2pm. Quilts, embroidered pictures, samplers & needlework tools; Objects of vertu & miniatures.

Jan 29, 2pm. Art Nouveau & Art Deco.

PHILLIPS

7 Blenheim St, W1 (629 6602).

Jan 4, 5, 11, 12, 18, 19, 25, 26, 11am. Furniture, carpets & objects.

Jan 6, 20, 11am. European ceramics & glass.

Jan 8, 15, 22, 29, 11am. Silver & plate.

Jan 11: 11am, Watercolours; 2pm, Prints.

Jan 12, 26, 1.30pm. Jewelry.

Jan 13, 27, 11am. Oriental ceramics & works of art.

Jan 13, noon. Lead soldiers & figures.

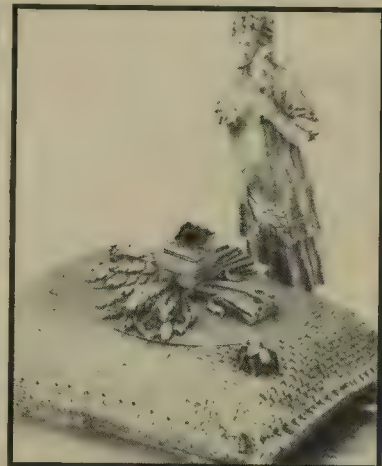
Jan 14: 10am, Furs; 1.30pm, Books & maps.

Jan 18, 2pm. Modern British paintings.

Jan 20, noon. Collectors' items & Baxter prints.

Jan 21, 11am. Musical instruments.

Jan 25, 2pm. Oil paintings.



Russian salt, 1866: estimate £400-£600 at Sotheby's on January 25.

Jan 27, noon. Pot lids, fairings, Goss & commemorative china.

Jan 28, 11am. Costumes, lace & textiles.

SOTHEBY'S

34/35 New Bond St, W1 (493 8080).

Jan 6, 11am. Oriental rugs & carpets.

Jan 14, 11am. English silver.

Jan 14, 10.30am & 2.30pm. Jewels.

Jan 25, 11am. Russian works of art.

Jan 25, 26, 11am. Modern first editions & presentation books, including Beckett's *Murphy*, signed presentation copy, & Sassoon's *Picture Show* inscribed to Edith Sitwell.

Jan 26, 11am. English pottery, porcelain & enamels.

SOTHEBY'S BELGRAVIA

19 Motcomb St, SW1 (235 4311).

Jan 12, 26, 11am. Victorian paintings, drawings & watercolours.

Jan 13, 11am. Costumes & textiles 1600-1980.

Jan 20, 11am. English furniture & works of art.

Jan 21, 11am. Silver & plate.

Antiques fairs

Jan 7-9. *Norwich Annual Antiques Fair*, Blackfriars Hall, St Andrew's Plain, Norwich. Thurs, Fri 11am-9pm, Sat 11am-5pm. 50p, children 10p.

Jan 14-16. *West London Antiques Fair*, Kensington Town Hall, Hornton St, W8. Thurs, Fri 11am-8pm, Sat 11am-6pm. £1, accompanied children free.

Jan 25, 26. *Salisbury Antiques Fair*, Red Lion Hotel, Salisbury, Wilts. Mon 11am-9pm, Tues 11am-6pm. 50p, children 10p.

AN INDEPENDENT SCHOOL

for your child?

What are the schools like? What is the cost?
Where are they? What are the advantages?

Independent Schools Information Service offers free handbook with Directory of boys' and girls' junior and senior schools. Please state area.

U.K. enquiries
Write for ISIS
handbook (send
2 first class stamps)
to ISIS (Dept ILN)
3 Vandon Street
London SW1H 0AN



Enquiries from
overseas. Please
write for information
to: ISIS International
(Dept ILN)
3 Vandon Street
London SW1H 0AN
England

To Advertise in the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS BRIEFING

Ring: RICHARD WILLIAMS
or EIRLYS BOWEN on
01-404 4300

LOTS ROAD GALLERIES 71, LOTS ROAD CHELSEA SW10

We hold general Auction Sales,
every Tuesday Evening at 6pm
400 assorted lots from £2 to £1,000
WE CAN WORK FOR YOU.
352-2349.

VICTORIAN

London gas lamp-post £88.50,
suitable lanterns £98.50, quick
delivery and quantity discounts.
Telephone/post boxes, copper milk
churns, village water pumps.
Redhill (0737) 60986.

YESTERDAYS NEWS

The Times

Newspaper (1818-1975).

Excellent original issues.

Your choice of dates for birthday
gifts etc.

£7.50 each

Tel: 0492 31195

ANTIQUES

(PROP.: D. W. CASEY)



GLASS, PEWTER
CURIOS, BRIC-A-BRAC
SILVER, PAINTINGS ETC.

BOUGHT AND SOLD

Phone 940 5392



127 KEW ROAD, RICHMOND

ANCESTRY TRACING

no longer costs a fortune
if you use our services.

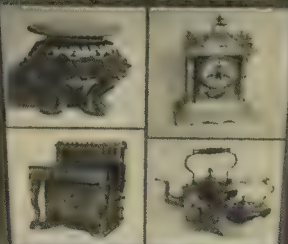
Write at once giving brief
family details for free estimate to:

KINTRACERS LIMITED

12 Dover Street, Canterbury, Kent

Tel: 0227 61523

MILLER'S ANTIQUES PRICE GUIDE



The Complete Answer
to pinning down the price of
antiques.

10,000 Photographs, 672 hardbound pages
packed with information. 100's of
identification pointers.

Please send £9.95 for the 1982 edition plus
£1.20 p&pt to:

MJM Publications Ltd, Dept L1,
Pugins Hall, Tenterden, Kent.

BRIEFING

SELECTIVE SHOPPING

MIRABEL CECIL

AT THIS TIME of year many of us look at our faces and despair. Skin seems to suffer from an excess of weather, wind, late nights or, simply, age. I decided to try out London's leading beauty shops, or beauty parlours as they used to be known.

Cosmetics à la Carte in Belgravia has a special winter package of manicure or pedicure, leg waxing, eyelash tinting, a facial and make-up for £35—other treatment costs less but this is a soothing way to pass three hours on a cold winter's day—and the effects last, too.

For the facial Tina, the beautician, massaged my skin with aromatic oils, which felt marvellous, and then played steam, laced with ozone, over it very gently. It felt as though I had been walking on the seafloor—only without the weather.

Cosmetics à la Carte manufacture their own make-up. Like all the best modern beauticians, they try to avoid the "made-up" look. They use colours, but sparingly. They brush shadow both over and under the eyes; for lips, they insist on using a lip pencil (their own costs £3) or brush for the outline, and then either lip gloss (£5) or lipstick (£4). Their products can be bought independently of the face treatments.

Christina Stewart and Lynne Sanders, who started the firm several years ago, believe in keeping packaging to a minimum—theirs is in turquoise and silver and although their products are not cheap, they go far.

I like the feeling the shop gives that yours is the first face they have treated that day; and the fact that clients' treatments are filed on a card, so that on subsequent visits the relevant information is at hand. Whatever the age or condition of your skin, they will emphasize your good points, rather than try to conceal your faults, and they favour a fresh and natural look.

Stephen Glass, who runs **Face Facts**, works in a bright, top-floor room in George Street, which has a good natural light. A generous hour with him costs £20 for restyling make-up and advice on skin-care. His assistant charges £15 a session. Stephen Glass takes great trouble to find exactly the right shade of foundation for your skin, trying as many as half-a-dozen different colours until he is satisfied.

He has all the latest products from leading cosmetic manufacturers. The only ones he sells are made by Payot and Clarins for skincare, which he believes to be the best. He likes trying out new eye colours—in my case this included Mary Quant's eyeliner pencil as well as more expensive Lancôme and Chanel eye make-up. He has a good eye for colour and is persuasive in making one accept new make-up shades.

Joan Price's **Face Places** at Marble Arch and in Chelsea are well established. With beauty treatments, as with much else, you get what you pay for, and so for £7.50 at the Face Place in Connaught Street I got roughly one-third what I did at the other salons.

I had an hour's make-up lesson and, while the girl who gave it to me was perfectly competent, she did not make me feel that my face was in any way special, or of particular interest to her. The session lasts one hour, and the assistants do keep a firm eye on the clock. There was too much parlour backchat going on between the girls which, out of consideration for their customers, could be kept until they have finished.

I started my treatment with a massage, which felt rather as if a cat was walking

about over my back: a pleasant sensation, but not much of a massage. Steam baths and jacuzzi baths are also available in the cubicles underneath the shop.

For the make-up, the girl chose a foundation to suit my skin and also suggested a cover-up cream to tone down high cheek colour and cover bags under the eyes. She asked me what colours I would like on my eyes and I tried out some of the new Estée Lauder ones which are pretty and which I would not have thought of trying on my own initiative. That is the value of a session like this, you can experiment with new products from all the leading cosmetic houses, and buy them afterwards if you want. They are on sale at the Face Places, but there was no pressure to buy, and the assistant suggested that I might prefer to go home and think about it first. She drew up a helpful face chart and a detailed plan of the eye-make-up she had used. During the session, she also encouraged me to make up one half of my face, after she made a start on the other. This is a good way of getting used to new techniques and the application of eye colours.

There are many small beauty shops selling their own products for the skin and face. For years I have used **Martha Hill's** beauty creams as they are fresh and light and easily absorbed by the skin. She also concentrates on the product, not the package, and thus keeps her prices down. Her beauty routine takes, she claims, seven minutes and is

easy to follow. You need her cleansing milk (£2.80), followed by her toning gel (£2.40 a tube), then the day cream (£2.40), as a basis for make-up. She has an excellent night cream as well (£2.40 a pot).

Martha Hill's shop is in Marylebone High Street, and here you can try out her range, which includes cosmetics and seaweed preparations—bath and body oil—as well as seaweed shampoo, scalp tonic and conditioner. All Martha Hill products are approved by the Beauty Without Cruelty movement. She has a mail order service, for which add 90p to your order.

The **Yves Rocher** beauty shop has just opened in the King's Road, Chelsea. This elegant green and white shop sells the whole range of perfumes, cosmetics, skin-care and hair-care products. They are all light and fresh, although their colours are not uniformly flattering. Their "tinted day cream for an outdoor complexion" made me look like a nut-brown gipsy. Yves Rocher likes to blind one with nature, the way one used to be blinded by science, and all his goodies are called after vegetables and flowers. Even the mascara is "based on soothing camomile". Clearly *The Country Diary of an Edwardian Lady* is a hit in France as well as in Britain.

Cosmetics à la Carte, 16 Motcomb St, SW1 (235 0596).

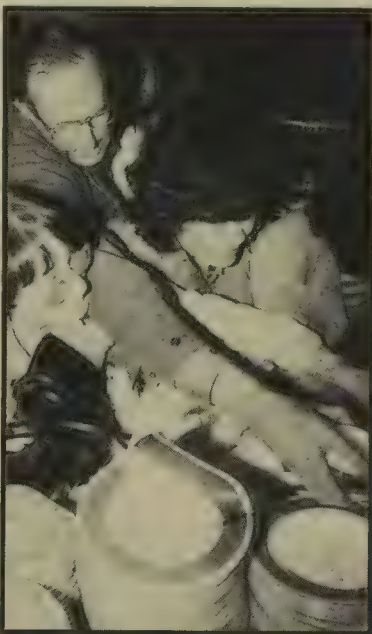
Stephen Glass at **Face Facts**, 75 George St, W1 (486 8287).

Joan Price's **Face Place**, 33 Cadogan St, SW3 (589 9062) & 31 Connaught St, W2 (723 6671).

Martha Hill, 39 Marylebone High St, W1 (486 3145).

Yves Rocher, 132 Kings Rd, SW3.

SALES



Harrods sale: starts on January 8.

Dec 28-Jan 31. **Barkers**, Kensington High St, W8 (937 5432). Mon & Wed 9am-5.30pm, Tues 9.30am-5.30pm, Thurs 9am-6.30pm, Fri & Sat 9am-6pm. Jan 1 9am-6pm.

Dec 28-Jan 31. **Liberty**, Regent St, W1 (734 1234). Mon-Sat 9am-5.30pm, Dec 28 until 6pm, Thurs until 7pm. Jan 1 10am-5pm.

Dec 28 onwards. **Jaeger**, 204 Regent St, W1 (734 8211). Mon-Sat 9.30am-6pm, Thurs until 7pm. Closed Jan 1.

Dec 28-Jan 31. **Moss Bros**, Bedford St, WC2 (240 4567). Mon-Sat 9am-5.30pm. Jan 1 9am-4.30pm.

Dec 29 for at least two weeks. **The Scotch House**, 191 Regent St, W1 (734 4816). 1st week 9am-6pm, Thurs & Dec 29 until 7pm, then 9.30am-6pm, Thurs until 7pm. Closed Jan 1.

Dec 29-Jan 23. **Dickins & Jones**, 224 Regent St, W1 (734 7070). Mon-Sat 9am-5.30pm, Thurs & Dec 29 until 7pm. Closed Jan 1.

Dec 30-Jan 9. **John Lewis**, Oxford St, W1 (629 7711). Mon-Fri 9am-5.30pm, Sat until 1pm, Thurs 9.30am-8pm. Closed Jan 1.

Dec 30-Jan 9. **Peter Jones**, Sloane Sq, SW1 (730 3434). Mon-Fri 9am-5.30pm, Sat until 1pm, Wed 9.30am-7.30pm. Closed Jan 1.

Jan 7-31. **Lillywhites**, Piccadilly Circus, SW1 (930 3181). Jan 7 8.30am-7pm, then 9.30am-6pm, Thurs until 7pm.

Jan 7 for at least two weeks. **Harvey Nichols**, Knightsbridge, SW1 (235 5000). Mon-Sat 9.30am-6pm, Wed & Jan 7 until 7pm.

Jan 8-30. **Harrod's**, Knightsbridge, SW1 (730 1234). Mon-Fri 9am-5pm, Sat until 6pm, Wed 9.30am-7pm.

For a lady who has been shopping & by lunch time feels exhausted & dishevelled the Parrot Club at the Basil Hotel in Knightsbridge provides welcome sanctuary. There members can read magazines in the lounge, partake of a light lunch or afternoon tea, use an iron, hair dryer, heated rollers or foot massage machine, take a bath or change & feed a baby. A year's membership costs £19.55 for London members, £14.95 for country members. Details from 581 3311.

Couples buying an engagement ring from **Richard Ogden** before February 28 will receive a bottle of champagne & a 20 per cent discount voucher towards the purchase of a wedding ring from Ogden's selection. Richard Ogden is at 28 Burlington Arcade, W1 (493 9136).

THE ILLUSTRATED
LONDON NEWS

*A fine
souvenir of
Royal
London*



This Royal London Calendar for 1982, with 12 watercolours by Sir Hugh Casson, President of the Royal Academy, has been produced by *The Illustrated London News* from a series commissioned for publication in the magazine during Jubilee year.

Each calendar costs £3.50 (including VAT, post and packing to anywhere in the world). If you would like one or more calendars, fill in the coupon below, or write to us with your cheque/postal order (made out to The Illustrated London News), to The Illustrated London News (calendar), 4 Bloomsbury Square, London WC1A 2RL, United Kingdom.

To: The Illustrated London News (calendar), 4 Bloomsbury Square, London WC1A 2RL

Please send me copy/copies of The Illustrated London News 'Royal London' calendar at £3.50 each (including VAT, postage and packing). I enclose my cheque/postal order for £. made out to The Illustrated London News

Name

Address

RESTAURANTS

JOHN MORGAN

ANCIAL TIMES
LATEST CITY PRICES

STEALTH HAS BEEN my customary style. I prefer to approach a restaurant or café as would a customer; perhaps a shade more worldly-wise of eye, more brisk of palate, but not much. I glide between those grand tables, not being grand. Not for me the camaraderie of the great hotelier, the princes of the linen and gilded cuisine; not even the fun of the company of fellow critics. All of which is designed to lead up to the announcement that I have fallen from stealthy grace. I have sat at the table of Joseph Berkmann with fellow food writers; worse, at his new restaurant even before it had opened to the clamouring masses in the City of London. It is called JB's: The City Brasserie.

My excuse is that I misunderstood my invitation. I'm glad I did. For many years I have been spending a lot of money at Mr Berkmann's other restaurants. L'Opéra in Queen Street, Covent Garden, is one; another is Au Jardin des Gourmets in Greek Street, which has just celebrated its 50th anniversary. Quite recently at L'Opéra I enjoyed my best fish pie ever. Songs of praise, in other words, have already been sung by me privately about Mr Berkmann's works.

So here I was strolling down Mincing Lane in the City of London, looking for Plantation House where 3,500 people work. In the basement below them is Mr Berkmann's remarkable new restaurant.

For a few minutes I thought I was in the wrong building, because here were craftsmen at work, carpenters, men shuddering at drills, electricians. The truth is that the restaurant was not finished and it was just 48 hours to the kick-off. Could it be finished in time?

The restaurant is spacious; more than 200 can eat there. Its colours are bold, Hockney-like, a yellow and a blue which lift the spirits. Since it is in a basement, glittering aluminium pipes course across the ceiling, reminding me of the Pompidou Centre in Paris where the mechanics of a building are exhibited on the exterior. Mr Berkmann was making changes in the room on the advice of visitors. There were baffles to help the acoustics. The lighting was being changed. The television sets were going to be gathered together at the long bar rather than distributed about the room. Were they here, I asked, so that customers could watch the horse races on a long afternoon? Mr Berkmann offered the official reason: that customers could punch-up Ceefax or Oracle or one of those devices whereby men in "commodities" keep in touch with world prices while they eat or drink—or watch the horses. Naturally when asked if I had any helpful suggestions to make, I was struck dumb.

First we ate avocado with cream and bleak roe, the bleak being a kind of small salmon found in Arctic waters. Mr Berkmann goes north every year and buys the roe in bulk. Later we had very fine roast beef with beans and baked potatoes. First we drank a Duboeuf Pouilly-Vinzelles 1979 and then a Moulin-à-Vent—also Duboeuf and 79. A colleague, quick as a flash, suggested that the beans had been cooked in slightly chlorinated water. Could this be so? Our host revealed that he, too, had discovered this and that pure water would be brought specially to the kitchens before opening night. My contribution to this scholarship was to call for the port on the grounds that there was no danger of chlorine there.

That wine we drank was £8.50 a bottle and worth it. The daily dish at lunch—say steak and kidney pie—is £3.50. That roast rib of Angus I ate is £6.50. Six *fines de claires* are £3.95. The house wine is £3.85 a bottle. The port is Warre's 1963 at £22.50 a bottle, or £2 a glass. Breakfast is served and costs £3.50, but the place closes after early evening drinks except for banquets or organized parties. The City Brasserie is certainly different in style from L'Opéra and Au Jardin des Gourmets, but it looks as though Mr Berkmann has found a successful new style.

JB's: The City Brasserie, Plantation House, Mincing Lane, EC3 (623 8234). Mon-Fri 8am-8pm. CC All.

THE ILN GOOD EATING GUIDE

Estimated restaurant prices are based on the average cost of a meal for two, including a bottle of house wine. The symbol £ indicates up to £20; ££ £20-£30; £££ above £30.

Information about the time of last orders and credit cards has been provided by the restaurants. AmEx=American Express; DC=Diner's Club; A=Access (Master Charge); and Bc=Barclaycard (Visa). Where all four main cards are accepted this is indicated as cc All.

Check with restaurants for details of Christmas and New Year opening.

Bumbles

16 Buckingham Palace Rd, SW1 (828 2903). Mon-Fri noon-2.15pm, Mon-Sat 6-10.30pm. Rich food, dishes novel, sometimes to point of eccentricity. English wine available. Cheerful & popular, with room for private parties & even a disco. cc All ££

Café Royal Grill Room

68 Regent St, W1 (437 9090). Daily 12.30-2.30pm (except alternate Sats), 6.30-11pm. The extravagance of the décor may be a bit indigestible to modern taste, but those robust enough to enjoy its rococo indulgences are also likely to be rewarded by the cuisine which is rich French. cc All £££

Carlton Tower Hotel, The Rib Room

Cadogan Pl, SW1 (235 5411). Mon-Sat 12.30-3pm, 6.30-11pm, Sun 12.30-2.30pm, 7-10.30pm. Value for money, especially if you have an enormous appetite for the best beef. The hamburger-lover will also feel at home, as will admirers of Feliks Topolski's work. cc All ££

Chez Solange

35 Cranbourn St, WC2 (836 0542). Mon-Sat noon-4pm (last orders 3.15pm), 5.30pm-2am (last orders 12.15am).

Sophisticated French food in what seems like a corner of France, a stone's throw from Leicester Square. Live piano in the evenings. cc All ££

Chez Victor

45 Wardour St, W1 (437 6523). Mon-Fri noon-

3pm (last orders 2.30pm), Mon-Sat 6pm-midnight (last orders 11.15pm).

Magnificent lobster thermidor in a wilfully shabby yet elegant French place where the menu seldom changes & the clientele is literary and theatrical. cc AmEx ££

The Churchill Hotel, The No 10

30 Portman Sq, W1 (486 5800). Daily noon-3pm, 6-11pm.

Surprisingly friendly service for a modern hotel. Successful effort to provide an inexpensive meal although it is possible to spend a lot on food & cocktails. cc All ££

Dumpling Inn

15a Gerrard St, W1 (437 2567). Mon-Fri noon-2.30pm, 5.30pm-midnight, Sat, Sun noon-11.45pm.

The dumplings certainly are in: pork & beef especially. Excellent Peking duck, & toffee apples. Peking cuisine. cc AmEx, Bc, DC ££

L'Escargot

48 Greek St, W1 (437 2679). Mon-Sat 12.15-2.30pm, 6.30-10.45pm.

Re-opened exuberantly in new hands. Fine linen & decor & elegantly written menu. The food is good & the speciality is a long list of Californian wines. cc All ££

The Grange

39 King St, WC2 (240 2939). Mon-Fri 12.30-2.30pm, Mon-Sat 7.30-11.30pm, Sat from 6.45pm.

Excellent two- or three-course set menu, offering a promising example of how prices can be kept down by limiting choice. Perfect service & altogether recommended. cc AmEx ££

Grapes

The Mall, Camden Passage, N1 (359 4960). Daily noon-3pm, Wed & Sat until 4pm, 6pm-midnight. Dazzling cocktails, good cooking, value for money in fine building with charming décor. At lunchtime peaceful but every Saturday & Wednesday night loud with the sound of live jazz. A bonus in the London scene. Much recommended. cc A Bc ££

Joe Allen's

Exeter St, WC2 (836 0651). Mon-Sat noon-1am, Sun until midnight.

Identical to the New York theatre district bar-restaurant & just as popular. It is a lively place with exceptional service. cc None ££

Langan's Brasserie

Stratton St, W1 (493 6437). Mon-Fri 12.30-2.30pm, 7-11.30pm, Sat 8pm-12.15am.

Most go to gawp or to be seen—but the menu is imaginative & Peter Langan still packs them in at this large & bustling source of gossip column stories. cc All ££

Lee Ho Fook

15-16 Gerrard St, W1 (734 8929); 5-6 New College Parade, NW3 (722 9552); 4 Macclesfield St, W1 (437 3474). Daily noon-11.30pm.

Tim sums, those delicacies that give you range without too great cost, available until 5pm, thereafter excellent & friendly mainline Chinese. cc All ££

Neal Street Restaurant

26 Neal St, WC2 (836 8368). Mon-Fri 12.30-2.30pm, 7-11pm.

A cool & tranquil place which provides delights for eye & stomach. A leaf of French parsley is embedded in your slice of butter, rich crème brûlée comes in white, heart-shaped moulds, chilled cucumber soup is fresh & frothy. cc All ££

Odins

27 Devonshire St, W1 (935 7296). Mon-Fri 12.30-2.15pm, Mon-Sat 7-11.15pm.

The best of Peter Langan's three restaurants. Dine in relaxed luxury surrounded by Hockneys, Proctors, English landscapes & portraits. For an expensive, memorable treat. cc None £££

Pizza Express

10 Dean St, W1 (437 9595); 11 Knightsbridge, SW1 (235 5550); 15 Gloucester Rd, SW7 (584 9078) & 21 other branches. Daily 11am-midnight. Delicious pizzas composed before your eyes. Fast, friendly, efficient service & excellent value. Evening jazz (Dean St, Tues-Sun; Pizza on the Park, Knightsbridge, Mon-Sat) & disco (Gloucester Rd,

daily). cc None £

Porte de la Cité

65 Theobald's Rd, WC1 (242 1154). Mon-Fri noon-3pm, 6.30pm-1am (last orders 11.30pm). Newly opened French restaurant of high quality. The service is good, the vegetables fresh, & if you have an appetite the duck pie is particularly satisfying. cc All ££

The Ritz

Piccadilly, W1 (493 8181). Daily 12.30-2pm, 6.30-11pm.

Lovely Baroque restaurant back in its old form. Excellent service. cc All £££

Rules

35 Maiden Lane, WC2 (836 5314). Mon-Fri 12.15-3pm, 6-11.15pm, Sat 6.15-11.15pm.

What was good enough for Dickens, Thackeray, Chaplin, Barrymore & Olivier remains good enough for the likes of us. Rules OK! It is possible to eat cheaply, too, among the grandeur. cc AmEx, Bc, A ££

The Savoy

The Strand, WC2 (836 4343). Grill: Mon-Fri 12.30-2.30pm, 6.30-11.30pm. Restaurant daily 12.30-2.30pm, 7.30pm-1am, Sun until midnight.

Feelings are mixed about the refurbished Riverside Restaurant but the famous old Grill remains wonderful &, as at Rules, it is possible to eat relatively cheaply. But the lobster was £15.90. cc AmEx, Bc, A ££

Sheraton Park Tower, The Trianon

101 Knightsbridge, SW1 (235 8050). Sun-Fri 12.30-2pm, daily 7-11pm. A fine restaurant with reasonable prices where the bouillon is perfect & the quails' eggs are too great a temptation to resist. Sweet trolleys of the highest quality. cc All £££

Tandoori of Mayfair

37a Curzon St, W1 (629 0600). Mon-Sat 12.30-3pm, 6.30-midnight.

The apogee of what is conventionally regarded as Indian food. Clientele varies according to the movie showing at the Curzon cinema next door. Tandoori chicken in mint sauce recommended. cc All ££



Barbarella, 428 Fulham Road, SW6
Tel: 01-385 9434 01-385 9977
Barbarella, 43 Thurloe Street, SW7
Tel: 01-584 2000 01-584 8383

Colourful, seductive and exciting late night Italian restaurants where you dine and dance to a background of cascading waterfalls and beautiful tableaux. Both restaurants are fully air conditioned and parties are welcome. Whichever restaurant you visit, either Sandro or Raffaele Morelli will ensure that your evening is most memorable. Open 8 pm-3 am. Closed Sundays.



Ristorante La Penona

An elegant Italian restaurant specialising in fish and freshly made pasta. Specially selected meat dishes are available including game when in season.

Lunch: Mon-Fri noon-2.30pm
 Dinner: Mon-Sat 6.30pm-12.30am

5/7 Blandford Street, London W1
 01-486 9696 01-486 9256
 Fully air conditioned.

PARK HOUSE KNIGHTSBRIDGE 47 Egerton Gardens London SW3

A friendly welcome and real comfort awaits you in our small, elegant and superbly situated hotel.

Beautifully appointed twin rooms with private bathroom and colour TV.

Single rooms; lift; double glazing throughout. Near Harrods and all public transport.

Rates are remarkably low.

Winter weekend and Easter offers.

Call 01-589 0715

now for reservations

ALEXIS LICHINE'S

ENCYCLOPEDIA OF WINES AND SPIRITS

The classic work. Published in association with Christie's Wine Publications

'There is nothing comparable to it in English, French or German'
 André Simon

'... massively informative, shrewd in its judgements.'

Edmund Penning-Rowell, Financial Times

A fine gift to begin the new year.

From better booksellers everywhere.

734 pages, 53 maps, £17.50

published by

Cassell

Mama San

For one of the prettiest restaurants in London.
MAMA SAN . . .

for classical Chinese cuisine at its very best.



MAMA SAN
11, Russell Gardens
(Cnr. Holland Road)
London W14.

Reservations:
 01-602 0312
 Open for lunch and dinner. Open for dinner only on Saturday.

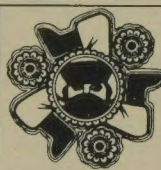
CYNTHIA BACON

IMPORTER AND DISTRIBUTOR
 OF NORTHERN ITALIAN
 QUALITY WINES

Red, White and sparkling. Speciality:
 Piemontese reds—**BAROLO** etc.

FFOWLERS BUCKE, SOUTH
HARTING, PETERSFIELD,
HANTS GU31 5QB.
TEL 073 085 471.

The country business with the personal touch.



NIKITA'S

Russian Restaurant
 Relax on an evening of
 Diaghilevian atmosphere
 Enjoy Vodka by the ice-
 encrusted carafe (a
 choice of 12 flavours or
 plain)

Begin with blinis and caviar or smoked
 sturgeon and continue with Shaslik
 Karski, Salmon Kulybiak or Goluptsy,
 followed, perhaps, by
 St. Petersburg Cream or Cerniki.
 Open nightly Mon-Sat.

65 Ifield Road, SW10 (off Fulham
 Road)
 01-352 6326

To Advertise in the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS BRIEFING

Ring: **RICHARD WILLIAMS**
 or **EIRLYS BOWEN** on
 01-404 4300

BRIEFING

WINE PETA FORDHAM

BURGUNDY, the king of French wines, has some dubious aspirants around his throne. Of all wines, burgundies are perhaps the most difficult to know, understand and buy; and I have said some hard things about the region in my time. If only their wines were not so popular world-wide, perhaps we would see a greater interest in quality.

I asked a few merchants whose judgment can be respected each to suggest just one bottle of a burgundy which is really typical of its class, honest value and something they are proud to sell, at a price which stays within reason.

Berry Bros & Rudd, 3 St James's St, SW1 (930 1888), suggested a Volnay-Chevrets 1976, London-bottled, at £9.21. "A typical, old-fashioned style of burgundy," they say, "which will need time to reach its peak." They suggest drinking in four or five years. It is a fine bottle and its value will undoubtedly have soared by then.

Ellis Son & Vidler, 57 Cambridge St, SW1 (834 4101), produced a Fixin 1976, under their own label, bought from a *courtier* in Meursault, French-bottled and costing £6.32. Fixin is sometimes under-appreciated, though Lichine rates one of its vineyards very highly indeed. This is a good example and I liked it very much. **Hatch, Mansfield**, 64 Cowcross St, EC1 (253 8172), can often be relied upon for a surprise. John Taylor, their Master of Wine, suggested a Gevrey-Chambertin of 1977 from Louis Jadot at £5.92 as "the best buy of the moment", giving as his reason that "the 1977s are drinking better than anyone predicted they would"—which certainly surprised me, recollecting some dismal tastings of that year. His verdict was to be confirmed.

Lawlers, 88-92 South St, Dorking, Surrey (0306 884412), nominated a Moillard Côte de Beaune Villages 1976 which at £6.65 from Augustus Barnett represents a series of consistently good vintages. My verdict was that it is a good "commercial" wine which would satisfy most palates but which might strike the fully trained palate as a little uninteresting.

Graham Chidgey of **Laytons**, 20 Midland Rd, NW1 (387 2552), is an individualist. He found another 77, a Chassagne-Montrachet Rouge 1er Morgeot, to sell at £6.36 from Marcel Amance. He says that 1977 can offer good wines, "but they have to be sniffed out". This was a very good bottle indeed to drink now or keep for a little. **Les Amis du Vin**, 51 Chiltern St, W1 (487 3419), now strengthened by Clive Coates, late of the Malmesbury Club, suggested a Chorey-les-Beaune 1978, from Tolleot-Beaut. At £6.95 it is particularly fragrant with the Pinot Noir, soft and fruity, ready for drinking but with at least six years in hand, and shows what an *appellation* of modest claim can do at its best.

I should have been sorry not to have had a specimen from Louis Latour and sure enough, there was a beautiful one, from **H. Parrot**, 3 Wapping Pier Head, E1 (480 6312), the shipper. It was a Savigny-les-Beaune 1976, a wine that can (and should, as a rule) be drunk younger than some of its illustrious neighbours by burgundy-lovers who know that outstanding bottles can be produced here. This bottle, at around £8, would make a lovely companion for a plain, roast pheasant.

Yet another interesting 1977 came up from **Loeb**, 15 Jermyn St, W1 (734 5878), in a Nuits-St-Georges Les Vaucrains, Domaine Henri Gouges, at £9.33. More ready to drink than the 78s (though 78 will, eventually, probably be finer) this is a beautiful wine.

Finally the recommendation from **Russell & McIver**, The Rectory, St Mary-at-Hill, EC3 (283 3575), was a Beaune Les Theurons 1976, from poet, mayor and wine-grower Roland Thevenin who, although known chiefly for his St Romain, has here produced wine truly worthy of a Premier Cru vineyard in a good year. Not heavy though full, elegant but quite complex, it is a classic, safe until at least 1986, and very good value at £8.40.

DIARY NOTES

Wine of the month

Musical readers especially will be interested in the **Cuvée Moura Lympany 1979**. It is a well made Côtes du Roussillon-Villages, named in honour of Miss Lympany's work for the region. Especially good with hearty winter food, it costs £3.50. It will improve for another two to five years and much resembles a lightish good Rhône-Villages wine. From Hungerford Wine, 128 High St, Hungerford, Berkshire.

This month's wine auctions include:

Jan 19, 11am. Inexpensive wines, Christie's, 85 Old Brompton Rd, SW7 (581 2231).
 Jan 19, 11am. Classed growth clarets, vintage port, fine Burgundy & regional wines. Bonham's, Montpelier St, (584 9161).
 Jan 20, 10.30am. Fine wines. Sotheby's, 34/35 New Bond St, W1 (493 8080).
 Jan 21, 11am. Fine wines, Christie's, 8 King St, SW1 (839 9060).
 Jan 28, 11am. Claret. Christie's.



Relax by log fires, enjoy good farmhouse food, roam the lovely historic countryside of the Mendip Hills. Cozy quiet hotel with a residential licence. Ideal for visiting Wells, Glastonbury, Bath, Cheddar and the Somerset Coast. Your comfort personally assured by the resident proprietors. Any three days dinner, bed & breakfast from £35.50 incl. VAT. Brochure for this, Christmas and other packages available.

Write or 'phone: Tony & Karen Tilden
Penscot Farmhouse Hotel
Shipham, Wincoburn, Somerset
Tel. Wincoburn (093 484) 2659
AA and RAC rated

LEARN ASTRONOMY WITH PATRICK MOORE

A unique home study course, written by Patrick Moore and tutored by professional astronomers, is now available which will give you a thorough knowledge of the science of astronomy (up to GCE 'O' level standard) and which will teach you both to identify stars and planets in the night sky and to make your own sightings of them. As you learn of our universe and the practical aspects of observation, you will receive encouragement and advice by post from your own personal tutor, an eminent specialist in the field.

For further details please contact:

Pitmans

Pitmans Correspondence College
(DEPT ILN/82/1)

Worcester Road, LONDON, SW19 7QQ
Tel. 01-947 6993 (24 hours)
Access and Barclaycard welcome
01-947 6993

Thousands Find Clearer Hearing

Literally thousands of people who are not really deaf but who strain to hear clearly at times, have regained clear, sharp hearing **without** the use of a traditional hearing aid. A new tiny clarifier with no strings or wires attached is available from a company called "Hidden Hearing" who specialise in the world's latest hearing devices. Sheila Ingram, the Marketing Director of this company, says:

"People with a slight hearing problem just don't need traditional hearing aids. Modern science has given us the right to clear hearing in a completely inconspicuous form and the public should know about it." If you, like so many people today, can hear sounds (sometimes only too well!) but have difficulty in understanding every word—particularly in crowds or group conversations, you should telephone or fill in the coupon below for full details of the new clarifiers and a copy of a helpful book called "A Simple Way to Better Hearing". It will be sent to you by return of post without cost or obligation. We also run a special plan for pensioners!

Please post me details

Please tick if pensioner ☐ (ILN1/82)

Name

Address

To: HIDDEN HEARING LTD.
FREEPOST, LONDON NW1 1YD
Tel. 01-486 3808 (office hours)

No stamp required.
Callers: 146 Marylebone Road, NW1

POLRAEN COUNTRY HOUSE HOTEL

SANDPLACE, LOOE
CORNWALL PL13 1PJ
LICENSED. TEL: LOOE 3956
Proprietor: Eileen Haggan



LOVE A BARGAIN?
Then take a break with us.

We are an 18th century former Coaching Inn, situated in a peaceful valley, two miles from Looe. Excellent cuisine—home made bread our speciality. Licensed bar. Car parking.

We invite you to take a break in our tranquil surroundings—a warm welcome awaits you. Tariff: £48 per person in centrally heated en suite bedroom from Jan 15 to April 30, 1982 (excl. Easter). Price includes accommodation for any three nights, morning tea/coffee, English breakfast, afternoon tea, five-course dinner, morning newspaper and VAT.

No service charge, no extras.
BTA commended. Ashley Courtenay recommended.

AA



RAC

This delightful Victorian country house stands in its own 4 acres of gardens and paddocks 800ft. above sea level in the beautiful Dartmoor National Park, just off the A386. Open throughout the year, the peace and tranquillity of its surroundings make it a place where one can really relax. For further details telephone: MARY TAVY (0822-81) 466



Great Snoring
The Old Rectory
Norfolk
BTA Commended

We offer quiet, comfortable accommodation throughout the year. Private bathrooms. Residents Licence.

Telephone Walsingham (032872) 597.



Mayfield House Hotel

Small friendly country house hotel in Cotswolds run by resident proprietors. Bar, TV and superb fresh food served in Olde Worlde restaurant. Ideal tourist centre on A429 between Malmesbury and Cirencester and approx. 6 miles from Tetbury (home of Prince Charles). Hotel is within easy access of M4.

Enjoy a short break or spend a leisurely week with us at bargain prices. Bed, Breakfast and Evening Dinner £13.50 per person inclusive of VAT. (Excluding Bank Holidays and Badminton Week.)

Write or 'phone David and Anne Dodson
Mayfield House Hotel
Crudwell, near Malmesbury
N. Wilts.

AA 1 Star RAC Tel: Crudwell (06667) 409

U.S.A. DELUXE TOUR

14 day land tour for the discerning traveller visiting California, Arizona and Nevada.

Luxury coach specially fitted with only 20 swivel armchairs, providing each passenger with a panoramic window seat.

Brochure from
CUSTOM TOURS LTD. (LN)
14, Queen Anne Terrace,
Plymouth PL4 8EG

**Custom
tours**

Telephone
0752 664944

BRIEFING

OUT OF TOWN ANGELA BIRD

ARTS WEEKENDS in luxury hotels might be a good way to enjoy a break during the winter. The Lygon Arms in Broadway, Worcestershire (0386 852255) holds an antiques appreciation weekend with lectures & visits from January 8-10. The Castle Hotel in Taunton, Somerset (0823 72671) has a musical weekend from January 22-24 with four concerts by the Bochmann String Quartet. Each of these weekend packages costs £110 per person which includes accommodation, all meals and admission to all the events.

Trusthouse Forte hotels also offer concerts—classical or jazz—and this month George Melly appears at the Imperial Hotel, Exmouth (January 22), the Ronnie Scott Quintet play the Lion Hotel, Shrewsbury (January 28), and on January 31 the Ondine Ensemble perform pieces for flute, strings and harp at the Duke's Head, King's Lynn, and John Ogdon gives a piano recital at the Hotel Majestic, Harrogate. Details from the Randolph Hotel in Oxford (0865 47481).

The first Monday after Twelfth Night is Plough Monday, when ploughs were blessed to ensure the year's successful crops. Long ago teams of men would drag a plough through their village to raise money for beery revelry and if denied alms would threaten to plough up the householder's front path or doorstep. This early trick-or-treat has died out now, but church services are still held in some parishes to bless the plough and on the following Saturday villagers still dance through the streets in Goathland, North Yorkshire.

On January 3 the British Long Distance Swimming Association's competition might be a dash across Lee Dam, a fancy-dress swim or a scramble for trophies in an ice-covered lake.

Dec 28-Jan 12. **International Chess Congress.** The premier tournament involving 14 grandmasters is held at White Rock Pavilion; other challenges & tournaments in the nearby Falaise Hall, Hastings, E Sussex.

Dec 26-Jan 30. **International Belle Vue Circus.** Last appearance of this traditional Christmas show before the demolition of King's Hall, Belle Vue, Manchester (061-223 1331).

Jan 1 onwards. **Wokey Hole** this year institutes a children's quiz in which high scorers can win a ticket to one of Tussaud's other attractions (which include Warwick Castle & the London Planetarium as well as the renowned waxworks). Allow a good half-day to absorb the guided tour of the caves, watch paper being made by hand in the newly restored Victorian paper mill (examples are on sale in the mill's shop), & see heads & limbs of deposed exhibits from Madame Tussaud's which are stored here, as well as old fairground gallopers & the museum. Wokey Hole, Nr Wells, Avon. Daily 10am-4.30pm. £2.25, children £1.35 (0749 72243).

Jan 1, noon. **Wheelbarrow Race.** Over 40 participants in pairs race 1½ miles round the village to raise money for local charities. Start & finish, the Blackbird Inn, Ponteland, Nr Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Jan 3, 2pm. **Ice Breaker Charity Swim.** About 50 hardy people compete for two carved wooden cups. The form of the competition varies according to the weather & the amount of ice. Lee Dam, Lumblatts, Todmorden, N Yorks.

Jan 6, 1pm. **Haxey Hood Game.** Contest in which costumed King, Fool & Beggars compete for possession of a leather "hood". In the 13th century Lady de Mowbray donated a piece of land, now known as Hoodlands, to the village in gratitude for 12 labourers retrieving her hood which had blown away. Haxey, Nr Gainsborough, Lincs.

Jan 6-22. **"Making Good".** Craft show of ceramics, weaving, embroidery, furniture & silversmithing. West Surrey College of Art & Design, Falkner Rd, Farnham, Surrey. Mon-Fri 11am-5pm, Sat 10am-12.30pm.

Jan 10: **Plough Stots Service,** Goathland, Nr Whitby, N Yorks, 10.30am; **Blessing the Plough** service, Newchurch, Isle of Wight, 3pm.

Jan 11, 2.15pm. **Blessing the Plough.** Young farmers' service, during which a hand plough is brought in for the traditional blessing ceremony. Chichester Cathedral, W Sussex.

Jan 15, 8pm. **Martin Best,** songs with lute, guitar & psalter from the Middle Ages to the present day. Harewood House, Nr Leeds, W Yorks. Tickets £4.50 from the estate office (0532 886331).

Jan 16, 10am. **Plough Stots Dance.** Three sets of dancers in pink or blue uniforms & carrying 30



Martin Best at Harewood: January 15.

inch steel swords dance round the village of Goathland in the morning, then around Whitby in the afternoon. The dances are of Scandinavian origin & take place on the Saturday following Plough Monday. Goathland, Nr Whitby, N Yorks.

Jan 16, 17. **British Homing Pigeon Society Annual Show.** Over 2,500 birds on show in classes for both racing & show pigeons. Winter Gardens, Blackpool, Lancs. Sat 11am-8pm, Sun 9am-4pm. 75p, OAPs 50p, children 25p.

Jan 18-23. **Holidays & Leisure Fair.** Sporting, gardening, camping & boating equipment on show & advice from tourist boards from the Isle of Man & Eire, as well as Northern Ireland. King's Hall, Balmoral, Belfast, NI. Mon-Fri 2-10pm, Sat 10am-6pm. £1.50, OAPs & children 50p.

Jan 26, noon. **Royal opening.** Princess Anne opens the World Timetable Centre, new headquarters of ABC Travel Guides, who now produce world air & sea timetables, as well as their time-honoured UK railway guides. Dunstable, Beds.

Jan 26, 7.30pm. **Up Helly Aa.** Torchlight procession follows a 30 foot model of a Viking warship through the streets of Lerwick in pagan celebration of the end of the holy Christmas period. Finally the blazing torches are flung into the boat & an evening of dancing begins as the boat is consumed by the flames. Lerwick, Shetland.

Jan 30, 5.15pm. **Charles I Commemoration Ceremony.** During Evensong members of the Royal Stuart Society put flowers on the tomb of King Charles, beheaded on Jan 30, 1649. Garter Chapel, Windsor, Berks.

fascinating, many-faceted mexico

A tourist country *par excellence*, Mexico offers you a fascinating journey through time and space, taking you back to the precolumbian era whose mysterious Olmec, Toltec, Mayan and Aztec civilizations have left impressive reminders of the distant past. Later came the colonial period, with its legacy of Baroque palaces and richly decorated churches like Santa Prisca in Taxco...and, more recently, the explosion of modern Mexico, proudly typified by the capital, Mexico City, with its broad avenues, tree-shaded parks, and museums housing innumerable treasures of the fabulous past as well as striking

examples of contemporary Mexican art. Here too are many beach resorts, some of them world-famous like Acapulco, Puerto Vallarta, Mazatlan, Cancun and the beaches of Baja California; others more remote, featuring immense expanses of fine sand fringed by tropical vegetation. There is a wide range of hotels and restaurants serving delicious Mexican specialties. And everywhere you'll encounter a hospitality as warm as the sunshine which this friendly country enjoys all the year round.

Ask your Travel Agent.
Numerous flights operate
every day between
Europe and Mexico.



mexico

SECRETARÍA DE TURISMO - CONSEJO NACIONAL DE TURISMO - MÉXICO D.F.
DIRECTION GENERALE POUR L'EUROPE, 34, AV. GEORGE V, 75008 PARIS
MEXICAN TOURIST OFFICE, 7 CORK STREET, LONDON W1X 1PB, TEL. 01 734 1058/59

To receive our documentation, complete this coupon and return it to : Mexican Tourist Office 7, Cork Street, London W1X 1PB

Name

Address



SF110A

MIDDLE TAR As defined by H.M. Government
DANGER: H.M. Government Health Departments' WARNING:
THINK FIRST—MOST DOCTORS DON'T SMOKE